THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1929

And the

Yearbook of the American Short Story

Edited by

Edward J. O'Brien

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1929

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

White Fountains. (*Small, Maynard.*) Out of print.
The Forgotten Threshold. (*Dutton.*)
Distant Music. (*Dodd, Mead.*)
The Advance of the American Short Story. (*Dodd, Mead.*)
Hard Sayings. (*Dodd, Mead.*)
The Dance of the Machines. (*Macaulay.*)

The Best Short Stories of 1915. (*Dodd, Mead.*)
The Best Short Stories of 1916. (*Dodd, Mead.*)
The Best Short Stories of 1917. (*Dodd, Mead.*)
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The Masque of Poets. (*Dodd, Mead.*)

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN AND JOHN COURNOS

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THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF 1929

AND THE

YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY

EDITED BY

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

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TO
WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

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To the Editors of *The Forum, Scribner's Magazine, Transition, Harper's Magazine, The Frontier, The Atlantic Monthly, The Tanager, The Dial, McClure's Magazine, The Century Magazine,* and *The Boston Evening Transcript;* to Charles Scribner's Sons and Harper & Brothers; and to Miss Sarah Addington, Mr. Sherwood Anderson, Mr. Ivan Beede, Mr. Konrad Bercovici, Mr. Morley Callaghan, Miss Willa Cather, Mrs. Grace Stone Coates, Mr. Walter D. Edmonds, Mr. James Webber Glover, Mr. James Norman Hall, Mr. Leon Srabian Herald, Mr. MacGregor Jenkins, Miss Margaret Leech, Mr. Robert McAlmon, Mr. Wilson McCarty, Mr. Edward L. McKenna, Mr. Robert Mullen, Mr. Pernet Patterson, Mr. Glenway Wescott, and Dr. William Carlos Williams.

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I shall be grateful to my readers for corrections, and particularly for suggestions leading to the wider usefulness of these annual volumes. In particular, I shall welcome the receipt from authors, editors and publishers of stories printed during the period between June, 1929 and May, 1930, inclusive, which have qualities of distinction and yet are not printed in periodicals which are brought regularly to my attention.

Communications may be addressed to me *Care of Dodd, Mead and Company, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

E. J. O.

INTRODUCTION

I

THE present collection marks the end of a period of fifteen years during which I have been studying the American short story and reprinting the best stories which I have found from year to year in American periodicals. The moment seems propitious to pause and cast a glance backward over the generation whose work this series of books has covered.

A comparison of the stories which I published in 1915 with those which I am publishing in 1929 reveals an interesting contrast. Fifteen years ago, it was almost impossible to find more than one or two stories in a year's file of all American periodicals which revealed literary gifts of more than a technical order. In 1915, the best American short stories almost never rose above the standard of a well-made Scribe play. The only short story published in 1915 which does not "date" is "Zelig" by Benjamin Rosenblatt. At the time when I reprinted this story, all American editors and most American critics were highly amused by my choice. It aroused a storm of newspaper discussion, and echoes of this discussion are still to be heard.

To-day such men as Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway, Ring Lardner, and Morley Callaghan, to mention no other names, have educated a considerable public sufficiently for it to distinguish between ready-made stories and works of art. It is true that the literary prizes are still given almost invariably to the mechine-made story built around a formula. The public, however, is beginning to have an opinion of its own and much more discrimination than the editors and critics who wish to legislate for it.

The new post-war generation is much more mature and discriminating than its elders. It has no prejudices and it is more curious about life. The fact may be readily observed if we compare the novels which are best-sellers to-day with those which were best-sellers fifteen years ago. Similarly, it is possible for a

volume of short stories by Ring Lardner or Ernest Hemingway to sell better than most novels, while fifteen years ago these men would have found it difficult to publish collections of their stories at all.

The general results of my study of the American short story during the past fifteen years are summarized in my recent book "The Dance of the Machines." It is impossible for me to sum up my conclusions with sufficient brevity here, and it must suffice if I point out that even the best stories were built like Ford cars fifteen years ago, while now there are probably forty or fifty young writers who see life freshly, render it clearly, and write without a thought of pandering to editorial prejudices.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that the average American short story of commerce is as prolific as ever, that the general public is being trained to accept bad work in the belief that it is good, and that the American short storywriter is being trained to produce melodramatic shoddy rather than good cloth by most of the universities throughout the land. Just as Eugene O'Neill refused to write plays like a disciple of Dumas *fils*, although the college professors of his day would have wished him to do so, so the American short storywriter of talent would be well advised to do the exact opposite of what the college pundits tell him. Every teacher of fiction writing is a person hired by the public to teach little authors lies, and on the American pragmatical scene where truth is defined as "that which pays," and where consequently the short storywriter is taught "what editors like," it behoves every writer to avoid the specious philosophy of the schools.

II

To repeat what I have said in these pages in previous years, for the benefit of the reader as yet unacquainted with my standards and principles of selection, I shall point out that I have set myself the task of disengaging the essential human qualities in our contemporary fiction, which, when chronicled conscientiously by our literary artists, may fairly be called a criticism of life. I am not at all interested in formulæ, and organized criticism at its best would be nothing more than dead criticism, as all dog-

matic interpretation of life is always dead. What has interested me, to the exclusion of other things, is the fresh, living current which flows through the best American work, and the psychological and imaginative reality which American writers have conferred upon it.

No substance is of importance in fiction, unless it is organic substance, that is to say, substance in which the pulse of life is beating. Inorganic fiction has been our curse in the past, and bids fair to remain so, unless we exercise much greater artistic discrimination than we display at present.

The present record covers the period from July, 1928, to May, 1929, inclusive. During this period I have sought to select from the magazine stories published by American authors those which have rendered life imaginatively in organic substance and artistic form. Substance is something achieved by the artist in every act of creation, rather than something already present, and accordingly a fact or group of facts in a story only attains substantial embodiment when the artist's power of compelling imaginative persuasion transforms them into a living truth. The first test of a short story, therefore, in any qualitative analysis, is to report upon how vitally compelling the writer makes his selected facts or incidents. This test may be conveniently called the test of substance.

But a second test is necessary if the story is to take rank above other stories. The true artist will seek to shape this living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form by skilful selection and arrangement of his materials, and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterization.

The short stories which I have examined in this study, as in previous years, have fallen naturally into four groups. The first consists of those stories which fail, in my opinion, to survive either the test of substance or the test of form. These stories are listed in the yearbook without comment or qualifying asterisk.

The second group consists of those stories which may fairly claim that they survive either the test of substance or the test of form. Each of these stories may claim to possess either distinction of technique alone, or more frequently, I am glad to say, a persuasive sense of life in them to which the reader re-

sponds with some part of his own experience. Stories included in this group are indicated in the yearbook index by a single asterisk prefixed to the title.

The third group, which is composed of stories of still greater distinction, includes such narratives as may lay convincing claim to a second reading, because each of them has survived both tests, the test of substance and the test of form. Stories included in this group are indicated in the yearbook index by two asterisks prefixed to the title.

Finally, I have recorded the names of a small group of stories which possess, I believe, the even finer distinction of uniting genuine substance and artistic form in a closely woven pattern with such sincerity that these stories may fairly claim a position in American literature. If all these stories by American authors were republished, they would not occupy more space than a few novels of average length. My selection of them does not imply the critical belief that they are great stories. A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one. It is simply to be taken as meaning that I have found the equivalent of a few volumes worthy of republication among all the stories published during the period under consideration. These stories are indicated in the yearbook index by three asterisks prefixed to the title, and are listed in the special "Roll of Honor." In compiling these lists, I have permitted no personal preference or prejudice to influence my judgment consciously. Several stories which I dislike personally are to be found on the "Roll of Honer." The general and particular results of my study will be found explained and carefully detailed in the supplementary part of this volume.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

Locarno,
July 10, 1929.

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THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1929

"HOUND OF HEAVEN" [1]

By SARAH ADDINGTON

(From *The Forum*)

THE little dog was riding on a cloud and he was extremely annoyed because there was no wind-shield on the thing to keep the wind out of his whiskers. His ears and nose were full of wind, his eyes burned with it; but especially were his whiskers involved. Wildly they blew every which way, streaming now east, flowing now west. And this indignity the little dog felt keenly. For his whiskers were heroic, proud whiskers. Red, profuse, goatlike, they sprang from his under jaw a very triumph of a beard, proclaiming at once his conquering sex and his redoubtable terrier breed. His glory, his munificence, his plume, these whiskers; they had won him many a tribute on Earth.

The cloud swooped dizzily against the cutting blade of the wind. That's all there was up here, just wind, and emptiness, and more wind, and more emptiness, and this bloomin' slippery cloud. . . . "What a fine cloud *you* turned out to be," he said. For he was a wag at heart—perhaps it was the Irish in him—and he often said witty things like that.

He tried to think as the cloud went skewing along. But thinking is too difficult when your eyes are blind with wind and your nose stings with it and your beard is being whisked around at rakish, freakish angles. Eyes closed, beard awry, city-blunted claws sliding and clutching, he was borne helplessly along. And he was distinctly peevish. . . . "It's a wonder they wouldn't have traffic cops," he growled. "Supposin' we bumped into another one of these hell-bent cloud things!" He tried to dig his haunches more securely into the sliding, billowing surface of the cloud. But every time he got a good hold, the thing sagged under him like a wet rag. . . . "I'll be doin' a Prince of Wales in a minute."

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Copyright, 1929, by Sarah Addington.

He wondered dimly whether, if he looked down, he could see New York and his house and perhaps the Boss through his skylight window. But he dared not risk looking down again. It made such disagreeable things happen to the stomach. Empty, that stomach, too. When had he eaten last? He seemed to remember a ghostly rasher of bacon some æons before—before—

Oh, yes, he remembered now. He had been sick—not the kind of sick that comes from eating too much garbage, but another kind. Wait a minute now. Wait—there, he had it. Something had hit him and it had made him sick. What was it that had hit him? He strained hard to recollect, but the wind was too much for him; he couldn't fish it out of his dizzy, whirling brain. He could only remember that something had hit him and done him in, and that before that, he had lived a fine, free, careless life with the Boss.

The Boss. He must get back to the Boss. They had an understanding about that. They could both wander where they liked and stay as long as they pleased and no questions asked, but always in the end they had to go back home to each other. That was their compact, man to man.

The little dog opened one cautious eye, and at what he saw then his jaw dropped. . . . "My God, I'm headed straight for the sunset!" For ahead of him was a burning glare such as he had never seen before in all his eventful life.

Yet, as he got closer, this blazing, golden glare in the sky hardly appeared to be the sun, after all. For against the glare, he could see the shapes of buildings, glassy and gleaming; fragile walls that shimmered with color; fantastic trees rearing golden arms.

They were getting pretty close now, he and the cloud. What a glare it was! Broadway he knew—he and the Boss had explored it many times together; but this razzle-dazzle made Broadway look like Main Street.

Swish-sh, swish-sh, the cloud was sailing faster, through the tearing wind. Zoom, zoom, now they were right abreast of the fiery light. Plunk, the cloud ducked, like a beast of burden, and the dog scooted off. He found himself scrambling at a pair of golden shoes. He looked up, blinking. The shoes belonged to a man, a chap with a fleecy beard. He wagged his tail. The

chap with the beard smiled, threw open a pair of gates—gleaming gates, like giant oyster shells—motioned the little dog in.

The dog trotted in through the gates. What the hell—?

Inside he stopped. His face, that shrewd, bland, poker face of an Irish terrier, was a study in mystification. "Gosh amighty," he whispered.

Columns, arches, cupolas, of marble and gold and crystal. Shimmering trees, heavy with jeweled fruit, cutting frail arabesques against a turquoise sky. Over everything that wash of dazzling light almost too strong to bear. He caught, now through an arch, now through a wide-flung window, the vagrant scurry of flying white robes. He heard somewhere in the distance the music of harp strings—tinkly stuff, he thought, not nearly so good as a hurdy-gurdy.

"Maybe it's Coney Island," he thought. He had heard tales of Coney Island. Phœbe the cat had been there. Only Phœbe was such a liar.

The glass felt funny to his feet. There was no garbage anywhere, nor any good smell of people's dinners. And where, he wondered profoundly, were all the automobiles? "Of all the dumb places," he muttered.

Then suddenly his body stiffened, his nose went up, his tail flew out. One instant he stood rigid, glaring. Then his red-brown body was hurtling through the air, had landed squarely on another body, black, silky, writhing, spitting. . . .

It was a mighty, glorious, soul-thrilling fight. Never had the little dog met a more valiant feline. Never had he felt such sharp, fierce claws. Never had he sunk his own teeth so deeply into fur and flesh. Never had fur and flesh tasted so sweet. Clawing, biting, ripping, slashing, their hot breath fusing, their blood surging in one delicious, torrential stream, the dog and the cat fought on. Hours they fought, or hours it seemed, until at last their stout hearts panted, their muscles languished, cried out for respite.

"Sir," said the cat then (he spoke thickly, since the dog had him by the throat), "sir, beasts—as—well as men—are wise—" He gargled, choked, went on, "are wise—when—they recog—cognize—ug—ug—satiety."

"What say?" said the dog, holding on just to make sure.

"Sir, I am—" The cat strangled here and the dog relaxed his grip by a fraction. "Er—thank you. Sir, shall we not—glug—I thank you, sir, again—shall we not abate our hostilities *in tempore*—glug—?"

"Oh, all right," said the dog loftily, "if that's the way you feel about it." His gesture, as he flung off the cat, was magnificently haughty.

The cat, on all fours once again, shook himself, gave a pass at his paws with a moist, red tongue, and smiled. "An excellent diversion, sir," he said.

"A hell of a good fight," conceded the dog. "But say," looking about him, "what's all the shootin' fer? What is this dump, anyway?"

"Child," said the cat softly, "is it possible you are ignorant of your whereabouts?"

"Ignorant is the word," snapped the dog. "Why shouldn't I be? This is a fine racket. First I ride on a cloud like a bloomin' angel, now I crash into a glass factory—"

The cat's whiskers rose in displeasure.

"Your language, sir, is a strange one and unseemly. But you are an American. That, of course, accounts for anything."

"Careful there!" said the dog, flaring up.

"Sir!" thundered the cat. "No man tells Hodge to be careful of his speech." He gathered himself up majestically, spoke again with crushing thunder. "Sir, you will not dispute me. I say again what I have often said before: For anything I see, foreigners are fools. And Americans and Scotsmen head the list."

The dog cowered. Never before in all his history had this Irishman cowered in front of man or beast. But he cowered now. He wondered at this and was ashamed of himself. Yet he could not seem to help it. This damn cat had him buffaloed.

"Sir," said the cat then, more graciously, "let us both forget our hasty words. I am a choleric old cat. I speak strongly, but I intend no ill."

"Right," said the dog. He was looking about him again. "Gold trees," he breathed. "Marble houses. Glass streets." His eyes widened suddenly. "Good night!" he cried, in sudden terror.

The cat smirked knowingly.

"Say!" shouted the dog. "*Is* this Heaven?"

"That is the name man has given to our country," replied the cat coolly.

"Well, fer cryin' out loud," said the dog.

"Sir?"

"My God," the dog was muttering, "my God!"

"I rejoice to note that you are pious. Religion, sir—"

"Religion!" shouted the dog at last. "Religion be damned. I'm dead!"

"I too feared death," spoke the cat softly. "The whole eighteenth century echoed with my plaints, shook with my fears. But death, I assure you—"

The dog was not listening. Dead, was he? Now that was quaint. "Me, dead!" Then he shook himself carelessly. All right, dead he was then. But he was still Irish.

"What," he cut in then, "is the eighteenth century?"

"The eighteenth century, my friend, *was*, not *is*. And alas, it will never be again. But it remains on the calendar of civilization as the most privileged and enlightened age ever granted to man or beast."

"Oh," said the dog. "And when was this here knock-out age?"

"It began with the birth of my patron."

"Your what?"

"My patron—my master."

"You mean your boss?"

"That might be the American solecism."

"And who was he to make everybody hot and bothered?"

"His name," replied the cat, stiffening proudly, "was Samuel Johnson."

"Huh," sniffed the dog. "Common name. Very common. My boss's name is MacInerny. Michael MacInerny."

"But my patron was a man of letters, the most eminent in all London."

"I don't know anything about this London, but my boss writes poetry!"

The cat smiled loftily.

"A minor poet, no doubt."

"He's a swell poet!" cried the dog. He was about to leap on

his antagonist at that, but he paused. "Say," he said, "they let you *fight* here, don't they? Nobody stops you?"

"I told you it was Heaven," said the cat.

The dog liked Heaven, he found, after Hodge had shown him around a bit.

Not, as he said, that he could hand the Coney Island part any carnations. He had no eye for artifice or splendor; and what good were glass streets to an earth-loving, earth-digging terrier? Also, the angels were pretty dumb too—simpering creatures lolling over their harps, who patted his head with unfeeling hands and couldn't raise a puppy biscuit among 'em. He cared little for humans, anyway, except the Boss, and these slobs weren't even human.

And St. Peter—that was the name of the guy at the gate—was downright comical. The dog and the cat came upon him just after some gay fellow had crashed the gate and the old boy was in an awful pucker. It seemed that the gay fellow had been a gate-crasher on Earth, and of course after a guy has crashed the Dempsey-Tunney fight and all the Army-Navy games and every first night on Broadway, mere pearly gates are no trick at all. The dog tried to point this out to St. Peter, but the old fellow was not to be consoled. He just went on tearing his hair and beating his breast and crying out about his professional honor. Gosh, it was comical!

But it was when they got to the Alley that things really began to look up.

The Alley was back of the palace kitchen-gardens. It had been designed especially for cats and dogs. There had been quite an argument over it in the beginning. The Head Angel thought alleys were vulgar and uncelestial, and said so firmly. But the Architect, who had been brought up on cats and dogs, won out. So the Alley had been added as a sort of afterthought, and it turned out, as the Witty Angel said, a howling success. (The witty one had been a columnist on Earth, which accounts for his being such a card.)

And certainly the Architect knew his cats and dogs, for the Alley was indeed a model one. It was narrow and dank and secret and tortuous. Everywhere you looked—excellent garbage buckets crammed and running over with the most succulent

slops. Everywhere you stepped—tin cans, broken boxes, bottles, bones, bits of coal, old shoes, bread heels, fish heads, covering the cobblestones like a thick, rich carpet. Over it all, a soul-satisfying smell. And best of all, it flaunted a bold sign: "Cats and Dogs Only. *Homo Sapiens* Keep Out." The Witty Angel was responsible for the *Homo Sapiens*. "If you're ever going to use dead tongues—" said he, then he wagged his head in a special way and you were supposed to see the joke.

Beyond the Alley, through a deep and devious covered passageway, lay the Meadow. This was also very nice. If a fellow got tired of alley life, he could always go out to the Meadow and have a run. The Meadow had an excellent patch of immortal catnip and other tasty weeds.

It was a fine spectacle that greeted the eye as Hodge and the dog approached the Alley. Dogs, cats, hundreds of them, swarming in loud confusion, fighting, barking, yowling, jumping, chasing each other, chasing their tails, chasing rats (the celestial rats were especially large and juicy, the little dog noted), rolling, prancing, frisking. A few slept serenely in corners. Here and there a dog gnawed a bone, a kitten licked her pretty face.

But when Hodge appeared, they all left off their business and stood respectfully waiting for him to speak. And Hodge did not disappoint them. He spoke at length, he orated, he reeled off elocution and argument and Latin phrases like a truly oracular cat. His address was peppered with "Why now, sir's" and "No, Madame's." It bristled with contentiousness. It all but sank and fell under the weight of polysyllables. But the audience listened, spellbound. That is, all but the new little dog. He was frankly bored. "He shoots off his eighteenth-century mouth too much," he stated to himself, stifling a yawn.

Then with belated graciousness and no little pomp, Hodge turned to him, the newcomer. "Sirs," he intoned, "and ladies," bowing here to a female or two, "I have the honor to present Padraic MacInerny, a canine of parts who has just come amongst us to share our celestial joys. Bid him welcome as befits your high degree."

The welcome that befitted their high degree was loud and vociferous. The animals swarmed toward him, barking, yelping, baying, miaowing—a wheeling confusion of hairy bodies, flash-

ing eyes, licking tongues, flying tails; and as Paddy licked back, smelled back, wagged back, he smiled to himself, "Where dogs are dogs!"

Hodge stood apart from the onslaught, stentoriously calling off names. Paddy heard his voice like a horn through the fog: "Boatswain! Turk! Linda! Flush!" But Paddy cared not for names. It was enough to be welcomed by these jolly good fellows. Welcomed—and how! He reflected afterwards that the only thing they left out was the keys to the city.

Later, Paddy got the low-down, from Hodge's ready tongue, on the chief members of the Alley.

The biggest Newfoundland, the one with the melancholy eyes and the posturing airs, was Boatswain. "Had belonged to a poet," said Hodge, "named Byron." (Only Paddy had always thought Byron was the name of a Presidential candidate.) "He has a fine way with the ladies," explained Hodge, one would have thought almost enviously. But Paddy chuckled at that. "If that big, overgrown bimbo is a sheik, then I'm Rin-Tin-Tin."

The lovely mastiff was Turk. "An amiable fellow, Turk," annotated Hodge. "Always in high flash." Turk talked too vivaciously for Paddy. Especially did he try to impress him with the merits and beauties of a place called Gad's Hill, where it seemed he had lived on Earth. But Paddy only smiled. When you're a born New Yorker, you can afford to humor provincials. Gad's Hill, indeed!

Turk was *cicerone* (Hodge's word) to a large family—Linda and Bumble and Don, Newfoundlands, and Mrs. Bouncer, a Pomeranian. At Linda, Paddy sneered. No sex appeal. Mrs. Bouncer was otherwise. Indeed, Mrs. Bouncer and Boatswain were the scandal of the Alley. A respectable widow once, she was now that pitiable object, a woman infatuated. Boatswain had only to roll his romantic eye and she trembled; he had but to loll against a garbage can in all his lordly grace and she was devastated. One flick of Boatswain's tail, and her dainty jowls watered. One seductive growl and she fluttered. Twenty times a day, Turk, the outraged, would shout, "Look out, Mrs. B! Mind what you're doing. I know your tricks and your manners." But it was no good. The lady remained entranced, as Turk admonished, and the Alley gossiped, and Boatswain smiled

his faint contemptuous smile. "I guess he *is* a sheik, after all," thought Paddy. "The big stiff!"

Woggs was a Skye terrier who, said Hodge, "labors under the handicaps of a Scottish birth and a frail constitution, and who yet emerges the brightest spirit of us all." Woggs had "R.L.S." engraved on his collar.

There was a funny, sombre little brown dog called Flush who ambled around murmuring wanly, "I'm but a poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through the dark," and now and then inquired faintly whether anybody had any macaroons. Flush had belonged to a lady poet, Hodge said. Certainly, thought Paddy, he was a pretty poor stick.

There was a spaniel named Presto Thrale. Presto it was who admired Hodge perhaps the most extravagantly of them all. Rapt he sat in Hodge's presence; flatteringly he approved Hodge's every word.

There were deerhounds and pugs and poodles. There were wolfhounds and terriers and sheep-dogs. But one thing they had in common, Hodge explained: they were all literary. And of course, Paddy ruminated grimly to himself, they were all dead, too.

Paddy played an exhilarating game in the Meadow with Turk and his family. Leap-Dog, it was called.

Paddy had a sleep—a long, snoring snooze with nobody to wake him up. He dreamed of Phœbe, smiled in his sleep to remember that feline. She'd never get here; Phœbe was a hell-cat if there ever was one.

Paddy ate. The eating was perhaps the greatest revelation of all in this amazing Heaven. For in Heaven, it seemed, you could eat anything—simply anything—and not get sick. So Paddy ate. Chicken and potatoes and candy and milk and ice cream and butter and gravy and cake and fried fish, he ate; all the forbidden fruit of Earth he guzzled and gorged and lapped and crunched until he staggered for breath and his stomach stuck out like a little, round, hairy balloon.

A scullery maid came to the Alley with their food. "A sensible girl," Hodge said of her benevolently. "I like her well. She pays tribute to Literature in the only way a scullery maid could do, by serving its followers."

And Paddy discovered these other attributes of the Alley: that baths were unknown; that muzzles existed not; that cops never got to Heaven; and that dog-catchers were denied entrance.

Fights. Chicken. Potatoes. Candy. No baths. No muzzles. No cops. No dog-catchers. "Thank God, I'm dead," murmured Paddy. "Thank God for Paradise."

At four o'clock that afternoon Hodge stepped to the middle of the Alley, and a dozen or so of the animals, all dogs, as it happened, grouped themselves in a circle around him. In front of Hodge was an old packing box; in his right forepaw he held up a ginger-ale bottle.

Paddy looked curiously at the scene.

"Ah, Paddy," said Hodge, "be seated, pray."

Paddy seated himself blandly. Hodge rapped sharply on the box with his improvised gavel.

"Order, ladies and gentlemen!"

There was a slight rustle, then silence. Old Hodge was the chairman, evidently. "He would," thought Paddy.

"Paddy, sir," said Hodge turning to him courteously, "you find yourself at a meeting of the Celestial Association of Literary Cats and Dogs—"

"Popularly known as 'Hounds of Heaven,'" spoke up Turk.

"Celestial Association of Literary Cats and Dogs," repeated Hodge firmly. "Settle yourself comfortably, sir, and see whether you like not our mood and humor."

"Righto," said Paddy agreeably. "Shoot."

Hodge pounded on the box again. He cleared his throat. "Before we proceed to philosophical discussion," began Hodge. "Ah, Flush, what is it? Speak, my good dog. Why do you squirm and fidget?"

Flush raised timid eyes to the august chairman. "Please, sir," went on Flush more boldly, "you have forgotten the—stockings."

Hodge inclined his head ponderingly. "Why, Flush, good dog, you do well. Forgotten the stockings I had. Presto, fetch forth the stockings, I pray you. Make speed at it, too, my good fellow. Our meeting is like never to get under way."

Presto, bowing, trotted out and came back with a mouthful of small blue stockings. They were handed around. Each beast

accepted four, drew them gravely on over his paws. Thus attired they resumed their positions. Only Paddy, as he gazed strangely at his own blue woollen feet and legs, seemed to betray that this was not the common apparel of cats and dogs.

Hodge continued, equably, "We are a company of celebrated beasts, Paddy, each one of us here illustrious in his own name. But lest you take us for common witlings boasting but empty boasts, we will now produce for you the proofs of our celebrity. I will begin." He settled back on his haunches and brushed his nose with his stockinged paw.

"I am the dean of this animal Heaven because my master was the dean of literature in the world. I lived with him in London, ate from his hand, climbed up his chair, walked on his breast—was, in short, the intimate of his daily life. He praised me to Bozzy and spoke affectionately of me abroad. I appear in the great record of his life by this same Bozzy—the only domestic animal set down by name in that notable history. Bozzy did not like me, but neither did I like Bozzy. My patron," he added, his eye glittering, "bought me oysters with his own hands."

Paddy: "Well now, that's nice. Oysters, eh? Fair enough, fair enough."

Hodge, with a flick of his paw at Boatswain: "Now, Boatsy, perhaps you will be amiable enough to favor us."

Boatswain, yawning, stretching, yawning again, plainly bored: "All the world knows, I should think, how I woke up one morning to find myself famous."

Turk: "But you woke up in Heaven, you know. Don't forget that."

Boatswain: "Er—well, yes, to be sure, I was already here when Fame finally overtook me. I am" (fixing Paddy with a steely eye) "the only dog in history who ever had his epitaph printed in a book of poems."

Paddy: "What's an epitaph?"

Hodge: " 'Inscription written on a tomb.' I quote the first English dictionary."

Paddy: "Oh, so your boss wrote it, eh, Boatswain? Well, that's not bad, not half bad, Big Boy. Congratulations and all that sort of thing."

Boatswain, grandiloquently:

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory—"

Hodge: "No, Boatsy, it won't do, my boy, it won't do. No long recitations, you know—one of the rules."

Turk, speaking up as Boatswain retires sulkily: "Listen to me! I was my master's favorite dog! Linda he loved and Bumble and Don and even Mrs. Bouncer—"

That respectable widow, rousing from her trance: "Even Mrs. Bouncer? *Even?"*

Hodge, sternly: "Silence, madam!"

Turk: "—but I was his real love, his eye's apple, his other self. It was I who sat with him in the chalet across the road from the house at Gad's Hill whilst he penned the masterpieces that made his name a household word. I who tramped with him over the fields and hills of Kent—"

Linda, snarling: "Wait a minute. I tramped with him too. I—"

Don, growling: "I—"

Paddy, cheerfully: "Well, the I's seem to have it."

Hodge, coldly: "Sir, I weary of your feeble American jests."

Paddy, meekly: " 'Scuse it, please."

Hodge: "As for you, Turk and Linda, give over this vying competition. Man's love for his animals is not so niggardly that it cannot be divided equitably amongst them all. Fie on you! . . . Woggs here is a more modest dog. Woggs!"

Woggs, dreamily: "I had the merriest, sweetest master on earth—"

Turk, baring his teeth: "You didn't! I did!"

Paddy: "I did!"

Boatswain, flying up: "I—"

Hodge, icily: "You are a pack of rogues, every dog Jack of you. What is this unseemly noise? What is this un-Christian baring of teeth? Woggs, my good fellow, I deplore this exhibition of ill temper. Go on, sir, go on."

Woggs, as they all subside: "I had a merry, sweet master. He loved me, he and his wife, loved me so much that when I died he would never have another dog. Even when he went to far-off Vailima and a dog was urged upon him for company's sweet sake,

he would not. Woggs was the only dog for him, as he was the only man for Woggs. There is devotion, my friends, not easily matched in the world of men."

Paddy, thoughtfully: "True."

Presto, wiping away a tear: "Ah me, how affecting!"

Hodge: "These are better sentiments. I commend you all. But mind you, Woggs, I do not say that as a poet, your master was to be commended. In especial is that celebrated couplet of his at grievous fault—"

Paddy: "What couplet?"

Woggs, reciting: "'The world is so full of a number of things—'"

Hodge: "Et cetera."

Woggs, drooping: "Et cetera."

Hodge: "Nay, Woggs, philosophy that may be, but poetry never. 'A number of things!' What things, I ask you? What have these broad say-nothing phrases to do with Literature? Literary expression, sir, should be nice, neat, to the dot. Any idle woman can speak words with her tongue. A poet should do better than that, else is he not a poet."

Woggs: "But my master—"

Hodge, grandly: "That will do." Turning to Presto: "Presto, I like well your history and life. Relate it now for Paddy, sir."

Presto, enthusiastically: "Oh, sir, I am to be envied of all dogs. I lived at Streatham, the very Mecca of genius. You know, Hodge, what a creature Mrs. Thrale was, how she plucked the brightest flowers of all England to deck her drawing-room, and how these flowers bloomed but the rosier in that benign and sunny atmosphere. *I* sat at supper with Sir Joshua and Fanny Burney and Hannah More. *I* brushed the hem of the Lexicographer's greatcoat, and lay with my muzzle on the buckle of his shoe. *I* cut a caper once when the great Mrs. Montagu came—"

Hodge, critically: "But she did marry an Italian. None can gainsay that."

Boatswain: "And her first husband was a brewer."

Presto, coolly: "She preferred the Italian to some other gentleman. And beer-money paid for the most brilliant companies of the age. Ah yes, all London, all the world, came to Streatham.

A sweet place, Paddy. All men found it so. The fevers of London vanished there."

Hodge, amiably: "Why now, Presto, I cannot meet you in your sentiments about London. No, sir, when an animal is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London—and especially in Fleet Street—all that life can afford."

Presto, hypocritically: "Oh, sir, when has not the great Hodge spoken truly and nobly on any subject?"

Brutus, another dog: "I belonged to the great Landseer. He painted me in a picture—"

Hodge, apologetically to Paddy: "Landseer was only a painter, sir. We suffer Brutus here because he is in himself a worthy beast."

Maida, a deerhound: "I was Sir Walter Scott's favorite—"

Trump, a pug: "*I* belonged to Hogarth—"

Bounce, hitherto unnoticed: "But *I* was the pet of the master, Alexander Pope—"

Hodge: "Hounds of Heaven, where hide your manners? What confusion is this? What disorder? Come now, each dog in his turn." (Pounds prodigiously with the bottle until it crashes and shivers to the ground.) "Flush, my good dog, we have not heard from you."

Flush, squealing excitedly: "*I* bit Robert Browning's legs! He brought me macaroons and seed cakes and I bit his legs just the same. I had poems written to me when I was alive" (looking importantly at Boatswain), "not after I was dead. I eloped too! To Marylebone church. It was lovely. We rode in a carriage, my mistress and Wilson and I, and there we were married. And I was taken to Italy with them too. It was very exciting because nobody knew. Papa was so stern and cross, you know. I didn't bark or give anything away. And I knew about it all the time, because all the boxes were packed and waiting and I could see them up in her closet. When we got to Italy, I didn't bite his legs any more because for some reason Ba-a didn't want me to. Besides, I was very occupied with fleas."

Hodge: "But, sirs, we speak too much of ourselves. We have here a newcomer. Come, Paddy, let us hear your recital of earthly glory."

Paddy, briskly: "Well, my Boss writes sonnets. He writes 'em all day long and he's got a whole box full."

Boatswain: "And they are published?"

Paddy, defiantly: "No, they ain't published—yet."

All of them, looking at each other significantly: "Ah!"

Paddy, proudly: "You see, my Boss is a champion. He's the champion unpublished poet. He's written more poems that ain't ever been published than any other guy that ever lived. He says so himself."

Boatswain, sneering: "Dear me."

Mrs. Bouncer: "Fancy that."

Paddy, hastily: "He knows all the rhymes in the world, too. He's got a rhyme book and all he has to do is look 'em up."

Boatswain, recoiling: "Horrible."

Bounce, covering his eyes: "Oh, most horrible."

Paddy: "And once an editor ast him to lunch, he did. And once he got $25 from the *New York Times* for eight lines. That's over $3 a line. And once he wrote verses for Mother's Day cards and got $18. And once he went to Padraic Colum's house and had boiled chicken for dinner and that's why he named me for him, but Mr. Colum didn't know, when he heard about it, whether it was a compliment or not. And—and—"

Hodge, insinuatingly: "And what, Paddy?"

Boatswain, softly: "Perhaps Paddy's master is a Chatterton—"

Paddy, in sudden anger: "I don't know about your Chattertons or any of that stuff, but my Boss is a swell guy and don't you forget it. And him and me has a swell time. We take walks and we play games, and if we sell a poem we eat; and if we don't, we chew our tongues instead, and I like it, see? And I wouldn't trade my Boss for a whole carload of your dead Thrales and Johnsons and Robert Brownings, whoever they are. When my Boss gets famous and we get a lotta jack, we're gonna move to the country and go huntin' and chase chickens and write pastorals and eat all day long. But he ain't famous yet—editors are sorta dumb that way—so we live in a garret—a studio, I mean—and any guy here that wants to make remarks can just step up and I'll teach him how to make remarks, see? And that goes for you, too, Mr. Samuel Johnson London England Fleet Street God A'mighty Hodge!"

He looked around the circle hotly. Not one flicker of a tail or the wink of an eye. Only disdain everywhere, cold contempt.

They were sneering at his Boss. He looked from one to the other of the aloof, haughty faces. They remained frozen in scorn.

They were sneering at his Boss. His Boss who—

Well, they didn't know any better, the poor saps. They hadn't seen the Boss. They didn't know what a great guy he was. He began to pity them then, those animals that had never known his Boss, and he felt better.

"Well," said Linda, rising from her haunches, "it's time, boys and girls." Instantly they all sprang to their feet, were leaping away with joyful barks, kicking off their blue stockings as they went.

"Time fer what?" shouted Paddy after them.

"Time for our walk!" threw back Turk over his shoulder. "Every day at this time we take a walk with our masters!"

Paddy watched their bounding, retreating flanks as they disappeared through the passageway from the Alley to the Meadow. He followed. In the doorway of the passage he stopped.

There in the Meadow they all were. Turk and his family capering around the feet of a tall, bearded man in a checked waistcoat who called out hilarious greetings to them and laughed uproariously at their pranks. . . . Flush trotting earnestly between a man and a woman arm in arm, who smiled at each other and at Flush and then at each other again. . . . Woggs waddling at the heels of a lanky man in tweeds, whose long legs ambled their way across the grassy meadow, whose long hands played with the old brown pipe in his mouth, whose eyes hardly left the dusky, vivid woman walking at his side, except to look back at Woggs. . . . Boatswain pacing in stately fashion beside a corpulent, pompous, self-conscious, and yet somehow romantic-looking male who limped noticeably and sighed as he looked down at Boatswain, none of your ordinary prosy sighs either, but heavy sighs and deep with meaning. . . . Presto stepping along to the lively gait of a sprightly lady in cap and ribbons. . . . Hodge marching with dignity at the heels of a massive, rolling, seesawing figure, whose wig was askew, whose linen was rumpled,

but whose words, apparently, held as in a vice of doting admiration the sprightly lady who was with him.

Gone were the white robes, the harps, all the foolish, tricked-out, trumped-up trappings of the commonplace Heaven of a few hours before. This was another Heaven, men and women walking in the fields at sundown with their beloved animals. Paddy, watching, felt an unaccountable pain, a pain just under the white patch on his breast (where no white patch ought to be if an Irish terrier's ancestors have been all that ancestors should be.)

"Gosh," he whispered.

They all looked so happy. They all *were* happy, everybody in the whole place was happy—cats, dogs, men, women—everybody but him. He saw the lanky man turn back, bend over, put his hand on Wogg's furry little back; saw Wogg's wriggle of ecstasy, and the pain under his white patch grew sharper. He, too, knew the rapture that comes from the touch of your Boss's hand. Nothing in the whole world is as nice as that—nothing, not ice cream, not beefsteak, not warm firesides, not cat fights, not even fried liver and onions, which last, as any dog knows, is the dizziest delight in life.

He craned as the happy ones, strolling along, gradually moved out of sight around a flowery bend of the Meadow, his blunt, square, whiskery countenance strained and wistful. They had gone now. The Meadow was empty, its grasses burnished and still under the light of late afternoon.

Paddy stood in the doorway, uneasy, puzzled. "But this *ain't* Heaven," he kept saying. "If the Boss was here—but he's down in New York. This ain't Heaven for me a-tall!"

He thought of the garret, the fire small but valiant and blustering, the Boss's long legs stretched out in front of it, his own savory old blanket there on the floor, the smell of their supper, the light of their lamp, Phœbe's green eyes at the window. He thought of the Boss's virtues—the Boss who kidded him, who talked to him like a regular fellow, who was so understanding in the matter of baths, so tolerant in the matter of week-end jaunts. The Boss, too, who trusted him so implicitly, who always knew that he would come home finally, expected him, waited for him, welcomed him—needed him.

This was Heaven where things were planned especially for dogs, where garbage was plentiful, where fights were allowed, where potatoes and candy were not taboo. But the Boss wasn't here. The Boss was in New York, waiting for him.

Suddenly he whirled on his feet. Like a streak of red dust he was through the passage, across the Alley, through the palace, the courtyard, out of the gate. St. Peter was nodding over his afternoon cup of tea, the gate itself slightly ajar. Paddy lunged against it, threw it wide open, flashed through.

Now he was on the very edge of the world, Heaven behind, a vast abyss of sky and air beneath him. He flung off his stockings. An aviator far below wondered mightily at the thing that blew into his lap, a small blue woolen thing, like a doll's stocking.

Only a second he paused. It was sickening, hideous, this awful chasm; but he had to do it. He had to jump. He had to. He had to get away, back to the Boss. There was a little cloud 'way down yonder. He'd jump and land on its back. And that—would—take—him—back—to—the—Boss.

He smelled the breath of a strange man in his face, heard a strange voice, was conscious of a hot, smothering pain all over his body. The Boss he did not see or hear, but he knew he was home. He had known that a long time now by the smell of his own blanket so pleasant and comforting under him. He could not open his eyes. That was odd, he thought. But he could hear all right. He heard now—yes, it was the Boss. But how husky and funny the Boss's voice sounded.

"Gosh, doctor, I can't thank you enough."

"I didn't save your dog, man!" That was the stranger's voice now. "He saved himself. You saw how he did it. Lord, I've never seen an animal fight harder to come back, and I've seen a-plenty too—gritty little devil. Uncanny, isn't it? I never get used to it somehow. How we do come back, sometimes, dogs as well as men."

"Will he be all right? He's such a cocky fellow, I'd hate to have him lame."

"Sure. He'll be all right. He's as tough as they come. Just keep bathing him with this stuff and give him all the fresh water he'll take. No food, of course. But then he'd see to that. I'll

come in and change the dressings to-morrow. God, I'd like to string up a few of these truck drivers."

He was gone. Paddy heard the door close, followed the last echo of his footsteps down the stairs. He opened his eyes groggily. The Boss was right there, close up to his muzzle, his face scared and white.

"Well, Mr. Padraic MacInerny!" But what made the Boss's voice thick like that?

The Boss was smiling though, and his hand was gently—oh, so gently—on the little dog's head. And somehow the hot, flaming, awful pain all over his body was gone now. He tried to wag his tail. Drat it, the thing wouldn't wag, too heavy. He tried again. There. Slow, feeble thuds, but thuds just the same. The Boss's white-faced smile was the only thing he could see.

He closed his eyes again.

Here was Heaven, if anybody wanted to know.

THE LOST NOVEL[1]

By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

(From *Scribner's Magazine*)

HE said it was all like a dream. A man like that, a writer. Well, he works for months and, perhaps, years on a book, and there is not a word put down. What I mean is that his mind is working. What is to be the book builds itself up and is destroyed.

In his fancy figures are moving back and forth.

But there is something I neglected to say. I am talking of a certain English novelist who has got some fame, of a thing that once happened to him.

He told me about it one day in London when we were walking together. We had been together for hours. I remember that we were on the Embankment of the Thames when he told be about his lost novel.

He had come to see me early in the evening at my hotel. He spoke of certain stories of my own. "You almost get at something, sometimes," he said.

We agreed that no man ever quite got at—the thing.

If some one once got at it, if he really put the ball over the plate, you know, if he hit the bull's-eye.

What would be the sense of any one trying to do anything after that?

I'll tell you what, some of the old fellows have come pretty near.

Keats, eh? And Shakespeare. And George Borrow and DeFoe.

We spent a half-hour going over names.

We went off to dine together and later walked. He was a little

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black, nervous man with ragged locks of hair sticking out from under his hat.

I began talking of his first book.

But here is a brief outline of his history. He came from a poor farming family in some English village. He was like all writers. From the very beginning he wanted to write.

He had no education. At twenty he got married.

She must have been a very respectable, nice girl. If I remember rightly, she was the daughter of a priest of the Established English Church.

Just the kind he should not have married. But who shall say whom any one shall love—or marry? She was above him in station. She had been to a woman's college; was well educated.

I have no doubt she thought him an ignorant man.

"She thought me a sweet man, too. The hell with that," he said, speaking of it. "I am not sweet. I hate sweetness."

We had got to that sort of intimacy walking in the London night, going now and then into a pub to get a drink.

I remember that we each got a bottle, fearing the pubs would close before we got through talking.

What I told him about myself and my own adventures I can't remember.

The point is he wanted to make some kind of a pagan out of his woman, and the possibilities weren't in her.

They had two kids.

Then suddenly he did begin to burst out writing—that is to say, really writing.

You know a man like that. When he writes he writes. He had some kind of a job in his English town. I believe he was a clerk.

Because he was writing he, of course, neglected his job, his wife, his kids.

He used to walk about the fields at night. His wife scolded. Of course she was all broken up—would be. No woman can quite bear the absolute way in which a man who has been her lover can drop her when he is at work.

I mean an artist, of course. They can be first-class lovers. It may be they are the only lovers.

And they are absolutely ruthless about throwing direct personal love aside.

You can imagine that household. The man told me there was a little bedroom up-stairs in the house where they were living at that time. This was while he was still in the English town.

The man used to come home from his job and go up-stairs. Up-stairs he went and locked his door. Often he did not stop to eat, and sometimes he did not even speak to his wife.

He wrote and wrote and wrote and threw away.

Then he lost his job. "The hell," he said when he spoke of it.

He didn't care, of course. What is a job?

What is a wife or child? There must be a few ruthless people in this world.

Pretty soon there was practically no food in the house.

He was up-stairs in that room behind the door, writing. The house was small and the children cried. "The little brats," he said, speaking of them. He did not mean that, of course. I understood what he meant. His wife used to come and sit on the stairs outside the door back of which he was at work. She cried audibly and the child she had in her arms cried.

"A patient soul, eh?" the English novelist said to me when he told me of it. "And a good soul, too," he said. "To hell with her," he also said.

You see, he had begun writing about her. She was what his novel was about, his first one. In time it may prove to be his best one.

Such tenderness of understanding—of her difficulties and her limitations, and such a casual, brutal way of treating her—personally.

Well, if we have a soul that is worth something, eh?

It got so they were never together a moment without quarreling.

And then one night he struck her. He had forgotten to fasten the door of the room in which he worked. She came bursting in.

And just as he was getting at something about her, some understanding of the reality of her. Any writer will understand the difficulty of his position. In a fury he rushed at her, struck her and knocked her down.

And then. Well, she quit him then. Why not? However, he finished the book. It was a real book.

But about his lost novel. He said he came up to London after his wife left him and began living alone. He thought he would write another novel.

You understand that he had got recognition, had been acclaimed.

And the second novel was just as difficult to write as the first. It may be that he was a good deal exhausted.

And, of course, he was ashamed. He was ashamed of the way in which he had treated his wife. He tried to write another novel so that he wouldn't always be thinking. He told me that, for the next year or two, the words he wrote on the paper were all wooden. Nothing was alive.

Months and months of that sort of thing. He withdrew from people. Well, what about his children? He sent money to his wife and went to see her once.

He said she was living with her father's people, and he went to her father's house and got her. They went to walk in the fields. "We couldn't talk," he said. "She began to cry and called me a crazy man. Then I glared at her, as I had once done that time I struck her, and she turned and ran away from me back to her father's house, and I came away."

Having written one splendid novel, he wanted, of course, to write some more. He said there were all sorts of characters and situations in his head. He used to sit at his desk for hours writing and then go out in the street and walk as he and I walked together that night.

Nothing would come right for him.

He had got some sort of theory about himself. He said that the second novel was inside him like an unborn child. His conscience was hurting him about his wife and children. He said he loved them all right but did not want to see them again.

Sometimes he thought he hated them. One evening, he said, after he had been struggling like that, and long after he had quit seeing people, he wrote his second novel. It happened like this.

All morning he had been sitting in his room. It was a small

room he had rented in a poor part of London. He had got out of bed early, and without eating any breakfast had begun to write. And everything he wrote that morning was also no good.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, as he had been in the habit of doing, he went out to walk. He took a lot of writing-paper with him.

"I had an idea I might begin to write at any time," he said.

He went walking in Hyde Park. He said it was a clear, bright day, and people were walking about together. He sat on a bench.

He hadn't eaten anything since the night before. As he sat there he tried a trick. Later I heard that a group of young poets in Paris took up that sort of thing and were profoundly serious about it.

The Englishman tried what is called "automatic writing."

He just put his pencil on the paper and let the pencil make what words it would.

Of course the pencil made a queer jumble of absurd words. He quit doing that.

There he sat on the bench staring at the people walking past.

He was tired, like a man who has been in love for a long time with some woman he cannot get.

Let us say there are difficulties. He is married or she is. They look at each other with promises in their eyes and nothing happens.

Wait and wait. Most people's lives are spent waiting.

And then suddenly, he said, he began writing his novel. The theme, of course, was men and women—lovers. What other theme is there for such a man? He told me that he must have been thinking a great deal of his wife and of his cruelty to her. He wrote and wrote. The evening passed and night came. Fortunately, there was a moon. He kept on writing. He said it was the most intense writing he ever did or ever hoped to do. Hours and hours passed. He sat there on that bench writing like a crazy man.

He wrote a novel at one sitting. Then he went home to his room.

He said he never was so happy and satisfied with himself in his life.

"I thought that I had done justice to my wife and to my children, to every one and everything," he said.

He said that all the love he had in his being went into the novel.

He took it home and laid it on his desk.

What a sweet feeling of satisfaction to have done—the thing.

Then he went out of his room and found an all-night place where he could get something to eat.

After he got food he walked around the town. How long he walked he didn't know.

Then he went home and slept. It was daylight by this time. He slept all through the next day.

He said that when he woke up he thought he would look at his novel. "I really knew all the time it wasn't there," he said. "On the desk, of course, there was nothing but blank empty sheets of paper."

"Anyway," he said, "this I know. I never will write such a beautiful novel as that one was."

Of course when he said it he laughed.

I do not believe there are too many people in the world who will know exactly what he was laughing about.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR [1]

By IVAN BEEDE

(From *Transition*)

WHILE Dr. Moon waited for a telephone call from the Masheks' it began to snow. A shadow fell across the book he was reading and slowly, slowly, the pale winter light thickened into obscurity. He raised his head to look out the window, then with an effort swung it around and glanced about the room. Although the electric switch was only a few feet away he felt too hopeless to move. Instead he let his head fall to one side in a gesture of fatigue, and closed his eyes.

All this Sunday afternoon, alone in the house, he had been expecting the Mashek call. Sooner or later it would come, and he would have to look at Lily Mashek's deluded smile again. There was nothing more he could do for her, she was beyond aid, but just the same he would go. He felt obliged to go, because last night he had acted like a fool, on her account.

With his head fallen limply, his body slumped in the chair, he waited helplessly for the call to come. He could think of nothing else. The case depressed him, with a depression which he could not shake off, which had been increasing for days.

It was not Lily Mashek so much as the moment she had chosen to die. She had forced herself on his attention just after the long siege of influenza, which had left him physically exhausted, discouraged, and worried by new, strange doubts.

During the epidemic he had been the only available doctor, the others being absent in the Army, and as usual he had taken his work too seriously. He had seemed an almost omnipresent figure in his big fur coat and hunter's cap, his mild face masklike with fatigue. There was no distance he would not drive, no extra effort he would not make, but too many of his patients died. They

[1] Copyright, 1929, by Ivan Beede. From "Prairie Women," by Ivan Beede, to be published by Harper & Brothers.

died by the dozens, throughout the fall and these early months of winter.

The growing toll of deaths threw him into a fit of black discouragement. He was certain that almost any other doctor would have been more useful. But what hurt him most, when he suffered from his own shortcomings so keenly, was to lose patients (and he lost many) who had no right to die. It was dreadful to see them give up without a struggle, killed by fear of the unknown, by lack of faith in themselves, by mental panic arising from the war. Some of them were men whom for years he had respected. He watched them go with tears of anger in his eyes. They were cowards, they did not deserve to live, yet he blamed himself because they died.

When it was all over he was left in a state of mental depression induced by fatigue. He had not only temporarily lost confidence in himself, he was harassed by secret doubts, doubts which he thought too terrible to divulge, about the humanity he had always been so proud to serve. He knew what was wrong. He needed time to forget, to renew his hold on life, but at this moment Lily Mashek fell mortally ill.

He had been her doctor for years, and the spectacle of her life had always annoyed him, but now it took on an exaggerated significance in his mind. She symbolized all the weakness, the fatuity, the shame, of the world he had just discovered. To go every day to that dismal house, to look at her silly smile, grew more and more unbearable, and several days before it seemed he had reached the limit of his patience.

And then last night the nurse had called him up. Her name was Mrs. Thorpe, and she had come from Omaha to help with the influenza cases. He disliked her brisk, efficient ways and the professional manner of her speech. "I think she's going, Moon. Will you come right over?"

He was in bed, with the extension phone pulled to his side. The dry, sharp voice seemed slightly less metallic than the vibration of the receiver. "No, I will not come over," he answered at once, with irrational rage. "I'm in bed. Do you think I'm going to get up and dress just to go over there? There's nothing more I can do."

Mrs. Thorpe's voice buzzed on. It was the reproving voice of

humanity. He listened a second to the rasping in his ear, and then without a word slammed the receiver. He did not intend to get out of bed.

But he did get up. He was lying with his hands over his stomach when his wife came in from her room. "What is it, Doctor? Is anything the matter?" "No," he said, sick with discouragement, "nothing's the matter." He climbed out of bed, put on his clothes over his nightshirt, and concealing this makeshift under his coat of fur, went down to the speak-easy. After filling himself full of port he was able to come home and sleep.

But this morning he felt conscience-stricken and made a call at the Masheks'. He found the nurse coldly superior, and Lily not dead after all. There was really nothing to do, there had been nothing last night, but he told Mrs. Thorpe to keep in touch with him through the day. And now when the telephone rang he would go over there again, to no purpose.

He stirred helplessly, and suddenly the book slid from his lap to the floor, pulling his hand with it. He sat there for a moment as he was, with one arm hanging loose, his mind like his body seeming scattered and formless.

With an effort he pulled himself together, picked the book up from the floor, and walked to the window. His head whirled with vertigo, his ears rang, stars streaked across his eyelids. The dizziness passed, and then he looked through the snow at the lonely street lined with square wooden houses. The snow was dropping monotonously, straight from the sky, melting as fast as it fell. While he watched the flakes thickened, the gray deepened, and fringes of white formed on the bare spots of the lawn.

The telephone rang. It was as he expected. Lily was worse again.

He donned his overcoat and cap, discovered that he was still wearing slippers, changed to his shoes, and closed the door of the house.

The snow fell on him in a steady, unending rhythm, on his cap, his shoulders, his nose. He could only see two hundred feet ahead, there were no lights in the houses, the town seemed deserted, tenantless. He walked along a lane of bare trees, through the snow, toward the twilight, alone. He had never felt so alone, and because of his depression his thoughts took on the complexion

of the day. He saw the whole world living in these frail, sad houses, in the midst of desolation; victims of the weather, of vague fears, and senseless delusions. It weighed heavily on his spirit. If mankind did not have dignity, how could he hold up his own head? Besides, the humanity to which he ministered with his beautiful hands, had to have dignity.

And Lily Mashek! It was as if she had been unconscious all her life, and she really had that air about her. She was always running from one delusion to another, never touching reality. When Joe took to drink and began to beat her, she turned prohibitionist and tried to save his soul. All these years she had borne up with him, while her expression grew more angelic. And the reason was not because she loved Joe, but because people praised her fortitude, and called her a saint.

And now . . . now she was dying with a happy smile on her face because Joe had promised never to drink again. Joe reform! In a month he would be drunk, in six months he would be beating up some other woman. It was maddening.

The Mashek house was on the east edge of town, near the ice pond. Years ago it had been painted pink but now it loomed through the snow a kind of livid gray, sitting abjectly on a little rise of ground, a tall narrow house on a high foundation, looking both obscene and startled in the abandoned yard. He went up the path—there was no walk—and stamped the wet snow from his shoes on the porch.

A strange young man answered the door. There was no lamp inside, and he could not make out who it was. Then he recognized the Mashek boy, who must have arrived since the morning. While the son was pumping his hand, Dr. Moon remembered him unpleasantly. As a boy he had fought with Joe on the streets, and later had run away.

Going to the stairs he discovered Joe sitting by the table, with his head in his arms. The old man straightened up as he passed.

"It's no good, Doc. She's going to die."

"We'll see, Joe."

"Come on, Joe," he heard the son say from the dimness, "don't bother Doc. You know what's going to happen as well as he does."

Dr. Moon went up the stairs to the sick room. As soon as he

opened the door Mrs. Thorpe hurried on tiptoe toward him. She lifted the sick chart from the bedstand and handed it to him.

She jarred on his nerves.

"Give her some air," he said. "You don't want to choke her, do you?"

He put down the chart without looking at it and approached the iron bedstead. On the stand alongside was a coal oil lamp with a bright pink shade, some ancient peace offering of Joe's. The patient lay beyond the circle of light, in the blue shadows.

She was very thin and wasted, but her eyes were abnormally bright, and there was a strange feverish precocity about the upturned nose and a misplaced look of eagerness on her face. Although she lay weak and still, she seemed in perpetual movement, and at sight of him her lips opened in an ecstatic smile. All he could see was that smile, which maddened and saddened him, and made him want to hurt her even now. Yet when he spoke his voice was very gentle.

"How are you, Lily?"

He felt her pulse, placed his cool palm a moment on her forehead, then arranged her arms more comfortably, and turning to the nurse, signed with his hands that there was nothing more he could do. . . . He walked to the window and raised the sash, which she had lifted a little way, as high as it would go. A draught of damp air came in and brought to his ears the cottony sound of falling snow. The ice pond was all but invisible, limited at one end by the crazy-scattered limbs of scrubwillows, rising like giant witches' brooms, and at the other by the shadowy outlines of the ice house.

A thought was struggling in his mind, but he could not hold it. He could feel it, however, in successive waves, a tremendous affront to him, to everybody who held life in esteem.

The sound of guns brought him back to himself, and then he heard the quick, scared call of ducks. Some one was hunting, he wondered who. It was almost completely dark; they would never find the birds, even if they got them. It worried him. And then he wished he were out there too, in warm high boots, lying in the snow behind a blind of cornstalks, the firm feel of a gun in his hands.

He pulled the window half-way down and started to leave.

Mrs. Thorpe cut across to meet him, always on tiptoe, always with her swinging gait. There was something hard and metallic about her, with her bronze hair and sharp features and starched uniform. She awaited him with her hand on the door.

"How long will it be, Moon?"

"Moon, Moon," he thought. What a brittle cat she was.

"How do I know?" he demanded. And then, curtly, "A couple of hours, maybe four."

Mrs. Thorpe nodded, looked speculatively down at the floor, and made a little clucking sound.

He stared at her, then brushed his arm vaguely across his face. She looked so pleased. She was like impersonal nature, which seems to enjoy the manifestation of its phenomena. The expression on her face was just the same as that which he felt in the sun, the trees, the skyline, whenever he left a bed of death.

At the foot of the stairs he saw the son turn from the window, saw him because of the faint blue light which appeared as he moved away. At the same time he felt across the room the full impress of his cheerful bulk on the air.

"Pardon me, Doc, I want to ask you something. Will it be all right to take Joe out for a walk? Just for a little while. He hasn't budged since I come. He's in an awful state."

The son seemed determined to make the best of things. His manner and his personality irritated Dr. Moon. Besides, he could hear behind him Joe milling in a chair, and his stomach was revolted by the cold, stale smell of the house: a sickening egg-shell odour. He longed to get out, but forced himself to be courteous. He went to great lengths.

"It will be all right," he said, "if you don't stay too long, and keep in touch with the house. Nothing will happen right away. It never does." He straightened, and put an arm in his overcoat. "You see, these shocks never come close together, even at the last. A crisis arrives because the heart can't pump blood through the arteries. The condition is accompanied by spasms of pain—your mother has been suffering the past week. We do what we can to ease her with narcotics . . . morphine. Then the condition clears . . . the heart triumphs, so to speak . . . and things go along for a while. Always for a while. . . ."

"I see," the son said. "I see."

Dr. Moon turned toward the table, touching his hat to the obscurity.

"Good-bye, Joe."

"Good-bye, Doc. Oh, Doc! Good-bye!"

He closed the door. A slight draught blew curling flakes about his trouser legs, his feet sounded hollow on the porch. He slushed through the snow, already melting on the sidewalk, clinging to his steps, making his feet seem heavy. The smell of the house, the sound of the son's voice, the picture of his patient in that upstairs room, were still with him: he could not shake them off. Lily was going to die, she was going to die as she had lived, deluded. And the snow was falling endlessly, foreshortening the darkness, covering the earth and the houses, imprisoning him with his thoughts.

At the corner of the square he hesitated, standing with his hands in his pockets, his shoulders hunched under the smothering shower. It was completely night, a blackness thickened with gray. The other side of the feebly lighted square looked like the edge of civilization. Beyond, it seemed there could be nothing human, only a limitless waste of falling snow.

Such a wave of hopelessness came over him that he could not think of going home, and he turned toward the speak-easy. He wanted to get drunk, drunker than he had ever been in his life, drunker than he had ever dreamed of being, so drunk that he could fall into a thoughtless sleep.

He walked along the square, which was almost entirely deserted, and into a side street. The speak-easy, a former grocery store in which a full bar equipment had been installed, was packed with men. He edged up to a vacant place half-way down the long rail and ordered a rye, tossing it off at a swallow. Then he ordered another one.

He faced the entrance, lifting his glass, and as he did so the door opened and old Joe appeared, pushed in by his son.

The glass was at his lips; he drank the whisky and turned to the bar again, watching the approach of father and son in the mirror. They were quite close before they saw him. The son greeted him heartily and passed on, but Joe started, then sank his head more deeply into his shoulders.

"You here too, Doc?" he asked huskily.

Dr. Moon did not speak, he only nodded, and faced the mirror again, fingering his glass. He watched in amazement while Joe sat down at a table and the son brought sandwiches, bologna and beer. He felt bewildered, a little hurt, as if they had done him some wrong, and then suddenly, in keeping with his state of mind, with the gloomy weather, with everything that had gone before, an intuition came to him. He was positive the son knew nothing of Joe's promise to reform, because Joe lacked the strength to tell him. Now that they were here it was easy to see what would happen. They would both get drunk and go stumbling home, where Lily was dying in the belief that Joe would never drink again.

It all came to him in a flash, and he was sure, absolutely sure, that he had guessed the truth. It was just such a thing as would happen to the Masheks', as would happen to him, on such a night, feeling as he did.

His conscience bothered him, urging him to interfere, but he pushed it down violently. It was none of his affair.

He waited for developments with flushed cheeks and pounding heart. Everything occurred as he had foreseen: it was like the working out of a play whose action he had guessed. Soon after they had finished eating the son came to the bar for two whiskies. A little later he returned for two more.

Dr. Moon gripped the rail tightly and ordered another one himself.

There was no question now that he was right, that he had been right all along in his shame of humanity. Humanity! The blood rushed to his brain and he saw a whole world of foolish Lilies and weak Joes and well-meaning sons, a world which filled him with disgust.

He wanted to laugh, he wanted to do more than laugh. And then he had an amusing idea, the idea of joining them, to see what would happen.

Taking his glass in his hand, he walked as steadily as he could down the center of the room and stood at their side.

Old Joe started to get up deferentially, but Dr. Moon waved him back to his seat.

"I thought I'd come," he said, with a self-conscious bow, "and join the performance. Since we're all here together."

"Good for you, Doc," the son said. "Sit down and have a drink and listen to what I been saying to Joe. I know you'll agree with me absolutely. We're both in the same boat, I told him. I know it hits him hardest, you can't deny that, but there's only one thing to do. No matter who we are we got to take these things as they come. Ain't I right, Doc?"

Dr. Moon nodded his head gravely. "I'm coming to believe so," he said. "I do agree with you, absolutely. It's a mistake to take things too hard."

Joe looked at him, unimpressed. Slowly he shook his head. "I been a bad man, Doc. I been a drunken, good-for-nothing son of a bitch. But I'm gone to reform. Doc don't believe me, he knows something, Doc does. But I'm gone to, wait and see. You think so, Doc? Listen, Doc. There's things I got to do. I got to have a mass said, and a monument. . . ."

"You can't do that," the son interrupted. "I wish you'd explain to him, Doc. Ma's a Baptist. You can't have no mass said for a Baptist."

"Although I'm not a Catholic," said Dr. Moon, "I'll tell you this: the Catholic church is a great church." He put out his hands, explanatory. "Catholic—universal. Universal—Catholic. . . . I'm not familiar with the laws of the church, but I'm sure that it's possible. You go ahead, Joe, and do what you want." He turned to the son. "Joe will do what he wants."

"He sure will," the son said, "and I'll help him. Don't you ever doubt that. You ask him what the first thing I said to him was. 'I was a mean kid,' I said, 'and I want to make up for it now. Anything in the world I can do let me know, and,' I said, 'take it from me I didn't come broke.' Don't you worry about the monument, Joe."

"As for the stone . . ." began Dr. Moon and paused. "I wonder . . . I'd like . . ." He hesitated again, while Joe looked at him with a wavering glance. "Lily. All these years. You know what I'm trying to say . . . I never sent you a bill in my life, Joe. If you'd let me help a little now . . ."

Joe began suddenly to weep. His little red watery eyes looked like broken blisters. "You too, Doc," he said. "You like Lily. She's so good, and me . . . Do you know what I am, Doc? I'm . . ."

Dr. Moon put his hand on Joe's shoulder, which collapsed under his touch. "Yes, I know, Joe, but don't worry now. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters. We're no good. Nobody's any good. Hell. Look, Joe—" he brought his hand back and put it to his side, as if expecting to find something wrong. "Some day, Joe, you and I . . ."

"Sure, we all got it coming to us," the son said. "Let's have another drink." He got up and went to the bar.

Dr. Moon watched his retreating back, and then said confidentially: "These young fellows, Joe. They don't understand, as we do. Every time the sun sets it's one less for us, and we wonder why it should be that way when we know what's at the end; nothing. I beg your pardon, Joe. I know you don't believe that, but . . . nothing."

He waited for the son to return, and went on: "You're right, we all have it coming to us. That's just the point I want to make. We've got to remember that every day. Here we are, you and Joe and I. We've got to live. We can't die without living. We've got to be conscious, be human, live strenuously, live beautifully. Live. We've got to mean something. There is a saying" (he waited to fix their attention): "Be noble, and the nobleness of other men . . . sleeping but not dead . . . will rise in majesty, to meet thine own."

" 'Will rise in majesty, to meet thine own,' " the son repeated. "That's beautiful, Doc. That's swell."

"Lily," Joe called. "She's like what you say, ain't she, Doc?"

Dr. Moon suddenly came to himself, and did not say any more. He remembered his idea and became very reserved, nodding his head and drinking in silence while both Joe and the son talked at once.

The talking stopped, and all three grew aware that the bartender was standing before them.

"Somebody telephoned from your house," he said to Joe. "They want you to come home."

They looked with scared glances at Dr. Moon and then at one another.

"Come," the doctor said. "We'd better hurry."

He pulled Joe up from the chair and the son helped with the overcoat. They left by the rear door, which opened on an alley,

and followed it to the street. They walked one on each side of Joe, pulling him along, holding him up when he wanted to drop to his knees and pray. The weather had grown colder, ice had formed under the deepening layer of snow. It was difficult going. A wind blew small, hard flakes across their faces.

Dr. Moon felt intensely curious, but calm. Several times his conscience intruded, but he ignored it. He was only a spectator. He was going to find out the end of the play.

The son leaned over Joe's back and whispered: "Do you think we'll be too late, Doc?"

"No, I don't think so," Dr. Moon answered. "Not if we hurry."

He was the first to enter the house. A lamp had been placed below by the light of which he saw the nurse looking down from the top of the stairs. He took off his wraps and mounted, followed by Joe and the son. His step was steady; he felt perfectly sober. He walked across the sickroom to the little corner washstand and scrubbed his hands and dried them skillfully on a towel. It was all mechanical, almost unconscious. Then he turned to his patient.

Her eyes stared at the ceiling, her lips moved, her hands crawled back and forth over the covers.

"What is it, Lily?" he asked, and motioned to the nurse to find out what she was saying.

"She wants you to come close," Mrs. Thorpe told Joe and the son.

They leaned awkwardly over the bed and she stared at them, and then smiled in exaltation. Dr. Moon watched the smile, and the troubled but unbroken rhythm of her lips as she prayed. Then he turned away. He had known at once that she could not see them, that she could only realise their presence. She was dying deluded after all.

He walked to the window, watching the white flakes whirl in from the blackness and click against the pane. Behind him he heard Lily's dry, persistent whispering, and an occasional moan from Joe.

So now he knew for sure there was no sense in anything.

He turned around. "I'm going, Joe. I'm going. Good-bye."

He walked quickly from the room, signalling for the nurse to

follow him, closing the door behind them. For a second he stared at her, then brushed his hand across his face. Already he felt tired again.

"Do you want to do something for me? Two things. Go downstairs and cook them something hot, some coffee. And the second thing: stay out of there."

She stood still, making no answer, watching him in amazement. At the top of the stairs he turned and looked over his shoulder. "Whatever you do," he added, "don't you touch her."

He descended with eyes looking straight ahead, put on his coat, his cap, his gloves, marched out of the house, across the yard, down the street, through the snow. It was getting bitter; he turned up the collar of his coat and sunk his hands deep in the pockets. He tried not to think: above everything else, he tried not to think of what he had done.

To-morrow, he told himself, would be another day. He would be all right to-morrow.

"THERE'S MONEY IN POETRY"[1]

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

(From *Harper's Magazine*)

ON the transatlantic steamer a stoutish man of about fifty, bald-headed and blue-eyed, extended a hand as big as a ham and introduced himself:

"Levine is my name. What is yours? I am in the silk business; what is your business?"

I mumbled that my business was of no importance. After dinner, when the coffee was brought in, the purser and the captain of the boat greeted me and sat down at our table for a few moments. I introduced my companion, who, being overrawed that such important personages should be on friendly terms with me, asked again:

"What did you say your business was?"

My answer was very vague. Puzzled, Mr. Levine looked at me with suspicion.

An hour later Levine tapped me familiarly on the shoulder.

"Say, I found out what you are. They tell me you're a writer. Why the hell didn't you tell me so? That's nothing to be ashamed of! That's happened even in my family. Good night."

The following day Mr. Levine had made up his mind to tell me the story of his life. Instead of discouraging him I egged him on. It was better to get through with it. When a man has made up his mind to tell you the story of his life there is no escape. The longer you make him wait for the occasion the more ornate his story will be . . . and the more untrue. Nothing is so boring as the invented romance of unimaginative people.

After dinner I went up on deck, sat down on a chair beside him, and said:

[1] Copyright, 1928, by Harper & Brothers.
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"You wanted to tell me something? Go ahead, Levine, let's hear."

Levine hemmed and hawed.

"To make a long story short, it was this way. I'm going to tell it to you briefly, but from soup to nuts, as they say.

"To begin with, Kantrowitz, who is also in the silk business, is an old friend of mine who came to America about the same time I came, twenty years ago. We were both in the same business. Sometimes there was a little competition between us. Sometimes we worked hand in hand. In the main, we were friends. Sometimes we had a little fight, a little squabble, a litttle quarrel; but when I thought we had parted forever, Kantrowitz buys a little property up in the Bronx and lets me know that there is another lot beside it which can be had for the same price he had paid, and we build the same kind of house, so it should cost cheaper, the architect and everything else, and we remain friends forever again for a long time. He has what he has, I have what I have, and the families are friends and everything is all right.

"When the time comes and silk is good one of his sons, the oldest one, as soon as he has finished high school goes into his father's business. A-one all around, and falls in love with a girl of the neighborhood, and gets married to her, moves over to Washington Heights, and is doing very fine. That oldest boy of Kantrowitz is the spit image of his father. What his father had done at twenty he does at twenty. What his father has done at forty he will do at forty. A regular fellow. The kind of a son a man wishes to have not a stranger.

"But the other son, Izzy—with him it's not so good. What's happened was that when Izzy was twelve or thirteen years old and was still in school they printed in the school paper a poem written by Izzy himself, which was called 'Indian Wind.' And so Kantrowitz goes around and shows it to everybody that his son is a poet, and frames it and hangs it up in the office. You could not talk to Kantrowitz for five minutes without he should show you the poem of his son framed and hung up on the wall. I came to talk business. He showed me Izzy's picture. And it made the older son good and angry. What if he hadn't written poetry, wasn't he a good son?

"That's all very nice and fine for a boy thirteen years old, and not born in this country, who writes poems that get printed in the papers; the whole neighborhood is proud of him. He is a celebrity already. But the boy finishes high school, and the father wants he should come into his business, and Izzy wouldn't even hear about it. Then it is not so good. He wants to be a poet.

"Well, for a year or so we didn't know nothing about it and didn't know how much Kantrowitz was worried and all the quarrels in the family. Kantrowitz is a proud man, a self-made man, and keeps a secret what is not so nice in his family. But when the boy got to be eighteen, nineteen years old and was still doing nothing except writing poetry, I had a look at him because he was coming every night to my house to read to my Margaret his poems. So I says to him one day:

" 'Izzy, what's going to be the end of it? When are you going into business? Poetry is no business for a Kantrowitz. You got to consider the family!'

"So Izzy looks at me as if I had called his father names, and he shrugged his shoulders as if what I said was talking maybe Chinese; and when he goes away, my daughter asks me what business have I got to talk to Izzy like that, and she tells me Izzy is a great poet. So I says to her that I knew that already, that I saw the poem that got printed in the school magazine years ago, but what had that got to do with business? And a boy that comes round to my house, I want I should know what he is doing. Loafers should come into my house yet!

"So a week passes, and another week, and Kantrowitz comes up to my office one day, and I can see he is very worried. So I says to him:

" 'How's business, Kantrowitz?'

"Kantrowitz says business is all right. So I ask him how was the health? And he says that was all right, too. I wondered what could be worrying him. Finally, he tells me it's about Izzy. That a boy like this could happen in his family—with the best of examples always before him! His father and brother in business, all his family in business, and everybody in business, and he should just loaf, and does nothing. I talk to him and I talk to him, he says, and it's like talking to the

wall. And what would the end be, he asks me, with tears in his eyes.

"So I consoled him and said don't worry; it would all come out all right, with a father like you and a brother. . . . I know Izzy is not a bad boy.

"All the time I wanted to tell him that the fault is really with Kantrowitz, for he had turned the boy's mind by showing the poem and hanging it up in his office, so that he got a swelled head and thinks that he is better than everybody. But even if I didn't tell him, Kantrowitz understood that that was what I meant, so he said:

" 'I know it was my own fault. But I was so proud. How should I know what is going to happen? How should I know that he will not want to do what I will tell him and write poetry forever!'

" 'Don't worry,' I told him, 'things will come out all right. Izzy is of good family and blood is thicker than water. There ain't been any poet in your family yet?' I ask.

" 'No,' says Kantrowitz. 'Have you ever heard of such a thing in my family? No bankrupts and no poets.'

"That evening when I came home and found Izzy sitting near my daughter on a couch and reading to her poetry from a paper, I got very angry, and I said to him that he had no business to worry his father and mother and shame his family and loaf and write poetry and that I was the best friend of the family and wouldn't have said a word but he had no business to sit near my Margaret on a couch and read poetry to her. And I gave it to him good and hard. First he should go and make a man of himself, and then you should talk to my daughter. So Izzy gets angry, and my Margaret talks to me as she has never talked before—says she is in America, and not in Russia. So I said to my Margaret that for women it was all right; if she wanted to read poetry or do anything honest she wanted, it was all right, but for a boy whose family was in business it was a ruination. So he shouldn't come any more to our house.

"I thought I knew my Margaret, that she wouldn't see him because she wouldn't do what her father didn't want her to do. And everything was all right. But we are in America. Women got independent even from their families that supports them.

Of course for women that work independence is O.K. But it turned out O.K. as you will hear later; even if I almost died, and it is even the reason I took a trip to the old country.

"But you should have seen Kantrowitz then. He worried more in a week than his father had worried in a lifetime. And his father was the kind that spoke politics and carried the world on his shoulders. He worried more about that boy's future than he did about business. He would sit in my office and cry like a baby. His boy was no good! His son was getting worse from year to year. And already he was twenty-one, with no thought of anything at all, and happy only when a poem of his got printed somewheres in the magazines.

"Margaret used to read it to me when it appeared, and when she read it, it sounded all right, but it was always about flowers and rivers and such things, so I said to her one day:

" 'Look. In five years that he writes poetry, show me what he has done. There is maybe two pages in a magazine. Was that enough work for a man in five years? Nobody has nothing against a man writing poetry . . . but after business, when you got a little time. Nobody could write poetry eight hours a day, and even the Socialists say a man got to work eight hours a day.'

"So she sighs and looks at me as if to say 'you know nothing,' and from then on she stops showing me his poetry, and I stop talking about him. And Kantrowitz just loses his head that such a misfortune should happen in his house; that one of his sons shouldn't want to do anything serious. And it breaks my heart. To all the worries a man got in business there should yet come such a thing in America. Poetry!

"And then one day Kantrowitz comes into my office, and I could see right away from how he acted that he was very happy. The biggest order couldn't have made him so happy. No. And so I think what could have happened to him! I am in conference with my salesmen, but I stop the conference and I call him aside and say:

" 'What is it, Kantrowitz? Tell me quick. I'm dying.'

"But he was so excited he could hardly talk, and finally he says:

" 'You were right, Levine. You were right. My Izzy has come

to his senses. Blood is thicker than water. This morning he took a position with the A.G.B. Silk Company, and he is going on the road in a week! That boy has saved my life.' And Kantrowitz cries like a baby.

"It made me very happy. I couldn't tell you how happy it made me. The biggest order of silk couldn't have done it. A man got feelings even if he is in business, you know. And so I tell Kantrowitz I have a big conference on, but the conference could wait for to-morrow. And the two of us went down town and we had a good bottle of wine over it, and we hadn't been so happy together in a long time, talking about the old country and about people we knew and about everything. We hadn't done so bad in this country. We have made money. Everything was all right. And our children were all right. There was nothing to worry about and blood was thicker than water.

"I went home and told the good news to my wife. But when Margaret, my daughter, hears that Izzy has come to his senses and is going on the road she begins to cry and cry as if she had heard the worst news. So you never can understand women, I think to myself. Nobody ever did. So how should I know what she cries about? But I knew she did not cry for happiness. I knew that. There is a great difference. So I let her alone and think maybe she cries because he goes on the road and she wouldn't see him no more as often. For I knew that she did meet him even if I had ordered the contrary. Girls are independent in this country, and a father that knows gives an order and then closes the eyes when he isn't obeyed.

"A month later, Izzy comes back from the road. He is a new man. He has cut his hair short. His clothes are pressed. The A.G.B. silk people are very satisfied with him. I called them up on the telephone and asked them how it goes with him. So I think to myself now if he should come to talk to my Margaret I won't say anything; for I understood that Margaret didn't dislike him. But what do you think happens. When he comes to talk to her, she wouldn't speak to him. She is angry that he should be no more a poet! Women got political rights but they are as foolish as ever. They don't want bread, they want jewelry . . . poetry.

"So he goes back on the road, and his father is very happy,

and tells me that the boy learned in two months the business better than anybody could have learned it in ten years. Why not? Silk was in the Kantrowitz family for two hundred years. The boy knew silk just as somebody coming from a family of musicians knows music. He was just born with it. He didn't have to go to school to learn it and know the difference between silk and cotton. But I say nothing, and the father is happy, and everything is all right. Kantrowitz was crazy about the boy. About poetry that was not in the family I understand he should have made such a noise and hang up the picture on the wall. But about silk! How could a Kantrowitz not know silk?

"Meanwhile every morning as I go out of my house I see letters coming from the road to my Margaret, so I say nothing. The boy goes back and forth on the road. Each time he comes back, he sees Margaret. Sometimes she talks to him one way and sometimes she talks to him another way, hot, cold, but I say nothing. Watch and see. I always believe blood is thicker than water. And there ain't been no poet yet in my family neither.

"Meanwhile his brother, who has been partners with the father, has gone into business for himself. Izzy comes home and goes into partnership with his father. And his father, you couldn't talk to him, he was so proud of Izzy. He spoiled that boy twenty-four hours a day. He was afraid Izzy would go back to poetry.

"Now there comes out a new kind of silk, and every wholesaler in town gets the sample. Izzy looks at that piece of silk, and touches it and smells it and caresses it. You ain't never seen such things the boy did with that piece of silk! The wholesaler had given it a name—I don't know what—but Izzy looks at the silk and smells it, and presses it to his cheeks and to his lips like he was crazy, and then he says again:

"'Indian Wind!' And his eyes were sparkling, and his face was red just like he was drunk from touching that piece of silk. Just like that. 'Indian Wind!'

"And when he sends an order he asks that they should print 'Indian Wind' all around the selvages of the silk, and pack it in a special kind of tinted silk paper.

"And 'Indian Wind' becomes such a craze that the women

would have nothing but 'Indian Wind' and wouldn't buy silk that didn't have marked around it 'Indian Wind,' even if it was exactly the same. And the orders fly to Kantrowitz, until it almost put everybody else in the business out of the business. 'This is the same silk as the other,' I explain to customers. But they don't want nothing only 'Indian Wind.' And then Kantrowitz becomes very proud and shows to everybody that comes in the office that first poem which was still hanging on the wall with the name 'Indian Wind.' And when I come to see him, he tells me:

" 'Levine, you were right. Such a boy I got!'

"And I give the man right. You got to be straight. When the man is right he is right even when it hurts your business.

"And so Izzy begins to come a little more often to the house. Business grows. Kantrowitz and Son were making lots of money. He and Margaret go out, and he spends money like water. I say nothing. Sometimes they were happy, sometimes they were not. One day they come home and say they got married. Just like that. They wanted no wedding, no ceremony. That boy was always a little peculiar, even if he was a success in business. It made me very happy and it saved me a lot of money, because the father of the girl pays the expenses of the wedding. And for business reasons I would have had to give a wedding supper of five hundred plates at ten dollars apiece. Count it up, please. And in this country you never know when a child of yours marries what the family is. And here I have known Izzy since he was a little boy and he was such a great success and had turned out to be A-one with such a mind like his, calling a silk 'Indian Wind.' With such ideas he had! And we were all very happy."

"The season over, people from the silk mills began to come around with new samples. I am very busy picking the new samples; and when Kantrowitz comes in I can see from his face that he is not so very happy.

" 'What is it?' I asks him.

" ' It's my Izzy,' he answers. 'He ain't come to the office in three days.'

" 'For why?' I asks him.

" 'I telephone and telephone, and he answers that he is very busy at home and that I should leave him alone; that he is too busy to come to the office. Levine,' Kantrowitz tells me, 'he is your son also a little, now. What can you do?'

"I came home and I didn't tell my wife nothing; for what's the use of worrying her!

"But when a man has got an only daughter and nothing else in the world except his business and he is no more young, I can assure you whatever I ate that night was poison. What does Izzy mean by not coming to the office for three days and answering his own father that he has no time? No time for business! How is that possible?

"So I ask my wife whether she has seen Margaret, and she said that she had telephoned her up and asked her to come, and Margaret said she was too busy; not to disturb her. So I remembered my Margaret was never satisfied that Izzy should not be a poet any more, and my blood got cold. You never can tell with women.

"So after dinner I couldn't hold out no more, so I said to my wife that I had to go somewhere very important to a lodge meeting and I get into the first taxi and go down town to Washington Square where they live. In the taxi I think and think what could it be; and wonder why they should have chosen to live in such a place. There are nicer houses in Washington Heights and still nicer ones in the Bronx. Why should they live in Washington Square? Even if he was in business, still he was a little peculiar, and Margaret, even if she was my daughter, she, too, had crazy ideas in the head. So I get out of the taxi and ring the bell with my heart so heavy as if I was going to visit a sick relative or going to a creditors' meeting of a bankrupt firm. When the maid opens the door and I come in, my heart becomes twenty times heavier than it already was; for there sits Izzy at a table and across from him sits my Margaret, and Izzy has again got long hair and smokes a pipe, and the table is just full of books. And the whole house was not like the home of a business man. The furniture was different. Full of couches and candlesticks. Why candlesticks when there is electricity and not like in the old country?

" 'Just a minute, Pop,' Izzy tells me, and he reads poetry from

a book and gets terribly excited because Margaret does not agree. When Izzy gets through, Margaret says:

" 'Just a minute, Papa. Sit down a minute.' And she reads another poem to me from a book.

"So I can see that the sickness has again come upon them, and I wonder that this can be a daughter of mine and a son of Kantrowitz that I have known so well for so many years. I saw ruin before me! If a hole should have opened before me I should have jumped in. They paid no attention to me at all, as if I didn't exist. Izzy takes out another book and reads. Margaret takes out another book and reads back. And they fight and quarrel about things I don't understand at all. And he smokes a pipe and she smokes a cigarette. And I feel I am going to die. My heart sinks. Then I can hold out no longer, so I get up and cry:

" 'What is the matter with you children? Izzy! Again? You forget you are a married man. Izzy, again poetry! What's to become of you?'

"And so Izzy looks at me as if I was the greatest dumb-bell ever lived on God's earth. Then he smiles at me, and picks up a book, and I can tell you that in one moment all my happiness comes back with a rush. Between the leaves of the book were pieces of sample silk, and they were looking through poetry books to find another name as good as 'Indian Wind' for the new silks! So you see poetry pays in business. But you got to be an American boy and know how to make use of it . . . and not like them old country poets that starved in garrets.

"But I got very sick, and the doctor orders a rest. So I think I will visit my people in the old country.

"So why didn't you tell me that you are a writer? That's nothing to be ashamed of."

SOLDIER HARMON[1]

By MORLEY CALLAGHAN

(From *Scribner's Magazine*)

THERE were twelve pool-tables in the club, a shaded pyramid of white light over each one of the tables. The corners of the room were shadowed. On a bench at the wall four fellows in peak caps and one in a hard hat were watching a game and spitting alternately at a spittoon near an end of the table. It was ten minutes to seven, Saturday evening.

They were watching Joe Harmon, a big man with a slow grin and a dark smudge under his left eye, and his manager, Doc Barnes, a small, neat man with shiny black hair. Doc Barnes, concentrating, looked carefully at three balls on the table, then looked at them from another angle, and finally, with his hip on the end of the table, leaned over the green baize.

"All right, one foot on the floor," Joe said.

"It's there; keep your shirt on," the Doc said, feinting with his cue.

"On the floor, Doc."

"I got it on the floor, I tellya."

"Yeah, if your leg was three inches longer, Doc."

"The Doc was sore, but before he could reply, some one yelled and shoes scraped on the floor near the door, and he sat on the table, his mouth open. Joe turned. The young men on the bench got up and moved over to the door. The club bouncer had grabbed a wide-shouldered man in a tight overcoat. "Throw him out!" some one yelled. The bouncer, pressing his head against the man's chest, tried to swing him off his feet toward the open door. A fat man in his shirt-sleeves was holding the door open. The wide-shouldered man, breaking away, pulled off his overcoat quickly, swinging it at arm's length, and draped it

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over the bouncer's head and, laughing, jabbed at the head under the coat while everybody laughed with him.

Joe Harmon watched it, one hand on his hip. In his other hand he held the cue, the handle-butt on the floor. He cleared his throat loudly, aiming at the spittoon. The cue fell against the table, he took two slow steps toward the crowd, his heavy red face wrinkling at the mouth and under the eyes, and lines on his forehead. Doc Barnes jumped down from the table suddenly, grabbing Joe's arm.

"Lay off, Joe," he said, coaxingly.

"Sit down, Doc."

"Don't get in it, Joe. Come on; get out of here."

Very angry, Doc Barnes jerked him around. "You big sap," he said. "What do you want mixing up in that stuff? Come on, you thick head." He grabbed Joe's vest from a peg on the wall, then held his coat for him and his overcoat, trying to keep him from looking at the fight near the door.

They went down the back stairs and out the lane to the street. Snow had gone from the streets by the middle of March, though ice was close to the curb. They went into the chink's at the corner. The Doc ordered two hot roast-beef sandwiches, pumpkin pie, and coffee, and, leaning back in the chair, watched Joe, his elbows on the hard white table, a stubborn expression on his face.

"It simply don't do, Joe," he said.

"No."

"Absolutely no. Who the hell's going to pay to see you fight if they just have to hang around a pool-room and get it for nothing? It's not business. Don't give your stuff away."

Joe grinned. "A guy's got to have a little fun now and again. That stuff up in the club there's real. The other ain't. The other's just motions."

"Not when you're right, Joe. Not on your life, old boy, when you're ready to let them have it." He reached over and slapped Joe on the back. The chink brought the hot roast-beef sandwiches with lots of gravy.

"We could have been up there for half an hour yet," Joe said, sticking his fork in the sandwich, "though I guess it's time to eat anyhow."

"What do you care? Go on and see Mollie."

"Maybe I might as well," Joe said. He ate the sandwich rapidly.

Joe got on a street-car after leaving the chink's, and went eight blocks east to Leslie Street to see Mollie Turner. He had been going with Mollie for four years and would have married her, but was uncertain of himself since taking up boxing professionally. She was so eager for him to work hard at training he often imagined he really liked it, though he had explained to her he got tired of sparring and road-work and even watching bouts, because he was interested only in the big moment in a fight and everything led up to it.

She had a room in a house two minutes' walk from the car-stop. He went up-stairs and into the room without knocking. She was sitting in a rocking-chair near a floor-lamp, reading a paper and eating chocolates. The box was on the arm of the rocking-chair. Joe saw the chocolates and looked at the box deliberately, but didn't actually suggest having one because he didn't want to argue for five minutes about training, before eating it. The chocolate wasn't worth it. She had on a black skirt and a neat gray sweater. He kissed her and looked thoughtful; then kissed her again.

"You're a little early, eh, Joe?"

"Maybe a little, but the earlier the better; we won't have to line up for the show."

He watched her putting on her coat and pale-blue hat, having only pleasant thoughts, and wondering why he had expected some kind of an argument.

On the street-car she asked questions about Doc Barnes. He answered agreeably, so she kept on asking questions till he said, irritated: "Mollie, you know how this bothers me." She was sullen, and in the show looked directly at the picture, pulling away her hand whenever his fingers groped for it, though sometimes letting him hold it just long enough to realize he had it.

They didn't openly quarrel, and for the rest of the evening talked politely, but when he had left her he felt unhappy. He lived with his father and mother. He opened the door and his bull pup, coming clumsily along the hall, jumped at him. He tapped it lightly on the skull and slapped its back, going on

through to the kitchen, the pup still biting at his heels and ankles. His mother and father were in bed. He sat down at the end of the table, biting his nails and worrying about Mollie. Then he pushed the chair back from the table and faced the dog that jumped eagerly while he swept the legs from under it, rolling it on the floor. Mollie wanted to talk about big purses, opportunities, contenders, and hard work. Her ambition bothered him, since he was making good money fighting preliminary bouts at the Coliseum and main bouts at the Standard Theatre, Soldier Harmon, a favorite, a reliable fighter. The engagements at the Coliseum were more profitable, but he preferred the Standard. The crowd was friendly and close to the ring, his style appreciated. They cheered every time he climbed through the ropes. He was earning a living and was satisfied. Mollie was not satisfied. Doc Barnes wasn't satisfied. His father and mother weren't satisfied. He got up, gave the dog something to eat, put it in the cellar, and went to bed.

In the morning he put a chain on the dog and walked as far as the church with his mother. Every Sunday morning he and the dog walked to church with his mother. At the church he left her and stood on the curb, urging the dog to become playful, while kids going into church looked at him respectfully, noticing the dark smudge under his left eye, and older fellows said distinctly: "There's Soldier Harmon." Many men had seen his picture in the paper. He stood near the curb, dressed smartly in form-fitting clothes, a purple handkerchief tucked carelessly in his breast-pocket. He snapped his fingers at the dog but it wasn't feeling playful.

On Sunday evening he walked with Mollie in University Park, and though it was chilly, and frost still in the ground, they sat down in the shadow of a university building. She carefully avoided asking any questions that would irritate him. She sat close to him on the bench, a plump and pretty little girl in a dark-blue overcoat, and sitting there he was so pleased and good-natured, and she was so intensely interested in his work, he seemed to be asking himself questions. He kissed her and told her he was matched with Harry Greb, the middle-weight champion, in September, out at the Coliseum. She was enthusiastic, but it was too cold to be sitting on a park bench; her nose was red, her

feet were cold. So they got up, both shivering, to look for a café where they could get coffee.

He remembered that Sunday evening, because he had felt like definitely suggesting they get married, but was glad he had hesitated, for in the hot summer months, every time he saw her she seemed to be looking at him critically, ready to ask about training and road-work. At times he wished she didn't know so much about fighting. She was working at a notion-counter in a five-ten-and-fifteen-cent store and in the afternoons he used to go in and see her.

One afternoon, leaning against her counter, he said: "I think I'll get a real job, Mollie."

"My heavens, man, what do you mean?" she said.

"I'm getting tired of doing nothing."

"Nothing!"

"Sure; I don't think much of work-outs and sparring and all that stuff."

Her boss came along the aisle and Joe left. He walked all the way home. He had intended to tell her how eager he was to get a job and just fight when he felt like it. She wouldn't listen seriously. He had had an argument with Doc, who was trying to teach him foot-work, and he had said to Barnes: "Look here, Doc, I'm a fighter, not a boxer; I don't ever want to be a boxer." The Doc had told him he had a thick head, that was the trouble. For the first time he had been disgusted with Barnes and the idea of being a professional fighter. He understood finally that he was a business investment for Barnes.

In August he fought twice at the Standard Theatre and wasn't interested in his opponents. He defeated Indian Sam Burns because the Indian was afraid of him, and the other man fouled him. Joe told his father he was losing interest in his work; too many things were getting on his nerves. His father suggested that he get married and settle down, and Joe felt unhappy.

"I think maybe Mollie's a little too much for me," he said.

Alone in his own room he felt sorry for Mollie and disappointed in himself. He had been going with her four years and knew he ought to marry her. He liked her, but felt it would be unfair to marry her, knowing he would only disappoint her. She was a business woman, and a lovely girl, but very determined.

For two weeks he trained seriously for his fight with Harry Greb. Greb was a smaller man than the Soldier, though always impressive against a slow, awkward man. The crowd enjoyed watching his arms moving like a windmill while he pounded a slow man. Joe was eager to meet him because he thought he might knock him out. Only very good men beat Greb.

After training an hour at the Adonis in the evening, Joe took the street-car to Mollie's house and together they went out to Sunnyside, the amusement park on the lake-front. They had two hot dogs and stood on the board walk listening to the orthophonic victrola. Joe wanted to buy some French-fried potatoes, a few glasses of pineapple juice, and some toasted waffles, but Mollie insisted it would be hard on his wind. They argued. She was considerate, understanding, but firm. She reminded him how important it was for them that he should knock out Greb. When he stood in front of the waffle-stand, arguing, she took him by the arm and they walked out of the park, along to the road that leads into High Park, a natural park with hills, a pond, many bridle paths through trees, and benches in unexpected places.

They sat down on a bench in a hollow between low hills. There was a moon. Mollie looked pretty, her clothes seemed to fit her, and she was neater than when he had met her four years ago. He was silent a long time, knowing she was feeling irritable. To get her feeling good, he began to talk about big purses he would get, if he knocked out Greb.

"What do you think of that?" he said.

"You know what I think."

"Yeah?"

"Sure; I suppose we'll get married at once and take a trip," she said.

"Sure we would, Mollie."

"Yes, we would." She looked very sad. He felt uncomfortable. It was a time to suggest getting married at once, but he could only stretch his legs, feeling unhappy. Then he felt that he owed a great deal to her, a sincere feeling, and his thick fingers were running through her hair, but he couldn't bring himself to speak. Her silence embarrassed him as he watched automobile headlights on the road that dipped out of sight.

She got up and said angrily: "You're an old slow poke, Joe; that's all there is to it."

They walked back the way they had come.

When he left her, later on in the evening, he kissed her roughly, but within himself he was unsatisfied because he couldn't think of a satisfactory solution. Instead of going home he went into a soda-fountain and had two chocolate sodas, sitting on the high stool, his elbows on the counter, trying to feel good. He wanted to marry her. Sooner or later he would marry her, and then she'd see that he got many bouts and good purses. He decided to tell her that he had no use for boxing-matches, and would rather have a job, getting into a fight occasionally. He rarely got the right feeling out of one of the boxing-matches.

On Saturday night Harry Greb beat Soldier Harmon out at the Coliseum. The Soldier fought with such distinction his name was in all the papers. He knocked Greb out in the third round but the bell saved him. His seconds worked over him so he could stall through the fourth round; and then he punched Joe so often he got tired. The Soldier's face was badly marked, but on Sunday morning he walked with his mother to church.

Mollie couldn't understand why Joe was so pleased with himself.

"I hit him dead on, didn't I?" he said.

"That's not the point."

"He was really out, wasn't he?"

"But if you could have finished him."

"It was wonderful, really wonderful," he said.

The third round was the only part of the fight he seemed to remember distinctly. Many people talked to him about it, Doc Barnes, his father and mother, sporting writers, and he reminded them of the third round, grinning happily. Doc Barnes was so impressed by Joe's durability he consented to a bout with Tommy Goldie, a big negro heavy-weight, a graceful boxer, whom he had carefully avoided because of his speed.

Joe shook hands with Barnes when he heard of the match with Goldie. He was interested in meeting the negro, not because of local rivalry, although Goldie had been jeering at him for months, but he had watched him working out at one of the gyms, a big lean body working smoothly, and he had been aware of a

nervous eagerness, the old feeling that came to him when watching a man he wanted to knock out. He rarely saw a man who was to be his opponent until they met in the ring. He liked the surprise and satisfaction of looking across the ring and seeing some one who excited him. Some of them were disappointing. He knew instinctively that Goldie would be satisfactory.

Two weeks before the fight he quarrelled with Mollie. She had become nervous and irritable. In a temper she had used some words that had surprised him. When his father and mother stubbornly insisted that he was being unfair to the girl, he tried to make it clear for everybody concerned, explaining carefully his feeling that marriage with Mollie would mean a long tiresome effort to become a champion, till he had lost all interest in fighting. They were sitting in the kitchen. His father had his feet up on the stove.

"You're lazy, Joe; mighty damned lazy," his father said.

"You're all wrong, Pa; I'll get a job to-morrow, but that won't please anybody."

"But good Lord, Joe, what about the big money?"

"It just don't appeal to me. I want to fight when I feel like it," Joe said. "And I can't do it and get married."

Three days before the fight with Goldie he developed an unusual interest in road-work, jogging along five or six miles a day. Doc Barnes, becoming enthusiastic and eager to encourage the Soldier, talked about the absolute necessity of strong legs and good wind, and offered to accompany him. But Joe went alone, leaving the Adonis at two o'clock in the afternoon, running unevenly with a clumsy, jerky stride. He had never done much road-work. He jogged up Broadview Avenue, slowing to a walk occasionally, his eyes always on the ground. The steady pounding of his feet as he ran helped him to think clearly, and he had long imaginary conversations with Mollie. Outside the city limits there were more trees and open fields. He lay down on the bank at the road-side, his hands behind his head, his eyes closed. He wondered if Mollie would be at the fight.

He felt strong and very confident the night of the fight. He was sitting in the dressing-room talking to Doc Barnes, waiting for the last of the preliminaries to finish, and the Doc, wearing a new silk shirt, was leaning against a table, giving him advice.

Barnes always gave him advice before a fight, though he knew it didn't help him. The Soldier was more interested in his bull pup which he was holding on the table, regarding it critically. Many thoughts had been bothering him all day but now he was worried because it looked as if the pup's legs weren't going to bow sufficiently to give him a really ferocious appearance. He grabbed the legs at the joints, hunching up the shoulders. He pulled down the lower lip, showing strong teeth. The dog liked it and looked splendid as long as he could hold the position. Doc Barnes went on talking. The Soldier studied the dog carefully. They could hear the crowd shouting.

Doc Barnes stepped out of the room. He came back quickly and said: "All set, Joe."

"Yep."

"How you feelin'?"

"Fine as silk, Doc."

The Soldier wrapped his green dressing-gown tightly around his waist and they walked down the aisle to the ring. A crowd of nearly eight thousand was in the Coliseum, an arena with tiers of seats around a level tan-bark surface sometimes used for horse-shows. The ringside seats were on the tan bark. Before the Soldier reached the ring Goldie climbed through the ropes, both hands held high over his head. The crowd cheered. The cheering was louder when the Soldier skipped lightly along the ropes. Then the crowd laughed and kidded him.

When they were being introduced he glared at Goldie. He waved his hand three times at some one calling to him, but concentrated on Goldie's black body, glistening under the arc-lights.

The crowd yelled at the sound of the bell and Joe walked slowly from his corner, staring intently at Goldie's chin. He crouched, his head forward, most of the weight on his right foot, his right hand held steadily at his hip. He rocked gently back and forward on the balls of his feet. Goldie danced in, hitting him twice with his left, once on the side of the head, once on the chin. Joe grinned. He stood up straight and grinned. He hadn't touched the smooth brown body that slid by him. He settled back to the crouch, sticking his chin out farther while he pawed with his left hand. Then he laughed, and the crowd yelled,

and Goldie got sore, smashing him over the eye with his right hand. Joe shook his head. Blood was in his eye. He swung his right hand for the first time but didn't really expect to land, or get the old feeling, the emotional release. It would come later, everything working up to that point, the inner excitement growing but not yet strong enough. The brown body, glistening with sweat, swung in close, and the Soldier flailed it with his left hand. Goldie hit him six times in the body, twice just over the solar plexus, and he felt sick. The crowd laughed.

"Oh, you Soldier."

"Take aim, Joe."

The Soldier half turned his back on Goldie and stuck out his tongue at the crowd. Catcalls didn't bother him; they warmed him up. Goldie, slightly puzzled, stared at him suspiciously. The bell ended the round. Joe skipped lightly to his corner.

He sat on the stool, his gloves on his knees, listening to Doc Barnes talking excitedly. He stared at the arc-lights, blinking his eyes, then at the small yellow lights over the crowd. He wondered if Mollie were out there under the small yellow lights, and his mental picture of her seemed indistinct. The thought of her was utterly unimportant at the moment. He couldn't be bothered thinking about her.

In the second round his weight held Goldie on the ropes, but Goldie swung back on the rebound before the Soldier could adjust himself at the new angle, and swung both hands to the head, jarring, jolting, till the crowd yelled for a knockout. The thud and slap-thud jarred the Soldier, his knees sagged, and dazed, he stood up straight, dropping his guard, and despising the crowd and Goldie's smart work. He swayed, shook his head, and crouched, rocking gently on his feet, his big body tense as Goldie, grinning, jabbed prettily. Goldie jabbed. The Soldier got it on the chin but swung his right hand from his hip. He felt the impact stiffening his arm, his heart pounding, his breath held in, the emotion quickly carried to a peak, then slowly subsiding as Goldie toppled, his head banging against the canvas, his right leg twitching, trembling.

The Soldier waved to the crowd. He ran to his corner. The crowd kept on roaring as he tried to climb through the ropes and his seconds pushed him back. The referee had counted six when

Goldie rolled over and got up on one knee. The Soldier saw Goldie trying to balance himself on the one knee. Slightly bewildered he watched him, then rushed across the ring and pushed aside the referee, eager to hit Goldie. The time-keeper stopped counting. The referee held on to Joe, trying to push him away. Joe could think only of Goldie attempting to get up after he had landed satisfactorily and knocked him down.

Goldie was on the floor for thirty seconds but the Soldier should have retired to his corner, and there had been no count after six. Goldie got up, staggering clumsily, groping away from the Soldier. The crowd was booing and whistling. A hard hat fell in the ring, then a great many hard hats. Joe did not go after Goldie. He grinned weakly. He wasn't anxious to hit him again. There could be nothing further in it for him. Goldie leaned against the ropes and watched the Soldier, then advanced determinedly. The Soldier crouched mechanically and stuck out his left hand. He puckered his forehead and with his right glove tried to block Goldie's left swing and counter with his left, but had no further energy. He was just making motions. Goldie came in, the glove came dully against the Soldier's chin and he fell on the ropes. The glove came again and Joe fell over the ropes onto the knees of the reporters. He rolled onto the tan bark. The crowd howled.

They carried the Soldier into his dressing-room. He was heavy in their arms, and aware, very casually, of Doc Barnes swearing rapidly.

Barnes drove him home in his car. Joe sat beside Barnes and rubbed his hand over his chin. He hadn't shaved his chin for five days. Barnes turned corners recklessly, infringing upon traffic laws. Each time they turned a corner Joe knew how the Doc felt about it. Twice he opened his mouth to speak and said finally, "I'm sorry, Doc, but I guess I'm through."

"Oh, you're all right," Doc said generously.

"No, I'm through."

"Hell, man, you can still earn a living at it."

"No, there's absolutely nothing in it for me."

"Well, you'll have to do something."

"I know it."

The Doc was driving more carefully. A few drops of rain hit

the wind-shield. The Soldier went on rubbing his chin. He had a thought of the fight and tried to forget the aching disappointment that was heavy inside him.

"Oh, it's not so bad," he said.

"How you figurin'?"

"I'll get a job."

"Yeah."

"Yeah, I've thought about getting a steady job before, Doc."

"I know."

"And if I get a job I'll get married, and that's that, and it's all settled."

"She wanted you to go across big, didn't she?"

"I know, but mostly she wants to get married."

The Doc, driving with one hand, put a cigarette in his mouth. "Well, it's your funeral," he said.

"I know it, Doc, but I want to get it settled. See? And tonight sorta fixes it up for me with her. She won't have no ambitions for me now, see?"

DOUBLE BIRTHDAY[1]

By WILLA CATHER

(From *The Forum*)

I

EVEN in American cities, which seem so much alike, where people seem all to be living the same lives, striving for the same things, thinking the same thoughts, there are still individuals a little out of tune with the times—there are still survivals of a past more loosely woven, there are disconcerting beginnings of a future yet unforseen.

Coming out of the gray stone Court House in Pittsburgh on a dark November afternoon, Judge Hammersley encountered one of these men whom one does not readily place, whom one is, indeed, a little embarrassed to meet, because they have not got on as they should. The Judge saw him mounting the steps outside, leaning against the wind, holding his soft felt hat on with his hand, his head thrust forward—hurrying with a light, quick step, and so intent upon his own purposes that the Judge could have gone out by a side door and avoided the meeting. But that was against his principles.

"Good day, Albert," he muttered, seeming to feel, himself, all the embarrassment of the encounter, for the other snatched off his hat with a smile of very evident pleasure, and something like pride. His gesture bared an attractive head—small, well-set, definite and smooth, one of those heads that look as if they had been turned out of some hard, rich wood by a workman deft with the lathe. His smooth-shaven face was dark—a warm coffee color—and his hazel eyes were warm and lively. He was not young, but his features had a kind of quick-silver mobility. His

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manner toward the stiff, frowning Judge was respectful and admiring—not in the least self-conscious.

The Judge inquired after his health and that of his uncle.

"Uncle Albert is splendidly preserved for his age. Frail, and can't stand any strain, but perfectly all right if he keeps to his routine. He's going to have a birthday soon. He will be eighty on the first day of December, and I shall be fifty-five on the same day. I was named after him because I was born on his twenty-fifth birthday."

"Umph." The Judge glanced from left to right as if this announcement were in bad taste, but he put a good face on it and said with a kind of testy heartiness, "That will be an—occasion. I'd like to remember it in some way. Is there anything your uncle would like, any—recognition?" He stammered and coughed.

Young Albert Engelhardt, as he was called, laughed apologetically, but with confidence. "I think there is, Judge Hammersley. Indeed, I'd thought of coming to you to ask a favor. I am going to have a little supper for him, and you know he likes good wine. In these dirty bootlegging times, it's hard to get."

"Certainly, certainly." The Judge spoke up quickly and for the first time looked Albert squarely in the eye. "Don't give him any of that bootleg stuff. I can find something in my cellar. Come out to-morrow night after eight, with a gripsack of some sort. Very glad to help you out, Albert. Glad the old fellow holds up so well. Thank'ee, Albert," as Engelhardt swung the heavy door open and held it for him to pass.

Judge Hammersley's car was waiting for him, and on the ride home to Squirrel Hill he thought with vexation about the Engelhardts. He was really a sympathetic man, and though so stern of manner, he had deep affections; was fiercely loyal to old friends, old families, and old ideals. He didn't think highly of what is called success in the world to-day, but such as it was he wanted his friends to have it, and was vexed with them when they missed it. He was vexed with Albert for unblushingly, almost proudly, declaring that he was fifty-five years old, when he had nothing whatever to show for it. He was the last of the Engelhardt boys, and they had none of them had anything to

show. They all died much worse off in the world than they began. They began with a flourishing glass factory up the river, a comfortable fortune, a fine old house on the park in Allegheny, a good standing in the community; and it was all gone, melted away.

Old August Engelhardt was a thrifty, energetic man, though pig-headed—Judge Hammersley's friend and one of his first clients. August's five sons had sold the factory and wasted the money in fantastic individual enterprises, lost the big house, and now they were all dead except Albert. They ought all to be alive, with estates and factories and families. To be sure, they had that queer German streak in them; but so had old August, and it hadn't prevented his amounting to something. Their bringing-up was wrong; August had too free a hand, he was too proud of his five handsome boys, and too conceited. Too much tennis, Rhine wine punch, music, and silliness. They were always running over to New York, like this Albert. Somebody, when asked what in the world young Albert had ever done with his inheritance, had laughingly replied that he had spent it on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Judge Hammersley didn't see how Albert could hold his head up. He had some small job in the County Clerk's office, was dependent upon it, had nothing else but the poor little house on the South Side where he lived with his old uncle. The county took care of him for the sake of his father, who had been a gallant officer in the Civil War, and afterward a public-spirited citizen and a generous employer of labor. But, as Judge Hammersley had bitterly remarked to Judge Merriman when Albert's name happened to come up, "If it weren't for his father's old friends seeing that he got something, that fellow wouldn't be able to make a living." Next to a charge of dishonesty, this was the worst that could be said of any man.

Judge Hammersley's house out on Squirrel Hill sat under a grove of very old oak trees. He lived alone, with his daughter, Margaret Parmenter, who was a widow. She had a great many engagements, but she usually managed to dine at home with her father, and that was about as much society as he cared for. His house was comfortable in an old-fashioned way, well appointed—especially the library, the room in which he lived when he was

not in bed or at the Court House. To-night, when he came down to dinner, Mrs. Parmenter was already at the table, dressed for an evening party. She was tall, handsome, with a fine, easy carriage, and her face was both hard and sympathetic, like her father's. She had not, however, his stiffness of manner, that contraction of the muscles which was his unconscious protest at any irregularity in the machinery of life. She accepted blunders and accidents smoothly if not indifferently.

As the old colored man pulled back the Judge's chair for him, he glanced at his daughter from under his eyebrows.

"I saw that son of old Gus Engelhardt's this afternoon," he said in an angry, challenging tone.

As a young girl his daughter had used to take up the challenge and hotly defend the person who had displeased or disappointed her father. But as she grew older she was conscious of that same feeling in herself when people fell short of what she expected; and she understood now that when her father spoke as if he were savagely attacking some one, it merely meant that he was disappointed or sorry for them; he never spoke thus of persons for whom he had no feeling. So she said calmly:

"Oh, did you really? I haven't seen him for years, not since the war. How was he looking? Shabby?"

"Not so shabby as he ought to. That fellow's likely to be in want one of these days."

"I'm afraid so," Mrs. Parmenter sighed. "But I believe he would be rather plucky about it."

The Judge shrugged. "He's coming out here to-morrow night, on some business for his uncle."

"Then I'll have a chance to see for myself. He must look much older. I can't imagine his ever looking really old and settled, though."

"See that you don't ask him to stay. I don't want the fellow hanging around. He'll transact his business and get it over. He had the face to admit to me that he'll be fifty-five years old on the first of December. He's giving some sort of birthday party for old Albert, a-hem." The Judge coughed formally but was unable to check a smile; his lips sarcastic, but his eyes full of sly humor.

"Can he be as old as that? Yes, I suppose so. When we were

both at Mrs. Sterrett's, in Rome, I was fifteen, and he must have been about thirty."

Her father coughed. "He'd better have been in Homestead!"

Mrs. Parmenter looked up; that was rather commonplace, for her father. "Oh, I don't know. Albert would never have been much use in Homestead, and he was very useful to Mrs. Sterrett in Rome."

"What did she want the fellow hanging round for? All the men of her family amounted to something."

"To too much! There must be some butterflies if one is going to give house parties, and the Sterretts and Dents were all heavyweights. He was in Rome a long while; three years, I think. He had a gorgeous time. Anyway, he learned to speak Italian very well, and that helps him out now, doesn't it? You still send for him at the Court House when you need an interpreter?"

"That's not often. He picks up a few dollars. Nice business for his father's son."

After dinner the Judge retired to his library, where the gas fire was lit, and his book at hand, with a paper-knife inserted to mark the place where he had left off reading last night at exactly ten-thirty. On his way he went to the front door, opened it, turned on the porch light, and looked at the thermometer, making an entry in a little notebook. In a few moments his daughter, in an evening cloak, stopped at the library door to wish him good night and went down the hall. He listened for the closing of the front door; it was a reassuring sound to him. He liked the feeling of an orderly house, empty for himself and his books all evening. He was deeply read in divinity, philosophy, and in the early history of North America.

II

While Judge Hammersley was settling down to his book, Albert Engelhardt was sitting at home in a garnet velvet smoking-jacket, at an upright piano, playing Schumann's *Kreisleriana* for his old uncle. They lived, certainly, in a queer part of the city, on one of the dingy streets that run uphill off noisy Carson Street, in a little two-story brick house, a workingman's house, that Albert's father had taken over long ago in satisfaction of

a bad debt. When his father had acquired this building, it was a mere nothing—the Engelhardts were then living in their big, many-gabled, so-German house on the Park, in Allegheny; and they owned many other buildings, besides the glass factory up the river. After the father's death, when the sons converted houses and lands into cash, this forgotten little house on the South Side had somehow never been sold or mortgaged. A day came when Albert, the last surviving son, found this piece of property the only thing he owned in the world besides his personal effects. His uncle, having had a crushing disappointment, wanted at that time to retire from the practice of medicine, so Albert settled in the South Side house and took his uncle with him.

He had not gone there in any mood of despair. His impoverishment had come about gradually, and before he took possession of these quarters he had been living in a boarding house; the change seemed going up instead of going down in the world. He was delighted to have a home again, to unpack his own furniture and his books and pictures—the most valuable in the world to him, because they were full of his own history and that of his family, were like part of his own personality. All the years and the youth which had slipped away from him still clung to these things.

At his piano, under his Degas drawing in black and red—three ballet girls at the bar—or seated at his beautiful inlaid writing table, he was still the elegant young man who sat there long ago. His rugs were fine ones, his collection of books was large and very personal. It was full of works which, though so recent, were already immensely far away and diminished. The glad, rebellious excitement they had once caused in the world he could recapture only in memory. Their power to seduce and stimulate the young, the living, was utterly gone. There was a complete file of the *Yellow Book,* for instance; who could extract sweet poison from those volumes now? A portfolio of the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley—decadent, had they been called? A slender, padded volume—the complete works of a great new poet, Ernest Dowson. Oscar Wilde, whose wickedness was now so outdone that he looked like the poor old hat of some Victorian belle, wired and feathered and garlanded and faded.

Albert and his uncle occupied only the upper floor of their house. The ground floor was let to an old German glass engraver who had once been a workman in August Engelhardt's factory. His wife was a good cook, and every night sent their dinner up hot on the dumb-waiter. The house opened directly upon the street, and to reach Albert's apartment one went down a narrow paved alley at the side of the building and mounted an outside flight of wooden stairs at the back. They had only four rooms—two bedrooms, a snug sitting room in which they dined, and a small kitchen where Albert got breakfast every morning. After he had gone to work, Mrs. Rudder came up from downstairs to wash the dishes and do the cleaning, and to cheer up old Doctor Engelhardt.

At dinner this evening Albert had told his uncle about meeting Judge Hammersley, and of his particular inquiries after his health. The old man was very proud and received this intelligence as his due, but could not conceal a certain gratification.

"The daughter, she still lives with him? A damned fine-looking woman!" he muttered between his teeth. Uncle Albert, a bachelor, had been a professed connoisseur of ladies in his day.

Immediately after dinner, unless he were going somewhere, Albert always played for his uncle for an hour. He played extremely well. Doctor Albert sat by the fire smoking his cigar. While he listened, the look of wisdom and professional authority faded, and many changes went over his face, as if he were playing a little drama to himself; moods of scorn and contempt, of rakish vanity, sentimental melancholy . . . and something remote and lonely. The Doctor had always flattered himself that he resembled a satyr, because the tops of his ears were slightly pointed; and he used to hint to his nephews that his large pendulous nose was the index of an excessively amorous disposition. His mouth was full of long, yellowish teeth, all crowded irregularly, which he snapped and ground together when he uttered denunciations of modern art or the Eighteenth Amendment. He wore his mustache short and twisted up at the corners. His thick gray hair was cut close and upright, in the bristling French fashion. His hands were small and fastidious, high-knuckled, quite elegant in shape.

Across the Doctor's throat ran a long, jagged scar. He used

to mutter to his young nephews that it had been justly inflicted by an outraged husband—a pistol shot in the dark. But his brother August always said that he had been cut by glass, when, wandering about in the garden one night after drinking too much punch, he had fallen into the cold-frames.

After playing Schumann for some time, Albert, without stopping, went into Stravinsky.

Doctor Engelhardt by the gas fire stirred uneasily, turned his important head toward his nephew, and snapped his teeth. "Br-r-r, that stuff! Poverty of imagination, poverty of musical invention; *fin-de-siècle!*"

Albert laughed. "I thought you were asleep. Why will you use that phrase? It shows your vintage. Like this any better?" He began the second act of *Pélleas et Mélisande.*

The Doctor nodded. "Yes, that is better, though I'm not fooled by it." He wrinkled his nose as if he were smelling out something, and squinted with superior discernment. "To this *canaille* that is all very new; but to me it goes back to Bach."

"Yes, if you like."

Albert, like Judge Hammersley, was jealous of his solitude—liked a few hours with his books. It was time for Uncle Doctor to be turning in. He ended the music by playing half a dozen old German songs which the old fellow always wanted but never asked for. The Doctor's chin sank into his shirt front. His face took on a look of deep, resigned sadness; his features, losing their conscious importance, seemed to shrink a good deal. His nephew knew that this was the mood in which he would most patiently turn to rest and darkness. Doctor Engelhardt had had a heavy loss late in life. Indeed, he had suffered the same loss twice.

As Albert left the piano, the Doctor rose and walked a little stiffly across the room. At the door of his chamber he paused, brought his hand up in a kind of military salute and gravely bowed, so low that one saw only the square up-standing gray brush on the top of his head and the long pear-shaped nose. After this he closed the door behind him. Albert sat down to his book. Very soon he heard the bath water running. Having taken his bath, the Doctor would get into bed immediately to avoid catching cold. Luckily, he usually slept well. Perhaps

he dreamed of that unfortunate young singer whom he sometimes called, to his nephew and himself, "the lost Lenore."

III

Long years ago, when the Engelhardt boys were still living in the old house in Allegheny with their mother, after their father's death, Doctor Engelhardt was practising medicine, and had an office on the Park, five minutes' walk from his sister-in-law. He usually lunched with the family, after his morning office hours were over. They always had a good cook, and the Allegheny market was one of the best in the world. Mrs. Engelhardt went to market every morning of her life; such vegetables and poultry, such cheeses and sausages and smoked and pickled fish as one could buy there! Soon after she had made her rounds, boys in white aprons would come running across the Park with her purchases. Every one knew the Engelhardt house, built of many-colored bricks, with gables and turrets, and on the west a large stained-glass window representing a scene on the Grand Canal in Venice, the Church of Santa Maria della Salute in the background, in the foreground a gondola with a slender gondolier. People said August and Mrs. Engelhardt should be solidly seated in the prow to make the picture complete.

Doctor Engelhardt's especial interest was the throat, preferably the singing throat. He had studied every scrap of manuscript that Manuel Garcia had left behind him, every reported conversation with him. He had doctored many singers, and imagined he had saved many voices. Pittsburgh air is not good for the throat, and traveling artists often had need of medical assistance. Conductors of orchestras and singing societies recommended Doctor Engelhardt because he was very lax about collecting fees from professionals, especially if they sent him a photograph floridly inscribed. He had been a medical student in New York while Patti was still singing; his biography fell into chapters of great voices as a turfman's falls into chapters of fast horses. This passion for the voice had given him the feeling of distinction, of being unique in his profession, which had made him all his life a well-satisfied and happy man, and had left him a poor one.

One morning when the Doctor was taking his customary walk about the Park before office hours, he stopped in front of the Allegheny High School building because he heard singing—a chorus of young voices. It was June, and the chapel windows were open. The Doctor listened for a few moments, then tilted his head on one side and laid his forefinger on his pear-shaped nose with an anxious, inquiring squint. Among the voices he certainly heard one Voice. The final bang of the piano was followed by laughter and buzzing. A boy ran down the steps. The Doctor stopped him and learned that this was a rehearsal for Class Day exercises. Just then the piano began again, and in a moment he heard the same voice, alone:

"Still wie die Nacht, tief wie das Meer."

No, he was not mistaken; a full, rich soprano voice, so easy, so sure; a golden warmth, even in the high notes. Before the second verse was over he went softly into the building, into the chapel, and for the first time laid eyes on Marguerite Thiesinger. He saw a sturdy, blooming German girl standing beside the piano; good-natured, one knew at a glance, glowing with health. She looked like a big peony just burst into bloom and full of sunshine—sunshine in her auburn hair, in her rather small hazel eyes. When she finished the song, she began waltzing on the platform with one of the boys.

Doctor Albert waited by the door, and accosted her as she came out carrying her coat and schoolbooks. He introduced himself and asked her if she would go over to Mrs. Engelhardt's for lunch and sing for him.

Oh, yes! she knew one of the Engelhardt boys, and she'd always wanted to see that beautiful window from the inside.

She went over at noon and sang for them before lunch, and the family took stock of her. She spoke a very ordinary German and her English was still worse; her people were very ordinary. Her flat, slangy speech was somehow not vulgar because it was naïve—she knew no other way. The boys were delighted with her because she was jolly and interested in everything. She told them about the glorious good times she had going to dances in suburban Turner halls, and to picnics in the damp, smoke-smeared woods up the Allegheny. The boys roared with laughter at the

unpromising places she mentioned. But she had the warm bubble in her blood that makes everything fair; even being a junior in the Allegheny High School was "glorious," she told them!

She came to lunch with them again and again, because she liked the boys, and she thought the house magnificent. The Doctor observed her narrowly all the while. Clearly she had no ambition, no purpose; she sang to be agreeable. She was not very intelligent, but she had a kind of personal warmth that, to his way of thinking, was much better than brains. He took her over to his office and poked and pounded her. When he had finished his examination, he stood before the foolish, happy young thing and inclined his head in his peculiar fashion.

"Miss Thiesinger, I have the honor to announce to you that you are on the threshold of a brilliant, possibly a great career."

She laughed her fresh, ringing laugh. "Aren't you nice, though, to take so much trouble about me!"

The Doctor lifted a forefinger. "But for that you must turn your back on this childishness, these sniveling sapheads you play marbles with. You must uproot this triviality." He made a gesture as if he were wringing a chicken's neck, and Marguerite was thankful she was able to keep back a giggle.

Doctor Engelhardt wanted her to go to New York with him at once, and begin her studies. He was quite ready to finance her. He had made up his mind to stake everything upon this voice.

But not at all. She thought it was lovely of him, but she was very fond of her classmates, and she wanted to graduate with her class next year. Moreover, she had just been given a choir position in one of the biggest churches in Pittsburgh, though she was still a schoolgirl; she was going to have money and pretty clothes for the first time in her life and wouldn't miss it all for anything.

All through the next school year Doctor Albert went regularly to the church where she sang, watched and cherished her, expostulated and lectured, trying to awaken fierce ambition in his big peony flower. She was very much interested in other things just then, but she was patient with him; accepted his devotion with good nature, respected his wisdom, and bore with his "stagey" manners as she called them. She graduated in June, and immediately after Commencement, when she was not quite nineteen, she eloped with an insurance agent and went to Chicago

to live. She wrote Doctor Albert: "I do appreciate all your kindness to me, but I guess I will let my voice rest for the present."

He took it hard. He burned her photographs and the foolish little scrawls she had written to thank him for presents. His life would have been dull and empty if he hadn't had so many reproaches to heap upon her in his solitude. How often and how bitterly he arraigned her for the betrayal of so beautiful a gift. Where did she keep it hidden now, that jewel, in the sordid life she had chosen?

Three years after her elopement, suddenly, without warning, Marguerite Thiesinger walked into his office on Arch street one morning and told him she had come back to study! Her husband's "affairs were involved"; he was now quite willing that she should make as much as possible of her voice—and out of it.

"My voice is better than it was," she said, looking at him out of her rather small eyes—greenish yellow, with a glint of gold in them. He believed her. He suddenly realized how uncommonly truthful she had always been. Rather stupid, unimaginative, but carried joyously along on a flood of warm vitality, and truthful to a degree he had hardly known in any woman or in any man. And now she was a woman.

He took her over to his sister-in-law's. Albert, who chanced to be at home, was sent to the piano. She was not mistaken. The Doctor kept averting his head to conceal his delight, to conceal, once or twice, a tear—the moisture that excitement and pleasure brought to his eyes. The voice, after all, he told himself, is a physical thing. She had been growing and ripening like fruit in the sun, and the voice with the body. Doctor Engelhardt stepped softly out of the music room into the conservatory and addressed a potted palm, his lips curling back from his teeth: "So we get that out of you, *Monsieur le commis voyageur,* and now we throw you away like a squeezed lemon."

When he returned to his singer, she addressed him very earnestly from under her spring hat covered with lilacs: "Before my marriage, Doctor Engelhardt, you offered to take me to New York to a teacher, and lend me money to start on. If you still feel like doing it, I'm sure I could repay you before very long. I'll follow your instructions. What was it you used to tell me I must have—application and ambition?"

He glared at her; "Take note, Gretchen, that I change the prescription. There is something vulgar about ambition. Now we will play for higher stakes; for ambition read aspiration!" His index finger shot upward.

In New York he had no trouble in awakening the interest of his friends and acquaintances. Within a week he had got his protégée to a very fine artist, just then retiring from the Opera, a woman who had been a pupil of Pauline Garcia Viardot. In short, Doctor Engelhardt had realized the dream of a lifetime: he had discovered a glorious voice, backed by a rich vitality. Within a year Marguerite had one of the best church positions in New York; she insisted upon repaying her benefactor before she went abroad to complete her studies. Doctor Engelhardt went often to New York to counsel and advise, to gloat over his treasure. He often shivered as he crossed the Jersey ferry; he was afraid of Fate. He would tell over her assets on his fingers to reassure himself. You might have seen a small, self-important man of about fifty, standing by the rail of the ferry boat, his head impressively inclined as if he were addressing an amphitheatre full of students, gravely counting upon his fingers.

But Fate struck, and from the quarter least under suspicion—through that blooming, rounded, generously molded young body, from that abundant, glowing health which the Doctor proudly called peasant vigor. Marguerite's success had brought to his office many mothers of singing daughters. He was not insensible to the compliment, but he usually dismissed them by dusting his fingers delicately in the air and growling; "Yes, she can sing a little, she has a voice; *aber kleine, kleine!*" He exulted in the opulence of his cabbage rose. To his nephews he used to match her possibilities with the singers of that period. Emma Eames he called *die Puritan,* Geraldine Farrar *la voix blanche,* another was *trop raffinée.*

Marguerite had been in New York two years, her path one of uninterrupted progress, when she wrote the Doctor about a swelling of some sort; the surgeons wanted to operate. Doctor Albert took the next train for New York. An operation revealed that things were very bad indeed; a malignant growth, so far advanced that the knife could not check it. Her mother and grandmother had died of the same disease.

Poor Marguerite lived a year in a hospital for incurables. Every week-end when Doctor Albert went over to see her he found great changes—it was rapid and terrible. That winter and spring he lived like a man lost in a dark morass, the Slave in the Dismal Swamp. He suffered more than his Gretchen, for she was singularly calm and hopeful to the very end, never doubting that she would get well.

The last time he saw her she had given up. But she was noble and sweet in mood, and so piteously apologetic for disappointing him—like a child who has broken something precious and is sorry. She was wasted, indeed, until she was scarcely larger than a child, her beautiful hair cut short, her hands like shadows, but still a stain of color in her cheeks.

"I'm so sorry I didn't do as you wanted instead of running off with Phil," she said. "I see now how little he cared about me—and you've just done everything. If I had my twenty-six years to live over, I'd live them very differently."

Doctor Albert dropped her hand and walked to the window, the tears running down his face. *"Pourquoi, pourquoi?"* he muttered, staring blindly at that brutal square of glass. When he could control himself and came back to the chair at her bedside, she put her poor little sheared head out on his knee and lay smiling and breathing softly.

"I expect you don't believe in the hereafter," she murmured. "Scientific people hardly ever do. But if there is one, I'll not forget you. I'll love to remember you."

When the nurse came to give her her hypodermic, Doctor Albert went out into Central Park and wandered about without knowing where or why, until he smelled something sweet which suddenly stopped his breath, and he sat down under a flowering linden tree. He dropped his face in his hands and cried like a woman. Youth, art, love, dreams, true-heartedness—why must they go out of the summer world into darkness? *Warum, warum?* He thought he had already suffered all that man could, but never had it come down on him like this. He sat on that bench like a drunken man or like a dying man, muttering Heine's words, "God is a grimmer humorist than I. Nobody but God could have perpetrated anything so cruel." She was ashamed, he remembered it afresh and struck his bony head with his clenched fist—

ashamed at having been used like this; she was apologetic for the power, whatever it was, that had tricked her. "Yes, by God, she apologized for God!"

The tortured man looked up through the linden branches at the blue arch that never answers. As he looked, his face relaxed, his breathing grew regular. His eyes were caught by puffy white clouds like the cherub-heads in Raphael's pictures, and something within him seemed to rise and travel with those clouds. The moment had come when he could bear no more. . . . When he went back to the hospital that evening, he learned that she had died very quietly between eleven and twelve, the hour when he was sitting on the bench in the park.

Uncle Doctor now sometimes spoke to Albert out of a long silence: "Anyway, I died for her; that was given to me. She never knew a death-struggle—she went to sleep. That struggle took place in my body. Her dissolution occurred within me."

IV

Old Doctor Engelhardt walked abroad very little now. Sometimes on a fine Sunday, his nephew would put him aboard a street car that climbs the hills beyond Mount Oliver and take him to visit an old German graveyard and a monastery. Every afternoon, in good weather, he walked along the pavement which ran past the front door, as far as the first corner, where he bought his paper and cigarettes. If Elsa, the pretty little granddaughter of his housekeeper, ran out to join him and see him over the crossings, he would go a little farther. In the morning, while Mrs. Rudder did the sweeping and dusting, the Doctor took the air on an upstairs back porch, overhanging the court.

The court was bricked, and had an old-fashioned cistern and hydrant, and three ailanthus trees—the last growing things left to the Engelhardts, whose flowering shrubs and greenhouses had once been so well known in Allegheny. In these trees, which he called *les Chinoises,* the Doctor took a great interest. The clothes line ran about their trunks in a triangle, and on Mondays he looked down upon the washing. He was too near-sighted to be distressed by the sooty flakes descending from neighboring chimneys upon the white sheets. He enjoyed the dull green leaves of

his *Cbinoises* in summer, scarcely moving on breathless, sticky nights, when the moon came up red over roofs and smoke-stacks. In autumn he watched the yellow fronds drop down upon the brick pavement like great ferns. Now, when his birthday was approaching, the trees were bare; and he thought he liked them best so, especially when all the knotty, curly twigs were outlined by a scurf of snow.

As he sat there, wrapped up in rugs, a stiff felt hat on his head —he would never hear to a cap—and woolen gloves on his hands, Elsa, the granddaughter, would bring her cross-stitch and chatter to him. Of late she had been sewing on her trousseau, and that amused the Doctor highly—though it meant she would soon go to live in lower Allegheny, and he would lose her. Her young man, Carl Abberbock, had now a half-interest in a butcher stall in the Allegheny market, and was in a hurry to marry.

When Mrs. Rudder had quite finished her work and made the place neat, she would come and lift the rug from his knees and say, "Time to go in, Herr Doctor."

V

The next evening after dinner Albert left the house with a suitcase, the bag that used to make so many trips to New York in the opera season. He stopped downstairs to ask Elsa to carry her sewing up and sit with his uncle for a while, then he took the street car across the Twenty-second Street Bridge by the blazing steel mills. As he waited on Soho Hill to catch a Fifth Avenue car, the heavy, frosty air suddenly began to descend in snow flakes. He wished he had worn his old overcoat; didn't like to get this one wet. He had to consider such things now. He was hesitating about a taxi when his car came, bound for the East End.

He got off at the foot of one of the streets running up Squirrel Hill, and slowly mounted. Everything was white with the softly-falling snow. Albert knew all the places; old school friends lived in many of them. Big, turreted stone houses, set in ample grounds with fine trees and shrubbery and driveways. He stepped aside now and then to avoid a car, rolling from the gravel drives on to the stone-block pavement. If the occupants had recognized

Albert, they would have felt sorry for him. But he did not feel sorry for himself. He looked up at the lighted windows, the red gleam on the snowy rhododendron bushes, and shrugged. His old schoolfellows went to New York now as often as he had done in his youth; but they went to consult doctors, to put children in school, or to pay the bills of incorrigible sons.

He thought he had had the best of it; he had gone a-Maying while it was May. This solid comfort, this iron-bound security, didn't appeal to him much. These massive houses, after all, held nothing but the heavy domestic routine; all the frictions and jealousies and discontents of family life. Albert felt light and free, going up the hill in his thin overcoat. He believed he had had a more interesting life than most of his friends who owned real estate. He could still amuse himself, and he had lived to the full all the revolutions in art and music that his period covered. He wouldn't at this moment exchange his life and his memories—his memories of his teacher, Rafael Joseffy, for instance—for any one of these massive houses and the life of the man who paid the upkeep. If Mephistopheles were to emerge from the rhododendrons and stand behind his shoulder with such an offer, he wouldn't hesitate. Money? Oh, yes, he would like to have some, but not what went with it.

He turned in under Judge Hammersley's fine oak trees. A car was waiting in the driveway, near the steps by which he mounted to the door. The colored man admitted him, and just as he entered the hall Mrs. Parmenter came down the stairs.

"Ah, it's you, Albert! Father said you were coming in this evening, and I've kept the car waiting, to have a glimpse of you."

Albert had dropped his hat and bag, and stood holding her hand with the special grace and appreciation she remembered in him.

"What a pleasure to see you!" he exclaimed, and she knew from his eyes it was. "It doesn't happen often, but it's always such a surprise and pleasure." He held her hand as if he wanted to keep her there. "It's a long while since the Villa Scipione, isn't it?"

They stood for a moment in the shrouded hall light. Mrs. Parmenter was looking very handsome, and Albert was thinking that she had all her father's authority, with much more sweep

and freedom. She was impulsive and careless, where he was strong and shrinking—a powerful man terribly afraid of little annoyances. His daughter, Albert believed, was not afraid of anything. She had proved more than once that if you aren't afraid of gossip, it is harmless. She did as she pleased. People took it. Even Parmenter had taken it, and he was rather a stiff sort.

Mrs. Parmenter laughed at his allusion to their summer at Mrs. Sterrett's, in Rome, and gave him her coat to hold.

"You remember, Albert, how you and I used to get up early on fête days, and go down to the garden gate to see the young king come riding in from the country at the head of the horse guards? How the sun flashed on his helmet! Heavens, I saw him last summer! So grizzled and battered."

"And we were always going to run away to Russia together, and now there is no Russia. Everything has changed but you, Mrs. Parmenter."

"Wish I could think so. But you don't know any Mrs. Parmenter. I'm Marjorie, please. How often I think of those gay afternoons I had with you and your brothers in the garden behind your old Allegheny house. There's such a lot I want to talk to you about. And this birthday—when is it? May I send your uncle some flowers? I always remember his goodness to poor Marguerite Thiesinger. He never got over that, did he? But I'm late, and father is waiting. Good night, you'll have a message from me."

Albert bent and kissed her hand in the old-fashioned way, keeping it a moment and breathing in softly the fragrance of her clothes, her furs, her person, the fragrance of that other world to which he had once belonged and out of which he had slipped so gradually that he scarcely realized it, unless suddenly brought face to face with something in it that was charming. Releasing her, he caught up his hat and opened the door to follow her, but she pushed him back with her arm and smiled over her shoulder. "No, no, father is waiting for you in the library. Good night."

Judge Hammersley stood in the doorway, fingering a bunch of keys and blinking with impatience to render his service and have done with it. The library opened directly into the hall; he couldn't help overhearing his daughter, and he disliked her free

and unreproachful tone with this man who was young when he should be old, single when he should be married, and penniless when he should be well fixed.

Later, as Albert came down the hill with two bottles of the Judge's best champagne in his bag, he was thinking that the greatest disadvantage of being poor and dropping out of the world was that he didn't meet attractive women any more. The men he could do without, Heaven knew! But the women, the ones like Marjorie Hammersley, were always grouped where the big fires burned—money and success and big houses and fast boats and French cars; it was natural.

Mrs. Parmenter, as she drove off, resolved that she would see more of Albert and his uncle—wondered why she had let an old friendship lapse for so long. When she was a little girl, she used often to spend a week with her aunt in Allegheny. She was fond of the aunt, but not of her cousins, and she used to escape whenever she could to the Engelhardts' garden only a few doors away. No grass in that garden—in Allegheny grass was always dirty—but glittering gravel, and lilac hedges beautiful in spring, and barberry hedges red in the fall, and flowers and bird cages and striped awnings, boys lying about in tennis clothes, making mint juleps before lunch, having coffee under the sycamore trees after dinner. The Engelhardt boys were different, like people in a book or a play. All the young men in her set were scornful of girls until they wanted one; then they grabbed her rather brutally, and it was over. She had felt that the Engelhardt boys admired her without in the least wanting to grab her, that they enjoyed her æsthetically, so to speak, and it pleased her to be liked in that way.

VI

On the afternoon of the first of December, Albert left his desk in the County Clerk's office at four o'clock, feeling very much as he used to when school was dismissed in the middle of the afternoon just before the Christmas holidays. It was his uncle's birthday that was in his mind; his own, of course, gave him no particular pleasure. If one stopped to think of that, there was a shiver waiting round the corner. He walked over the Smithfield Street Bridge. A thick brown fog made everything dark, and

there was a feeling of snow in the air. The lights along the sheer cliffs of Mount Washington, high above the river, were already lighted. When Albert was a boy, those cliffs, with the row of lights far up against the sky, always made him think of some far-away, cloud-set city in Asia; the forbidden city, he used to call it. Well, that was a long time ago; a lot of water had run under this bridge since then, and kingdoms and empires had fallen. Meanwhile, Uncle Doctor was still hanging on, and things were not so bad with them as they might be. Better not reflect too much. He hopped on board a street car, and old women with market baskets shifted to make room for him.

When he reached home, the table was already set in the living room. Beautiful table linen had been one of his mother's extravagances (he had boxes of it, meant to give some to Elsa on her marriage), and Mrs. Rudder laundered it with pious care. She had put out the best silver. He had forgotten to order flowers, but the old woman had brought up one of her blooming geraniums for a centerpiece. Uncle Albert was dozing by the fire in his old smoking jacket, a volume of Schiller on his knee.

"I'll put the studs in your shirt for you. Time to dress, Uncle Doctor."

The old man blinked and smiled drolly. "So? *Die* claw-hammer?"

"Of course *die* claw-hammer! Elsa is going to a masquerade with Carl, and they are coming up to see us before they go. I promised her you would dress."

"Albert," the Doctor called him back, beckoned with a mysterious smile; "where did you get that wine now?"

"Oh, you found it when she put it on ice, did you? That's Judge Hammersley's, the best he had. He insisted on sending it to you, with his compliments and good wishes."

Uncle Albert rose and drew up his shoulders somewhat pompously. "From my own kind I still command recognition." Then dropping into homely vulgarity he added, with a sidelong squint at his nephew, "By God, some of that will feel good, running down the gullet."

"You'll have all you want for once. It's a great occasion. Did you shave carefully? I'll take my bath, and then you must be ready for me."

In half an hour Albert came out in his dress clothes and found his uncle still reading his favorite poet. "The trousers are too big," the Doctor complained. "Why not *die* claw-hammer and my old trousers? Elsa wouldn't notice."

"Oh, yes, she would! She's seen these every day for five years. Quick change!"

Doctor Engelhardt submitted, and when he was dressed, surveyed himself in his mirror with satisfaction, though he slyly slipped a cotton handkerchief into his pocket instead of the linen one Albert had laid out. When they came back to the sitting room, Mrs. Rudder had been up again and had put on the wine glasses. There was still half an hour before dinner, and Albert sat down to play for his uncle. He was beginning to feel that it was all much ado about nothing, after all.

A gentle tap at the door, and Elsa came in with her young man. She was dressed as a Polish maiden, and Carl Abberbock was in a Highlander's kilt.

"Congratulations on your birthday, Herr Doctor, and I've brought you some flowers." She went to his chair and bent down to be kissed, putting a bunch of violets in his hand.

The Doctor rose and stood looking down at the violets. "Hey, you take me for a Bonapartist? What is Mussolini's flower, Albert? Advise your friends in Rome that a Supreme Dictator should always have a flower." He turned the young girl around in the light and teased her about her thin arms—such an old joke, but she laughed for him.

"But that's the style now, Herr Doctor. Everybody wants to be as thin as possible."

"Bah, there are no styles in such things! A man will always want something to take hold of, till Hell freezes over! Is dat so, Carl?"

Carl, a very broad-faced, smiling young man with outstanding ears, was suddenly frightened into silence by the entrance of a fine lady, and made for the door to get his knotty knees into the shadow. Elsa, too, caught her breath and shrank away.

Without knocking, Mrs. Parmenter, her arms full of roses, appeared in the doorway, and just behind her was her chauffeur, carrying a package. "Put it down there and wait for me," she

said to him, then swept into the room and lightly embraced Doctor Engelhardt without waiting to drop the flowers or take off her furs. "I wanted to congratulate you in person. They told me below that you were receiving. Please take these flowers, Albert. I want a moment's chat with Doctor Engelhardt."

The Doctor stood with singular gravity, like some one in a play, the violets still in his hand. "To what," he muttered with his best bow, "to what am I indebted for such distinguished consideration?"

"To your own distinction, my dear sir—always one of the most distinguished men I ever knew."

The Doctor, to whom flattery was thrice dearer than to ordinary men, flushed deeply. But he was not so exalted that he did not notice his little friend of many lonely hours slipping out of the entry-way—the bare-kneed Highland chief had already got down the wooden stairs. "Elsa," he called commandingly, "come here and kiss me good night." He pulled her forward. "This is Elsa Rudder, Mrs. Parmenter, and my very particular friend. You should have seen her beautiful hair before she cut it off." Elsa reddened and glanced up to see whether the lady understood. Uncle Doctor kissed her on the forehead and ran his hand over her shingled head. "Nineteen years," he said softly. "If the next nineteen are as happy, we won't bother about the rest. *Behüt' dich, Gott!*"

"Thank you, Uncle Doctor. Good night."

After she fluttered out, he turned to Mrs. Parmenter. "That little girl," he said impressively, "is the rose in winter. She is my heir. Everything I have, I leave to her."

"Everything but my birthday present, please! You must drink that. I've brought you a bottle of champagne."

Both Alberts began to laugh. "But your father has already given us two!"

Mrs. Parmenter looked from one to the other. "My father? Well, that is a compliment! It's unheard of. Of course he and I have different lockers. We could never agree when to open them. I don't think he's opened his since the Chief Justice dined with him. Now I must leave you. Be as jolly as the night is long; with three bottles you ought to do very well! The good

woman downstairs said your dinner would be served in half an hour."

Both men started toward her. "Don't go. Please, please, stay and dine with us! It's the one thing we needed." Albert began to entreat her in Italian, a language his uncle did not understand. He confessed that he had been freezing up for the last hour, couldn't go on with it alone. "One can't do such things without a woman—a beautiful woman."

"Thank you, Albert. But I've a dinner engagement; I ought to be at the far end of Ellsworth Avenue this minute."

"But this is once in a lifetime—for him! Still, if your friends are waiting for you, you can't. Certainly not." He took up her coat and held it for her. But how the light had gone out of his face; he looked so different, so worn, as he stood holding her coat at just the right height. She slipped her arms into it, then pulled them out. "I can't, but I just will! Let me write a note, please. I'll send Henry on with it and tell them I'll drop in after dinner." Albert pressed her hand gratefully and took her to his desk. "Oh, Albert, your Italian writing table, and all the lovely things on it, just as it stood in your room at the Villa Scipione! You used to let me write letters at it. You had the nicest way with young girls. If I had a daughter, I'd want you to do it all over again."

She scratched a note, and Albert put a third place at the table. He noticed Uncle Doctor slip away, and come back with his necktie set straight, attended by a wave of *eau de cologne*. While he was lighting the candles and bringing in the wine cooler, Mrs. Parmenter sat down beside the Doctor, accepted one of his cigarettes, and began to talk to him simply and naturally about Marguerite Thiesinger. Nothing could have been more tactful, Albert knew; nothing could give the old man more pleasure on his birthday. Albert himself couldn't do it any more; he had worn out his power of going over that sad story. He tried to make up for it by playing the songs she had sung.

"Albert," said Mrs. Parmenter when they sat down to dinner, "this is the only spot I know in the world that is before-the-war. You've got a period shut up in here; the last ten years of one century, and the first ten of another. Sitting here, I don't believe in aëroplanes, or jazz, or Cubists. My father is nearly as old as

Doctor Engelhardt, and we never buy anything new; yet we haven't kept it out. How do you manage?"

Albert smiled a little ruefully. "I suppose it's because we never have any young people about. They bring it in."

"Elsa," murmured the Doctor. "But I see; she is only a child."

"I'm sorry for the young people now," Mrs. Parmenter went on. "They seem to me coarse and bitter. There's nothing wonderful left for them, poor things; the war destroyed it all. Where could any girl find such a place to escape to as your mother's house, full of chests of linen like this? All houses now are like hotels; nothing left to cherish. Your house was wonderful! And what music we used to have. Do you remember the time you took me to hear Joseffy play the second Brahms, with Gericke? It was the last time I ever heard him. What did happen to him, Albert? Went to pieces in some way, didn't he?"

Albert sighed and shook his head; wine was apt to plunge him into pleasant, poetic melancholy. "I don't know if any one knows. I stayed in Rome too long to know, myself. Before I went abroad, I'd been taking lessons with him right along—I saw no change in him, though he gave fewer and fewer concerts. When I got back, I wrote him the day I landed in New York—he was living up the Hudson then. I got a reply from his housekeeper, saying that he was not giving lessons, was ill and was seeing nobody. I went out to his place at once. I wasn't asked to come into the house. I was told to wait in the garden. I waited a long while. At last he came out, wearing white clothes, as he often did, a panama hat, carrying a little cane. He shook hands with me, asked me about Mrs. Sterrett—but he was another man, that's all. He was gone; he wasn't there. I was talking to his picture."

"Drugs!" muttered the Doctor out of one corner of his mouth.

"Nonsense!" Albert shrugged in derision. "Or if he did, that was secondary; a result, not a cause. He'd seen the other side of things; he'd let go. Something had happened in his brain that was not paresis."

Mrs. Parmenter leaned forward. "Did he *look* the same? Surely, he had the handsomest head in the world. Remember his forehead? Was he gray? His hair was a reddish chestnut, as I remember."

"A little gray; not much. There was no change in his face, except his eyes. The bright spark had gone out, and his body had a sort of trailing languor when he moved."

"Would he give you a lesson?"

"No. Said he wasn't giving any. Said he was sorry, but he wasn't seeing people at all any more. I remember he sat making patterns in the gravel with his cane. He frowned and said he simply couldn't see people; said the human face had become hateful to him—and the human voice! 'I am sorry,' he said, 'but that is the truth.' I looked at his left hand, lying on his knee. I wonder, Marjorie, that I had the strength to get up and go away. I felt as if everything had been drawn out of me. He got up and took my hand. I understood that I must leave. In desperation I asked him whether music didn't mean anything to him still. 'Music,' he said slowly, with just a ghost of his old smile, 'yes—some music.' He went back into the house. Those were the last words I ever heard him speak."

"Oh, dear! And he had everything that is beautiful—and the name of an angel! But we're making the Doctor melancholy. Open another bottle, Albert—father did very well by you. We've not drunk a single toast. Many returns, we take for granted. Why not each drink a toast of our own, to something we care for." She glanced at Doctor Engelhardt, who lifted the bunch of violets by his plate and smelled them absently. "Now, Doctor Engelhardt, a toast!"

The Doctor put down his flowers, delicately took up his glass and held it directly in front of him; everything he did with his hands was deft and sure. A beautiful, a wonderful look came over his face as she watched him.

"I drink," he said slowly, "to a memory; to the lost Lenore."

"And I," said young Albert softly, "to my youth, to my beautiful youth!"

Tears flashed into Mrs. Parmenter's eyes. "Ah," she thought, "that's what liking people amounts to; it's liking their silliness and absurdities. That's what it really is."

"And I," she said aloud, "will drink to the future; to our renewed friendship, and many dinners together. I like you two better than any one I know."

When Albert came back from seeing Mrs. Parmenter down to

her car, he found his uncle standing by the fire, his elbow on the mantel, thoughtfully rolling a cigarette. "Albert," he said in a deeply confidential tone, "good wine, good music, beautiful women; that is all there is worth turning over the hand for."

Albert began to laugh. The old man wasn't often banal. "Why, Uncle, you and Martin Luther—"

The Doctor lifted a hand imperiously to stop him, and flushed darkly. He evidently hadn't been aware that he was quoting —it came from the heart. "Martin Luther," he snapped, "was a vulgarian of the first water; cabbage soup!" He paused a moment to light his cigarette. "But don't fool yourself; one like her always knows when a man has had success with women!"

Albert poured a last glass from the bottle and sipped it critically. "Well, you had success to-night, certainly. I could see that Marjorie was impressed. She's coming to take you for a ride to-morrow, after your nap, so you must be ready."

The Doctor passed his flexible, nervous hand lightly over the thick bristles of his French hair-cut. *"Even in our ashes,"* he muttered haughtily.

WILD PLUMS[1]

By GRACE STONE COATES

(From *The Frontier*)

I KNEW about wild plums twice before I tasted any.

The first time was when the Sunday school women were going plumming; Father hunched his shoulders and laughed without making any sound. He said wild plums were small and inferior, and told us of fruits he had eaten in Italy.

Mother and father were surprised that Mrs. Guare and the school teacher would go with Mrs. Slump to gather plums. I knew it was not nice to go plumming, but I didn't know why. I wanted to go once, so that I would understand. The women stopped at the house to invite mother. She explained that we did not care for wild plums; but father said we feared to taste the sacred seed lest we be constrained to dwell forever in the nether regions.

Mrs. Slump said, "Huh? You don't eat the pits. You spit 'em out," and father hunched his shoulders and laughed the noiseless laugh that bothered mother.

When father talked to people he didn't like he sorted his words, and used only the smooth, best ones. Mother explained to me it was because he had spoken only German when he was little.

After the women had gone mother and father quarreled. They spoke low so I would not hear them. Just before mother sent me out to play she said that even wild plums might give savor to the dry bread of monotony.

The second time I knew about plums was at Mrs. Slump's house when she was making plum butter. She said she couldn't ask us in because the floor was dirty from stirring jam. The Slumps didn't use chairs. They had boxes to sit on, and the children sat on the floor with the dogs. They were the only

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people I knew who had hounds. I wanted to go in. We never had visited them. We were at their house now because father needed to take home a plow they had borrowed. Father didn't like to have his machinery stand outdoors. He had a shed where he kept plows when he was not using them, but the Slumps left theirs where they unhitched.

Mrs. Slump was standing in the door with her back toward us when we drove up. She was fat, and wore wrappers. Her wrapper was torn down the back.

Mr. Slump came out, and father talked to him. He was tall and lean. Mrs. Slump came and stood by the buggy, too. Mother and father sat on the front seat of the buggy, and Teressa and I on the back seat. Teressa was older than I, and had longer legs. When she stretched her feet straight out she could touch the front seat with her toes, and I couldn't. She bumped the seat behind mother, and mother turned around and told her to stop. My feet didn't touch father's seat, so I wasn't doing anything and didn't have to stop it. Teressa pinched me.

I climbed out of the buggy without asking if I might. Teressa started to tell mother I was getting out, but waited to see what I intended to do. I was going to walk around behind Mrs. Slump. She had no stockings on, and the Sunday school women said she didn't wear underclothes. I wanted to see if this was so.

Mother called me back. Sometimes mother knew what I was thinking about without asking me. She took hold of my arm, hard, as I climbed onto the buggy step, and said under her breath, "I'd be ashamed! I'd be ashamed!" Her face was twisted because she tried not to stop smiling at Mrs. Slump while she shook my arm. I kept trying to explain, but she wouldn't let me. Her stopping me made me want to say the thing she thought I was going to, but I didn't dare.

Mr. Slump said he would bring the plow back in the morning. Father wanted to take it home himself, then; but Mr. Slump said he wouldn't hear to it, being as how he had borrowed it and all. He would bring it behind the lumber wagon the next day, and leave it in the road. They were going after more plums and would be passing the house anyway.

The next morning after breakfast, father, mother, and I were in the kitchen. Teressa had scraped the plates and gone to feed

the chickens. She did not like to sit still while people talked. She liked to do things that made her move around. Mother and father were talking, and I was looking out of the window. If I looked at the sun and then away, it made enormous morning-glories float over the yard. Father had told me they were in my eyes and not in the air, so I didn't call him to look at them. While I was watching them, Clubby Slump came up the lane in the middle of a lavender one. Clubby was bigger than I, and stupider. When any one spoke to him, he stood with his mouth open and didn't answer. His hair needed combing, and he didn't use a handkerchief. Mother said good morning to him. He pointed to a wagon at the end of the lane. He said, "Plums!" and ran back down the path.

Mother and father started toward the road, and I went ahead of them. The wagon had stopped at the foot of the cottonwood lane. Mr. Slump sat on the high board seat, holding the reins. Mrs. Slump was beside him, with the baby on her lap. Liney Slump was between them. On the seat behind were Mrs. Guare and two women I didn't know. The rest of the wagon was full of children. Mr. Slump had forgotten the plow.

"All you'uns pile in," Mrs. Slump called to us. "We're goin' plummin' on the Niniscaw and stay all night. The younguns can go wadin'. There ain't no work drivin' you this time a' year, so just pile in. We got beddin' for everybody."

Mr. Slump sat looking at the horses' ears. Whenever Mrs. Slump stopped talking he would say, "I *tole* you they'all wouldn't go, but you *would* stop," and Mrs. Slump would answer, "There now, Paw, you hush!"

I had not known one could live so long without breathing as I lived while Mrs. Slump was asking us to go. I could see my heart-beats shaking my collar—a lace collar that was hanging by one end down my chest; I had forgotten to put it on right.

I waited for mother to lift her foot and plant it on the wagon hub, ready for "pilin' in"; for father to take her elbow, and lift. Every one would laugh a little, and talk loud. They always did when women got into wagons. I had never seen mother climb into a wagon, but I knew how it would be. I wondered if father would jump in without tossing me up first. Father got

into wagons quick, without laughing or joking. I wondered if he would forget me. The children would see me, and lean over the end-board, and dangle me up by one arm. I thought frantically of Teressa.

Then father was speaking, and my breath came back.

He was saying, "If you happen on a plum thicket, an outcome highly unlikely, you still face the uncertainty of finding plums. The season has been too dry. And should you find them, they will prove acrid and unfit for human consumption."

My collar hung limp and motionless. My heart was dead. Father was spoiling things again.

Mrs. Slump said, "They make fine jell," and Mr. Slump repeated, "I *tole* you they-all wouldn't go, but you *would* stop." He was gathering up the lines.

I hated to see mother's face, feeling the stricken look it would have. But I knew I must smile at her not to care. Strangely enough, she had a polite look on her face. It was the look that made my fingers think of glass. My mind slipped off from it without knowing what it meant. She was smiling.

"Really, it isn't possible for us to go with you to-day," she said. "It was kind of you to ask us. I hope you will have a lovely outing, and find lots of plums."

As she spoke she glanced at me. She moved closer, and took my hand. Mrs. Slump looked down at me, too, and said, "Can't the kid go? Kids like bein' out."

Mother's hand closed firmly on mine. "I'm afraid not, without me. Besides," with a severe look at my collar, "she isn't properly dressed."

"Oh, we kin wait while she takes off that purty dress," Mrs. Slump suggested comfortably; but mother flushed and shook her head.

Mr. Slump was twitching at the lines and clucking to the horses. His last "I tole you" was drowned in shouted good-bys, and the wagon clattered down the road.

Mother walked back to the house still holding my hand. Once inside, she turned to me. "Would you really have gone with those—" She hesitated, and finished, "with those persons?"

"They were going to sleep outdoors all night," I said.

Mother shuddered. "Would you have gone with them?"

"Mrs. Guare was with them," I parried, knowing all she did not say."

"Would you have gone?"

"Yes."

She stood for a long time looking out of the window at the prairie horizon, then searched my face curiously. "It might have been as well," she said. "It might be as well," and turning, she began to clear the breakfast table.

The next day I played in the road. Usually I spent the afternoons under the box-elder trees, or by the ditch behind the machine-sheds, where dragon-flies and pale blue moths circled just out of reach. But this day I spent beside the road. Mother called me to the house to bring cobs, and called me again to gather eggs in the middle of the afternoon. She called me a third time. Her face looked uncomfortable.

She said, "If the Slumps go by, do not ask them for any plums."

Mother knew I would not ask.

"If they offer any, do not take them."

"What shall I say?"

"Say we do not care for them."

"If they make me take them?"

"Refuse them."

When the Slumps came in sight the horses were walking. The Niniscaw was fifteen miles away, and the team was tired. I thought I could talk to the children as the wagon passed, but just before it reached me, Mr. Slump hit the horses twice with a willow branch. They trotted, and the wagon rattled by.

The children on the last seat were facing toward me. They laughed and waved their arms. Clubby leaned backward and caught up a handful of plums. The wagon bed must have been half filled. He flung them toward me; and then another handful. They fell, scattering, in the thick dust, which curled around them in little eddies, almost hiding them before I could catch them up.

The plums were small and red. They felt warm to my fingers. I wiped them on the front of my dress, and dropped them in my apron. I waited only for one secret rite, before I ran, heart pounding, to tell my mother what I had discovered.

She interrupted me, "Did they see you picking them up?"

I thought of myself standing like Clubby Slump, mouth open, without moving. I laughed till two plums rolled out of my apron. "Oh, yes! I had them picked up almost before the dust stopped wriggling. I called, 'Thank you.' "

Still mother was not pleased. "Throw them away," she said. "Surely you would not care to eat something flung to you in the road."

It was hard to speak. I moved close to her and whispered, "Can't I keep them?"

Mother left the room. It seemed long before she came back. She put her arm around me and said, "Take them to the pump and wash them thoroughly. Eat them slowly, and do not swallow the skins. You will not want many of them, for you will find them bitter and not fit to eat."

I went out quietly, knowing I would never tell her that they were strange on my tongue as wild honey, holding the warmth of sand that sun had fingered, and the mystery of water under leaning boughs.

For I had eaten one at the road.

DEATH OF RED PERIL[1]

By WALTER D. EDMONDS

(From *The Atlantic Monthly*)

I

JOHN brought his off eye to bear on me:—

What do them old coots down to the store do? Why, one of 'em will think up a horse that's been dead forty year and then they'll set around remembering this and that about that horse until they've made a resurrection of him. You'd think he was a regular Grattan Bars, the way they talk, telling one thing and another, when a man knows if that horse hadn't 've had a breeching to keep his tail end off the ground he could hardly have walked from here to Boonville.

A horse race is a handsome thing to watch if a man has his money on a sure proposition. My pa was always a great hand at a horse race. But when he took to a boat and my mother he didn't have no more time for it. So he got interested in another sport.

Did you ever hear of racing caterpillars? No? Well, it used to be a great thing on the canawl. My pa used to have a lot of them insects on hand every fall, and the way he could get them to run would make a man have his eyes examined.

The way we raced caterpillars was to set them in a napkin ring on a table, one facing one way and one the other. Outside the napkin ring was drawed a circle in chalk three feet acrost. Then a man lifted the ring and the handlers was allowed one jab with a darning needle to get their caterpillars started. The one that got outside the chalk circle the first was the one that won the race.

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I remember my pa tried out a lot of breeds, and he got hold of some pretty fast steppers. But there wasn't one of them could equal Red Peril. To see him you wouldn't believe he could run. He was all red and kind of stubby, and he had a sort of a wart behind that you'd think would get in his way. There wasn't anything fancy in his looks. He'd just set still studying the ground and make you think he was dreaming about last year's oats; but when you set him in the starting ring he'd hitch himself up behind like a man lifting on his galluses, and then he'd light out for glory.

Pa come acrost Red Peril down in Westernville. Ma's relatives resided there, and it being Sunday we'd all gone in to church. We was riding back in a hired rig with a dandy trotter, and Pa was pushing her right along and Ma was talking sermon and clothes, and me and my sister was setting on the back seat playing poke your nose, when all of a sudden Pa hollers, "Whoa!" and set the horse right down on the breeching. Ma let out a holler and come to rest on the dashboard with her head under the horse. "My gracious land!" she says. "What's happened?" Pa was out on the other side of the road right down in the mud in his Sunday pants, a-wropping up something in his yeller handkerchief. Ma began to get riled. "What you doing, Pa?" she says. "What you got there?" Pa was putting his handkerchief back into his inside pocket. Then he come back over the wheel and got him a chew. "Leeza," he says, "I got the fastest caterpillar in seven counties. It's an act of Providence I seen him, the way he jumped the ruts." "It's an act of God I ain't laying dead under the back end of that horse," says Ma. "I've gone and spoilt my Sunday hat." "Never mind," says Pa; "Red Peril will earn you a new one." Just like that he named him. He was the fastest caterpillar in seven counties.

When we got back onto the boat, while Ma was turning up the supper, Pa set him down to the table under the lamp and pulled out the handkerchief. "You two devils stand there and there," he says to me and my sister, "and if you let him get by I'll leather the soap out of you."

So we stood there and he undid the handkerchief, and out walked one of them red, long-haired caterpillars. He walked

right to the middle of the table, and then he took a short turn and put his nose in his tail and went to sleep.

"Who'd think that insect could make such a break for freedom as I seen him make?" says Pa, and he got out a empty Brandreth box and filled it up with some towel and put the caterpillar inside. "He needs a rest," says Pa. "He needs to get used to his stall. When he limbers up I'll commence training him. Now then," he says, putting the box on the shelf back of the stove, "don't none of you say a word about him."

He got out a pipe and set there smoking and figuring, and we could see he was studying out just how he'd make a world-beater out of that bug. "What you going to feed him?" asks Ma. "If I wasn't afraid of constipating him," Pa says, "I'd try him out with milkweed."

Next day we hauled up the Lansing Kill Gorge, Ned Kilbourne, Pa's driver, come aboard in the morning, and he took a look at that caterpillar. He took him out of the box and felt his legs and laid him down on the table and went clean over him. "Well," he says, "he don't look like a great lot, but I've knowed some of that red variety could chug along pretty smart." Then he touched him with a pin. It was a sudden sight.

It looked like the rear end of that caterpillar was racing the front end, but it couldn't never quite get by. Afore either Ned or Pa could get a move Red Peril had made a turn around the sugar bowl and run solid aground in the butter dish.

Pa let out a loud swear. "Look out he don't pull a tendon," he says. "Butter's a bad thing. A man has to be careful. Jeepers," he says, picking him up and taking him over to the stove to dry, "I'll handle him myself. I don't want no rum-soaked bezabors dishing my beans."

"I didn't mean harm, Will," says Ned. "I was just curious."

There was something extraordinary about that caterpillar. He was intelligent. It seemed he just couldn't abide the feel of sharp iron. It got so that if Pa reached for the lapel of his coat Red Peril would light out. It must have been he was tender. I said he had a sort of a wart behind, and I guess he liked to find it a place of safety.

We was all terrible proud of that bird. Pa took to timing him on the track. He beat all known time holler. He got to know

that as soon as he crossed the chalk he would get back safe in his quarters. Only when we tried sprinting him across the supper table, if he saw a piece of butter he'd pull up short and bolt back where he come from. He had a mortal fear of butter.

Well, Pa trained him three nights. It was a sight to see him there at the table, a big man with a needle in his hand, moving the lamp around and studying out the identical spot that caterpillar wanted most to get out of the needle's way. Pretty soon he found it, and then he says to Ned, "I'll race him agin all comers at all odds." "Well, Will," says Ned, "I guess it's a safe proposition."

II

We hauled up the feeder to Forestport and got us a load of potatoes. We raced him there against Charley Mack, the bankwalker's, Leopard Pillar, one of them tufted breeds with a row of black buttons down the back. The Leopard was well liked and had won several races that season, and there was quite a few boaters around that fancied him. Pa argued for favorable odds, saying he was racing a maiden caterpillar; and there was a lot of money laid out, and Pa and Ned managed to cover the most of it. As for the race, there wasn't anything to it. While we was putting him in the ring—one of them birchbark and sweet grass ones Indians make—Red Peril didn't act very good. I guess the smell and the crowd kind of upset him. He was nervous and kept fidgeting with his front feet; but they hadn't more'n lifted the ring than he lit out under the edge as tight as he could make it, and Pa touched him with the needle just as he lepped the line. Me and my sister was supposed to be in bed, but Ma had gone visiting in Forestport and we'd snuck in and was under the table, which had a red cloth onto it, and I can tell you there was some shouting. There was some couldn't believe that insect had been inside the ring at all; and there was some said he must be a cross with a dragon fly or a side-hill gouger; but old Charley Mack, that'd worked in the camps, said he guessed Red Peril must be descended from the caterpillars Paul Bunyan used to race. He said you could tell by the bump on his tail, which Paul used to put on all his caterpillars, seeing as

how the smallest pointed object he could hold in his hand was a peavy.

Well, Pa raced him a couple of more times and he won just as easy, and Pa cleared up close to a hundred dollars in three races. That caterpillar was a mammoth wonder, and word of him got going and people commenced talking him up everywhere, so it was hard to race him around these parts.

But about that time the lock keeper of Number One on the feeder come across a pretty swift article that the people round Rome thought high of. And as our boat was headed down the gorge, word got ahead about Red Peril, and people began to look out for the race.

We come into Number One about four o'clock, and Pa tied up right there and went on shore with his box in his pocket and Red Peril inside the box. There must have been ten men crowded into the shanty, and as many more again outside looking in the windows and door. The lock tender was a skinny bezabor from Stittville, who thought he knew a lot about racing caterpillars; and, come to think of it, maybe he did. His name was Henry Buscerck, and he had a bad tooth in front he used to suck at a lot.

"Well, him and Pa set their caterpillars on the table for the crowd to see, and I must say Buscerck's caterpillar was as handsome a brute as you could wish to look at, bright bay with black points and a short fine coat. He had a way of looking right and left, too, that made him handsome. But Pa didn't bother to look at him. Red Peril was a natural marvel, and he knew it.

Buscerck was a sly, twirpish man, and he must've heard about Red Peril—right from the beginning, as it turned out; for he laid out the course in yeller chalk. They used Pa's ring, a big silver one he'd bought secondhand just for Red Peril. They laid out a lot of money, and Dennison Smith lifted the ring. The way Red Peril histed himself out from under would raise a man's blood pressure twenty notches. I swear you could see the hair lay down on his back. Why, that black-pointed bay was left nowhere! It didn't seem like he moved. But Red Peril was just gathering himself for a fast finish over the line when he seen it was yeller. He reared right up; he must've thought it was butter, by Jeepers, the way he whirled on his hind legs

and went the way he'd come. Pa begun to get scared, and he shook his needle behind Red Peril, but that caterpillar was more scared of butter than he ever was of cold steel. He passed the other insect afore he'd got halfway to the line. By Cripus, you'd ought to've heard the cheering from the Forestport crews. The Rome men was green. But when he got to the line, danged if that caterpillar didn't shy agin and run around the circle twicet, and then it seemed like his heart had gone in on him, and he crept right back to the middle of the circle and lay there hiding his head. It was the pitifullest sight a man ever looked at. You could almost hear him moaning, and he shook all over.

I've never seen a man so riled as Pa was. The water was running right out of his eyes. He picked up Red Peril and he says, "This here's no race." He picked up his money and he says, "The course was illegal, with that yeller chalk." Then he squashed the other caterpillar, which was just getting ready to cross the line, and he looks at Buscerck and says, "What're you going to do about that?"

Buscerck says, "I'm going to collect my money. My caterpillar would have beat."

"If you want to call that a finish you can," says Pa, pointing to the squashed bay one, "but a baby could see he's still got to reach the line. Red Peril got to the wire and come back and got to it again afore your hayseed worm got half his feet on the ground. If it was any other man owned him," Pa says, "I'd feel sorry I squashed him."

He stepped out of the house, but Buscerck laid a-hold of his pants and says, "You got to pay, Hemstreet. A man can't get away with no such excuses in the city of Rome."

Pa didn't say nothing. He just hauled off and sunk his fist, and Buscerck come to inside the lock, which was at low level right then. He waded out the lower end and he says, "I'll have you arrested for this." Pa says, "All right; but if I ever catch you around this lock again I'll let you have a feel with your other eye."

Nobody else wanted to collect money from Pa, on account of his build, mostly, so we went back to the boat. Pa put Red Peril to bed for two days. It took him all of that to get over his fright at the yeller circle. Pa even made us go without

butter for a spell, thinking Red Peril might know the smell of it. He was such an intelligent, thinking animal, a man couldn't tell nothing about him.

III

But next morning the sheriff comes aboard and arrests Pa with a warrant and takes him afore a justice of the peace. That was old Oscar Snipe. He'd heard all about the race, and I think he was feeling pleasant with Pa, because right off they commenced talking breeds. It would have gone off good only Pa'd been having a round with the sheriff. They come in arm in arm, singing a Hallelujah meeting song; but Pa was polite, and when Oscar says, "What's this?" he only says, "Well, well."

"I hear you've got a good caterpillar," says the judge.

"Well, well," says Pa. It was all he could think of to say.

"What breed is he?" says Oscar, taking a chew.

"Well," says Pa, "well, well."

Ned Kilbourne says he was a red one.

"That's a good breed," says Oscar, folding his hands on his stummick and spitting over his thumbs and between his knees and into the sandbox all in one spit. "I kind of fancy the yeller ones myself. You're a connesewer," he says to Pa, "and so'm I, and between connesewers I'd like to show you one. He's as neat a stepper as there is in this county."

"Well, well," says Pa, kind of cold around the eyes and looking at the lithograph of Mrs. Snipe done in a hair frame over the sink.

Oscar slews around and fetches a box out of his back pocket and shows us a sweet little yeller one.

"There she is," he says, and waits for praise.

"She was a good woman," Pa said after a while, looking at the picture, "if any woman that's four times a widow can be called such."

"Not her," says Oscar. "It's this yeller caterpillar."

Pa slung his eyes on the insect which Oscar was holding, and it seemed like he'd just got an idee.

"Fast?" he says, deep down. "That thing run! Why, a snail with the stringhalt could spit in his eye."

Old Oscar came to a boil quick.

"Evidence. Bring me the evidence."

He spit, and he was that mad he let his whole chew get away from him without noticing. Buscerck says, "Here," and takes his hand off'n his right eye.

Pa never took no notice of nothing after that but the eye. It was the shiniest black onion I ever see on a man. Oscar says, "Forty dollars!" And Pa pays and says, "It's worth it."

But it don't never pay to make an enemy in horse racing or caterpillars, as you will see, after I've got around to telling you.

Well, we raced Red Peril nine times after that, all along the Big Ditch, and you can hear to this day—yes, sir—that there never was a caterpillar alive could run like Red Peril. Pa got rich onto him. He allowed to buy a new team in the spring. If he could only 've started a breed from that bug, his fortune would've been made and Henry Ford would've looked like a bent nickel alongside of me to-day. But caterpillars aren't built like Ford cars. We beat all the great caterpillars of the year, and it being a time for a late winter, there was some fast running. We raced the Buffalo Big Blue and Fenwick's Night Mail and Wilson's Joe of Barneveld. There wasn't one could touch Red Peril. It was close into October when a crowd got together and brought up the Black Arrer of Ava to race us, but Red Peril beat him by an inch. And after that there wasn't a caterpillar in the state would race Pa's.

He was mighty chesty them days and had come to be quite a figger down the canal. People come aboard to talk with him and admire Red Peril; and Pa got the idea of charging five cents a sight, and that made for more money even if there wasn't no more running for the animile. He commenced to get fat.

And then come the time that comes to all caterpillars. And it goes to show that a man ought to be as careful of his enemies as he is lending money to friends.

IV

We was hauling down the Lansing Kill again and we'd just crossed the aqueduct over Stringer Brook when the lock keeper,

that minded it and the lock just below, come out and says there was quite a lot of money being put up on a caterpillar they'd collected down in Rome.

Well, Pa went in and he got out Red Peril and tried him out. He was fat and his stifles acted kind of stiff, but you could see with half an eye he was still fast. His start was a mite slower, but he made great speed once he got going.

"He's not in the best shape in the world," Pa says, "and if it was any other bug I wouldn't want to run him. But I'll trust the old brute," and he commenced brushing him up with a tooth-brush he'd bought a-purpose.

"Yeanh," says Ned. "It may not be right, but we've got to consider the public."

By what happened after, we might have known that we'd meet up with that caterpillar at Number One Lock; but there wasn't no sign of Buscerck, and Pa was so excited at racing Red Peril again that I doubt if he noticed where he was at all. He was all rigged out for the occasion. He had on a black hat and a new red boating waistcoat, and when he busted loose with his horn for the lock you'd have thought he wanted to wake up all the deef-and-dumbers in seven counties. We tied by the upper gates and left the team to graze; and there was quite a crowd on hand. About nine morning boats was tied along the towpath, and all the afternoon boats waited. People was hanging around, and when they heard Pa whanging his horn they let out a great cheer. He took off his hat to some of the ladies, and then he took Red Peril out of his pocket and everybody cheered some more.

"Who owns this here caterpillar I've been hearing about?" Pa asks. "Where is he? Why don't he bring out his pore contraption?"

A feller says he's in the shanty.

"What's his name?" says Pa.

"Martin Henry's running him. He's called the Horned Demon of Rome."

"Dinged if I ever thought to see him at my time of life," says Pa. And he goes in. Inside there was a lot of men talking and smoking and drinking and laying money faster than leghorns can lay eggs, and when Pa comes in they let out a great howdy, and when Pa put down the Brandreth box on the table

they crowded round; and you'd ought to've heard the mammoth shout they give when Red Peril climbed out of his box. And well they might. Yes, sir!

You can tell that caterpillar's a thoroughbred. He's shining right down to the root of each hair. He's round, but he ain't too fat. He don't look as supple as he used to, but the folks can't tell that. He's got the winner's look, and he prances into the centre of the ring with a kind of delicate canter that was as near single footing as I ever see a caterpillar get to. By Jeepers Cripus! I felt proud to be in the same family as him, and I wasn't only a little lad.

Pa waits for the admiration to die down, and he lays out his money, and he says to Martin Henry, "Let's see your ring-boned swivel-hocked imitation of a bug."

Martin answers, "Well, he ain't much to look at, maybe, but you'll be surprised to see how he can push along."

And he lays down the dangedest lump of worm you ever set your eyes on. It's the kind of insect a man might expect to see in France or one of them furrin lands. It's about two and a half inches long and stands only half a thumbnail at the shoulder. It's green and as hairless as a newborn egg, and it crouches down squinting around at Red Peril like a man with sweat in his eye. It ain't natural nor refined to look at such a bug, let alone race it.

When Pa seen it, he let out a shout and laughed. He couldn't talk from laughing.

But the crowd didn't say a lot, having more money on the race than ever was before or since on a similar occasion. It was so much that even Pa commenced to be serious. Well, they put 'em in the ring together and Red Peril kept over on his side with a sort of intelligent dislike. He was the brainiest article in the caterpillar line I ever knowed. The other one just hunkered down with a mean look in his eye.

Millard Thompson held the ring. He counted, "One—two—three—and off." Some folks said it was the highest he knew how to count, but he always got that far anyhow, even if it took quite a while for him to remember what figger to commence with.

The ring came off and Pa and Martin Henry sunk their needles —at least they almost sunk them, for just then them standing close to the course seen that Horned Demon sink his horns

into the back end of Red Peril. He was always a sensitive animal, Red Peril was, and if a needle made him start you can think for yourself what them two horns did for him. He cleared twelve inches in one jump—but then he sot right down on his belly, trembling.

"Foul!" bellers Pa. "My 'pillar's fouled."

"It ain't in the rule book," Millard says.

"It's a foul!" yells Pa; and all the Forestport men yell, "Foul! Foul!"

But it wasn't allowed. The Horned Demon commenced walking to the circle—he couldn't move much faster than a barrel can roll uphill, but he was getting there. We all seen two things, then. Red Peril was dying, and we was losing the race. Pa stood there kind of foamy in his beard, and the water running right out of both eyes. It's an awful thing to see a big man cry in public. But Ned saved us. He seen Red Peril was dying, the way he wiggled, and he figgered, with the money he had on him, he'd make him win if he could.

He leans over and puts his nose into Red Peril's ear, and he shouts, "My Cripus, you've gone and dropped the butter!"

Something got into that caterpillar's brain, dying as he was, and he let out the smallest squeak of a hollering fright I ever listened to a caterpillar make. There was a convulsion got into him. He looked like a three-dollar mule with the wind colic, and then he gave a bound. My holy! How that caterpillar did rise up. When he come down again, he was stone dead, but he lay with his chin across the line. He'd won the race. The Horned Demon was blowing bad and only halfway to the line. . . .

Well, we won. But I think Pa's heart was busted by the squeal he heard Red Peril make when he died. He couldn't abide Ned's face after that, though he knowed Ned had saved the day for him. But he put Red Peril's carcase in his pocket with the money and walks out.

And there he seen Buscerck standing at the sluices. Pa stood looking at him. The sheriff was alongside Buscerck and Oscar Snipe on the other side, and Buscerck guessed he had the law behind him.

"Who owns that Horned Demon?" says Pa.

"Me," says Buscerck with a sneer. "He may have lost, but he done a good job doing it."

Pa walks right up to him.

"I've got another forty dollars in my pocket," he says, and he connected sizably.

Buscerck's boots showed a minute. Pretty soon they let down the water and pulled him out. They had to roll a couple of gallons out of him afore they got a grunt. It served him right. He'd played foul. But the sheriff was worried, and he says to Oscar, "Had I ought to arrest Will?" (Meaning Pa.)

Oscar was a sporting man. He couldn't abide low dealing. He looks at Buscerck there, shaping his belly over the barrel, and he says, "Water never hurt a man. It keeps his hide from cracking." So they let Pa alone. I guess they didn't think it was safe to have a man in jail that would cry about a caterpillar. But then they hadn't lived alongside of Red Peril like us.

FIRST OBOE [1]

By JAMES WEBBER GLOVER

(From *The Forum*)

HERR MÜLLER mopped his brow and bumped his empty stein heavily on the table.

"Noch ein's!"

Presently the waiter plumped down a fresh dripping one with an obsequious *"Also,"* and was off again. Dark, foaming Löwenbräu, straight from München. Herr Müller was not stinting himself in quality or quantity to-day.

"Yes—the young rascal writes music. Real music." He nodded portentously to himself. Humming a fragment of a tune, he toyed with the big stein, lifting it cautiously until the damp mat dropped off the bottom to the table. His mild, round face was flushed.

"And I know good music—even if an upstart writes it." By way of emphasis he emptied a good two-thirds of the stein in one great swallow. He could not have said whether it was the seventh or seventeeth stein before him.

In truth, the opinions of Herr Müller on musical matters deserved respect. Behind them were forty long years at the first oboe desk of the excellent symphony orchestra of the small city of Freifurt. He was admittedly the ablest musician of the band, and his dependability was almost a superstition. In fact, those players who could think back that far often declared he had never been known to miss a performance, blow a cracked tone, or even indulge in an ordinary fit of oboist nerves.

"These young roosters get one tiny piece played for them and —presto!—they are young Wagners." Herr Müller's placid brow

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wrinkled into a deep frown. "They must issue commands like kings and order honest players about like oberlieutenants." The watchful waiter replaced another empty stein.

Bitterly the old musician reflected on the ways of that talented young Feldner from Cöln whose new prelude they were to perform that very evening. What a rehearsal! The stripling conductor had rapped sharply for silence to say to him—to Herr Müller: "You take your solo passage better than I had hoped, *here*—but do look out for that concluding hold in the fifth bar. The entire effect depends on it, don't you see?" Yes, he *did* see. He was accustomed to unnecessary cautions, from greenhorns—but that lofty tone . . . Ugh! Then something got the better of him and with feigned humility he asked the young composer to explain the passage in his oboe part unaccountably written an octave below the lowest note of the instrument's range. "It is perhaps some modern way of scoring we haven't yet heard of, *here?*"

He remembered the exact words, the look, as young Herr Feldner, very white and very straight, said through his teeth, "I fear you are forgetting, Herr Müller, that you are neither a composer nor a conductor—you are an oboist!"

And without another word the rehearsal went on.

Well, that was discipline. A most necessary thing in an orchestra, he often said himself. But those hard, chilling words had rung in his head all day long. Herr Müller—oboist! . . . Herr Müller—oboist! True enough. Certainly no one whispered, passing him, "That's Müller, the great composer!" He *was* just an oboist—but somehow, in all these years he had never seen it quite that way. So obvious to others. Composer and player—two different worlds! . . . Well, he knew it now.

He thought back, with a troubled look in his pale blue eyes, to that symphony he had started so blithely when he was sixteen. Yes, in those days he was to be another Beethoven. Did he not jot down themes in a little notebook from morning till night? —walk about, head high, hands behind back, as a young Beethoven would? A reminiscent smile tugged at the corners of his beard. And as for the oboe—why merely a practical solution for an ambitious young composer; a chance to earn an honest

living while learning the ins and outs of the orchestra. He tried to whistle that majestic opening theme—in E flat, wasn't it? But it was gone. . . .

The steins which the waiter replaced upbidden disappeared one after another; thoughts went flickering about his head. . . .

Yes, it would be pleasant if to-night he were the straight young man at the conductor's desk, his the new work. And some other old workhorse puffing away on the oboe, mindful of little holds . . . eyes glued to the music . . . counting rests . . . always counting. . . .

"One, two, three, four, five—*ach!*" Herr Müller said aloud, waving his arm. The waiter approached. "It is just so I have counted off the years. Sixty already, and still counting, with now and then a little toot for good luck."

The waiter looked surprised, but merely glanced down at the endless toll on the little slip pinioned by the salt cellar, and slid the stein deftly to one side out of possible danger. He had been a waiter a long time.

Herr Müller felt rather giddy.

No one to blame but himself. . . . Yes, all plain enough, now. . . . The music was in him, but he had let it stay there, imprisoned. . . . Regularity came too easy, the perfect servant he had been. . . . Faithful, dependable—barren, like so many of his kind. . . . The willing slave of everything but the quick fire of inspiration. . . . That was the real difference between composer and oboist.

He brought his fist down on the table with a sudden bang.

No, by God! Still some good years. . . . He would resign, he would move to the country, he would get out his books, he would—but a quiet little voice whispered, even as the resolutions formed, that it could never be. . . . Too late now . . . too late . . . Herr Müller, the oldest member of the band . . . an excellent oboist, to be sure. . . .

He took a deep breath, shaking himself into reality, and shrugged an exaggerated shrug. Ah well, if he hadn't been a Beethoven, neither had he been a Meyerbeer or a Mendelssohn—that was something. Herr Müller smiled with unsmiling eyes and reached with fumbling fingers for his timepiece.

"*Himmel!*" He grabbed the slender black oboe case from the

chair beside him and beckoned the waiter who was soon performing a miracle of rapid addition.

"In five minutes I should have been late."

"I was almost going to say something, Herr Müller, but didn't wish to presume. In all these years I have never known you to be late."

"So?" Herr Müller looked up slowly. "But you are mistaken. I am just forty years late, to-night."

The waiter had a light touch with customers who chose to be cryptic over their beer. "Then I should hurry, Herr Müller —before you are missed."

Herr Müller shook his head, frowning. "Or perhaps sit right here." He slumped back in his chair.

But at that moment it seemed to the waiter that some exceptionally reviving notion entered Herr Müller's head, for he sat upright suddenly with a pleased chuckle which ripened quickly into a rumbling laugh that set his great stomach shaking.

"You are right, my friend. I must hurry. The new work cannot be given to-night with an empty first oboe desk. No, indeed!" He dropped a generous pile of change beside the empty stein and struggled out of his chair. The waiter bowed and smiled.

"Ach! I have had some beer to-day!" Herr Müller was on his feet and found a standing world not altogether like a sitting world.

"So, Herr Müller?" The waiter watched the bulky figure shuffle a little unsteadily toward the door. As it swung to after him, the waiter said to himself as he had often said before: "If they were all like old Müller!"

The Freifurt Symphony Orchestra presented its large and regular audience, that evening, with its usual solid and slightly indigestible weekly programme. Under the painstaking baton of the venerable Herr Seyfried a feast of music had been offered the attentive and sedate listeners: a Händel mass, selections from "Orfeo," a Strauss tone poem, a Brahms symphony—and there still remained at the bottom of the programme, *"Prelude Pastorale in E Major*—Kurt Feldner (First presentation)." A little ripple of anticipation ran about the old music hall.

The well-informed audience did not need the worthy Herr Seyfried's scholarly programme note to tell them that a first hearing of this modern new work, conducted by the composer himself, was doing very well for Freifurt. Excited and prolonged applause greeted the unsmiling young man who stepped to the conductor's desk and bowed a stiff military bow to the impressed crowd.

A brisk little *rap-rap* on the stand—and silence.

As the opening notes of the new opus hung suspended between Herr Feldner's upraised stick and the poised bows of the waiting strings, there was great tension in the hall. Down came the baton, bows flashed into motion, and the audience settled back respectfully to hear what miracles of modern harmony might come.

Arm swinging commandingly, a watchful eye on score and orchestra, the anxious composer began to think his new prelude was sounding rather impressive. Now that he was relaxing a bit, he even had time to note that these provincial musicians of his knew their business. A dependable band, particularly the wood-winds. His confidence was rapidly rising and his nodded cues to the horn, the bassoon, the trumpets, as their appointed moments came, grew more perfunctory. A little intoxicated with the sound of his own music, the young conductor abandoned himself to the sheer exhilaration of directing a responsive orchestra, not unconscious of the eyes of an admiring throng upon his every motion.

The prelude was nearing its end. Herr Feldner's eye jumped fifteen bars ahead with anticipation to the specially neat little cadenza for first oboe alone from which his new work derived its picturesque title. Ah, that will make these honest burghers sit up. With satisfaction he took in Herr Müller, plainly counting his rest up to the coming solo passage. Too bad he had had to give the stubborn old devil a calling down. Certainly a comfort to know you have one of those seasoned old oboists at the end of your baton. Jove, but a cracked oboe tone can be something to dream about!

Sharply he cut off the trombones. One, two—now, for the solo cadenza. . . . There was old Müller, instrument poised, alert. Unconsciously the young man found himself noticing the rather

noble old head, the thick, clever fingers, the bristling white hair; and quite unexpectedly something inside warmed and said, "Poor old chap."

A dismissing wave at the cellos, a graceful sweep of the baton toward first oboe, and the pastoral cadenza raised its quaint sylvan voice over the hushed orchestra. With a satisfied smile, the young composer followed the arresting and piquant bars, ready to flash a reminder of that important concluding hold. Ah, but that was well done! Now—hold, and he waved pointedly. . . .

But the little piping notes, instead of droning into the oblivion meted out to them, slid up a dizzy, dancing scale.

Herr Feldner stared, his arm poised motionless. The heads of the players turned in bewilderment. The piping struck off gaily into an unearthly and capricious air.

The young conductor felt himself suddenly drenched with perspiration. He grasped the stand to prevent falling to the floor. Vaguely his baton moved in a simulation of direction as the ghostly tune gathered momentum. The horrified players turned to their conductor the helpless eyes of lost sheep. To Herr Feldner it seemed that a large, malicious elf was sitting at the first oboe stand, carelessly piping his destruction. Despair swept over him. Hadn't he heard that all good oboists go mad at last?

On . . . on, the flying fingers danced. . . . .

In the last row of the orchestra hall Herr Gottlieb, head of the town council, sat up, shaking off the drowsiness with which concerts often afflicted him after a well-wined dinner. He leaned forward, listening attentively. "Let's see, that would be oboe, now." He traced the sharp little notes to the familiar, portly figure of Herr Müller. "Beautiful, beautiful," he murmured. "What a brilliant passage. Like a breath from the woods. That young composer will go far." And he consulted his programme to read his name again.

Beating time hopelessly, in anguish, Herr Feldner slowly realized that this devil's obligato was actually music. He gradually perceived that it was even related to his score in a fanciful way. But when, oh when, would it end? Each passing second was an hour, a year. . . .

The young conductor turned distractedly to the first violin,

about to lay down his baton, when the piping tune unexpectedly swung into a cadence with an unmistakably conclusive sound. Herr Müller's instrument began to move up and down in a noticeable and significant beat, and with a commanding nod at the pale conductor, the impromptu interlude slid smoothly back to the original cadenza at exactly the point of departure.

First oboe was now taking that important hold. As though in a dream, Herr Feldner resumed his beat and the well-drilled veterans, shaken but alert, swung on with the prelude.

Herr Müller put down his oboe and unconcernedly mopped his brow. No one dared look at him.

The paralyzing spell lifted, the young conductor's mind was racing ahead, calculating. For the next fifty-four bars the oboe had a rest—praise God!—with plenty going on in the other sections to drown out any terrifying digressions that might burst forth again. To the wretched composer his new prelude was now a mere ingenious noise-making device with the sole function of covering up a possible oboe interlude. But after the long rest, what then? Why the end of the prelude, to be sure, on soft fading strings. But—horrible thought!—was there not a pastoral reminiscence of two bars for solo oboe to be heard above those dying strings? Was not that the inspired ending some evil spirit had prompted him to conceive for his prelude? Herr Feldner shuddered.

A stolen glance at the placid red face of the first oboe revealed nothing. He was sitting very still, apparently counting his protracted rest and biding his time. And the frantic composer now saw plainly from the anxious glances of his players that they, too, visioned a grotesque bacchanale as the horrid conclusion of the prelude. The fatal end was approaching, inevitably.

Herr Feldner was no longer capable of thought.

The strings entered apprehensively upon the last, long, fading chord. Reluctantly they died to a whisper, vulnerable and helpless before whatever onslaught of acid, pelting tones awaited them. The orchestra held its breath; the conductor shut his eyes. . . .

But no sound came. The strings drifted into silence. The baton ceased moving. Half in a daze, Herr Feldner opened his eyes and dared to look.

The first oboe was fast asleep.

His instrument, limp in his thick fingers, rose and fell regularly with his large stomach. On his flushed face was a benign, peaceful smile.

The young man stared, lips parted in astonishment. Unbidden, the phrase "Sleeping Bacchante" flashed across his brain. And then, suddenly, he realized that the *Prelude Pastorale* was over.

Putting down his baton, the young composer turned limply to face the "Bravo's" of the noisily applauding crowd.

FAME FOR MR. BEATTY[1]

By JAMES NORMAN HALL

(From *The Tanager*)

I

WILLIAM C. DOW and company, wholesale drygoods merchants, occupied a fourteen story building covering half the block between Commercial and East River streets. The business offices of the firm were on the fourth floor. Here were to be found the sales manager with his staff, the manager of imports with his, the advertising manager with his. The remainder of the fourth floor, considerably more than half of it, was taken up by the accounting department, a miniature city laid out in orderly, rectangular fashion, with narrow passageways for streets and wire cages for houses, each of them six feet by six, each of them with its occupant. In one of the cages farthest from the main corridor was a man who had been in the employ of the Dow company for more than twenty years. His name was Herbert Beatty.

It would be difficult to describe Mr. Beatty in any vivid manner. To say that he was quietly dressed, that his linen was immaculate and his boots carefully polished, is not to distinguish him from thousands of other self-respecting bookkeepers. Observing him in a crowd—but this is unthinkable: the most curious observer of human nature, touching elbows with him in a crowd, would not have noticed him, unless—which is equally unthinkable—Mr. Beatty had been guilty of some act of gross and unusual conduct, and even then the eccentricity would have been remembered rather than the man himself.

He was a lonely man, without close friends or any living relatives, so far as he knew, and his life flowed on from year to year in unbroken monotony. Although he spent forty-five hours weekly in his little wire enclosure, he neither spoke nor thought

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of it as a cage. He entered it, six mornings out of seven, as willingly as a bee enters its hive, and much more punctually. Having dusted off his boots with a flannel cloth which he kept in a drawer, he slipped into his black alpaca office-coat. Then he marked out with a neat cross, in red ink, the date of the previous day on the calendar—two crosses on a Monday. Then he opened the ledgers in which he took such pride, and was immediately engrossed in his work. This was purely of a routine nature, as familiar to him as breathing, quite as necessary, and almost as instinctively performed. He was rarely disturbed, had no decisions to make and was never asked for his opinion about anything.

At twelve-thirty he went out to lunch. He patronized always the same white-tiled restaurant on East River street, a large, clean, impersonal sort of place catering to the employés of the wholesale houses in the vicinity. An immense sign on the wall of this restaurant read: "We serve more than three-thousand lunches daily, between the hours of twelve and two." During the past ten years Mr. Beatty himself had alone been served with that number of lunches: three-thousand lettuce sandwiches, three-thousand pieces of custard pie, three-thousand glasses of milk. But although his order was the same, summer and winter, none of the waitresses ever remembered what it was or appeared to recognize him as an old patron.

In winter he spent the whole of his luncheon hour in this place reading the *Morning Post*. On fine days in summer, he would go, after his meal, to a small park near the City Hall, two blocks distant. There he would buy a bag of salted peanuts, and after eating a few of them would give the rest to the pigeons that frequented the square. They would eat out of his hand, perch on his outstretched arm, even on his head. He liked to think that they were his pigeons, and he enjoyed the moment of attention they brought him from other midday loungers in the park. When he had doled out the last of the peanuts, he dusted the salt from his fingers and sat down to enjoy his newspaper.

Mr. Beatty was one of the numberless army of men and women who have made possible the success of the modern American newspaper, whose reading is confined almost entirely to its columns. It amused him, instructed him, thought for him. He

found there satisfaction for all his modest needs, spiritual and cultural. He turned first to the comic section, smiling over the adventures of Mutt and Jeff and the vicissitudes of the Gump family. These people were real to him, and he followed their fortunes closely from day to day. Next he read the editorial of Dr. Francis Crake whom he admired and respected as a philosopher of genius. Another feature of the *Morning Post* was the Enquirer's column. The enquirer sauntered daily through the streets, asking of four people, chosen more or less at random, some question of current interest. Their replies, together with a small photograph of each individual, were then printed in the column. Mr. Beatty's interest never waned in this feature of his favorite newspaper. Indeed, there was so much on every page to engage his attention that his luncheon hour passed in a flash of time. At twenty minutes past one he would leave the park and before the half-hour had struck was again at his desk and at work.

II

One sultry midsummer day while he was enjoying his usual noontime recreation in the park, a young man wearing horn-rimmed spectacles and with a camera slung over his shoulder, sat down on the bench beside him. Mr. Beatty was not aware of this at the moment, for he was in the midst of Dr. Crake's editorial for the day: "Clothes as an Index of Personality." In three short paragraphs Dr. Crake had evolved his philosophy on this subject. "Show me a man who is slovenly in his dress and I will show you one that is slovenly in his morals. A clean collar is the index of a clean mind. It matters not how modest your income, or how humble your station in life, you cannot afford to be indifferent to the appearance you present to your fellow men. Neatness pays. It is investment at compound interest in the Bank of Success, and it will bring in dividends when you least expect them." So Dr. Crake in his first paragraph. Mr. Beatty heartily approved of these opinions and he thought, not without a touch of pride, that Dr. Crake would have approved of him.

Upon turning the page of his paper he noticed his companion on the bench. The young man nodded cordially.

"A scorcher, isn't it?" he said.

Mr. Beatty was slightly startled. It was not often that a stranger spoke to him.

"Yes, it *is* warm," he replied, a little apologetically, as though he were somehow to blame for the heat.

"Hottest day this summer," said the young man. "What do you suppose the thermometer at the *Morning Post* building registered at noon?"

"Oh, I couldn't say. I fancy it was pretty high?"

"One hundred and two in the shade; and it's hotter than that, inside. Press-room like a furnace, city-room worse. Glad I didn't have to stay there."

"Are you—do you mean that you are employed on the *Morning Post?*"

"Yes. I run what we call the Enquirer's column. You may have read it sometimes?"

"Oh, yes! Well! Isn't that remarkable! Why, I always—"

"Well, that's my job on the *Post,* or one of them. I'm supposed to be working at it now. You know, that is really why I sat down on this bench. The question for to-morrow is, 'Do you favor restricted Immigration?' When I saw you sitting here I thought, there's a man, if I'm not mistaken, who has views on this subject. Would you mind letting me have them, Mr.— but you haven't told me your name, I think?"

"Beatty. Herbert Beatty."

"Are you in business in the city?"

"Yes. I'm a bookkeeper with William C. Dow and company."

"That's fine! We'll be glad to have a man of your profession represented in the Enquirer's column. You don't object, do you, Mr. Beatty? You know, you can tell me precisely what you think our immigration policy should be. The *Post* wishes to offer its readers the opinions of intelligent men on both sides of the question."

Never, not even in his most sanguine moments, had it occurred to Mr. Beatty that he might one day be called upon to express, publicly, his opinion of any question. Now that the opportunity had come, he was dazed, stupefied. The sound of the young man's voice came to him with a strange, far-off effect. He understood in a dreamlike way that this reporter was preparing to direct the attention of a city of two million inhabitants to his, Herbert

Beatty's, views upon a matter of great public concern. He watched, fascinated, while the young man drew a notebook from his pocket, slipped off the rubber band, opened it on his knee. What could he say? What *were* his views? Dr. Crake had dealt with this subject in one of his editorials only a few weeks before. If only he could remember what he had said, perhaps it would help him to—

Of a sudden he was conscious that the young man was speaking.

"I suppose you think there is something to be said on both sides, Mr. Beatty?"

"Oh, yes! I—you see—you have taken me a little by surprise. One doesn't like to be too sure—I hardly know—perhaps—"

"But wouldn't it, in your opinion, be a good thing if the government were to adopt a fairly cautious restriction policy, say for the next twenty-five years?"

"Well, yes, I believe it would."

"We would know by that time where we stand, don't you think, with respect to the great foreign-born population already in America? With this information to guide us, we could then decide what our future policy should be."

Mr. Beatty heartily agreed with this. It seemed to him a sound way of looking at the matter. The reporter made some rapid entries in his notebook, snapped on the rubber band, and clipped his pencil to his waistcoat pocket.

"Thanks very much, Mr. Beatty. You're the fourth man I've interviewed to-day. The views of the other three were rather extreme, both for and against restricted immigration. I'm glad to have found one man who favors moderation—a wise middle course. Now then, you'll let me take your photograph? We like to print these with the replies in the column. I'll not be ten seconds. If you'll stand there—a little more this way—Good! That will do. Snap! That's done it! Thanks once more, Mr. Beatty. To-morrow the whole city will know your views on the immigration problem, and I'll venture to say that nine out of ten men will agree with them. Well, good-bye, I must be getting along."

III

Mr. Beatty was conscious of a feeling of profound relief as he entered his enclosure at the bookkeeping department. He rearranged the articles on his desk, flicked an imaginary fleck of dust from his adding-machine, and resharpened a pencil whose point had been a little blunted with use during the morning. So great was the virtue in these familiar practices, and so strong the habits of a lifetime, that he was then able to resume his work with a certain measure of calm.

But his pleasantly disquieting thoughts returned at five o'clock. They seemed to be awaiting him in the street below, and occupied his mind to the exclusion of everything else. He entered the stream of homeward-bound pedestrian traffic, letting it carry him where it would, and presently found himself in front of the *Morning Post* building. One of the plate-glass windows bore an inscription in gold lettering: "The *Morning Post*. Your Paper —Everybody's Paper. Guaranteed Circulation Over 450,000." He gazed at this for some time as he thought over the events of the day. He could recall vividly the appearance of the young reporter, and the kind of notebook he had used—opening at the end, with wide spaces between the ruled lines—and the round blue pencil with the nickle pocket-clip. But he could not remember at all clearly the details of the interview. How long had it lasted? Five minutes? Ten minutes? Probably not more than five. The reporter had worked rapidly. . . . He had seemed pleased with his replies. . . . But just what was it he had said? . . . A circulation of four-hundred-fifty thousand! And likely twice that many people actually read the *Post*.

After his customary solitary supper, Mr. Beatty went to a moving-picture theater for the seven-o'clock show. He returned to his lodgings at nine and went to bed. The following morning he awoke at a quarter to five, an hour before his usual time. It was impossible to sleep again, so he shaved, dressed, and went downstairs. The sky was cloudless; it would be another sweltering day. A horse-drawn milk wagon was just then making its rounds; otherwise the street was deserted.

The stationery shop where he usually bought his morning paper was not yet opened. He went on to another several blocks

distant, but that too was closed. The papers had already been delivered there; they were lying on the doorstep, loosely wrapped in a brown paper cover. Mr. Beatty looked up and down the street; there was no one in view. Quickly opening his penknife he cut the cord of the parcel and drew forth a copy of the *Post*. Then he discovered that he had only a penny, a quarter, and a half-dollar in his pocket, and the price of the *Post* was three cents. He left the quarter on top of the parcel and hurried back to his lodgings where Mrs. Halleck, his landlady, was standing in the entryway.

"Good morning, Mr. Beatty! Well! You *are* an early bird this morning! Wherever have you been at this time of day? My! Ain't this heat awful? I don't know what's goin' to happen if we don't have some rain soon to cool things off. You got the morning paper already?"

He murmured a hasty reply, went up to his room on the third floor, and shut and locked the door. Then he opened his paper at the editorial page.

ENQUIRER'S COLUMN

Question for the day: "Do you favor Restricted Immigration?" Herbert Beatty, bookkeeper, with William C. Dow & Company, 400 Commercial street.

"One hesitates in pronouncing an opinion upon a question of such far-reaching importance, but it would seem advisable that we should now adopt a cautious, well balanced policy of restriction until such time as we shall have been able to assimilate the immense foreign-born population already on our shores. Twenty-five years hence we shall have gathered sufficient data with regard to our immigration policy to enable us to decide with some measure of confidence what our future policy should be."

Mr. Beatty's photograph gazing at him from the page, and the print of his own name looked so strange that he could hardly believe them his. He read the interview again, and a third and a fourth time. He had not been able to recall, before, just how he had worded his reply; he had been a little confused, of course, at the moment of the interview, and surprised at the suddenness of the question put to him by the reporter. What a faculty that

young man had shown for getting immediately at the gist of his thought! That was a reporter's business, to be sure, but this one must be a particularly gifted interviewer. His own interview had been given the place of honor at the top of the column. He now turned to the views of the others:

Morris Goldberg, haberdasher, 783 Fourth avenue.

"I don't think we've got room for any more foreigners in the United States. We ought to put the lid on tight, now. Business has been poor since the war, and there's too much competition already."

H. Dwight Crabtree, pastor, the Division Street Baptist Church.

"I often think of America as a great melting-pot where all the various splendid elements which go to make up our Democracy are being fused, and the composite type, American, made perfect in the sight of the Father of us all. No, let us not forbid them, these brothers of ours from over the seas. Let us rather say: 'Welcome, ye poor and oppressed! We have room for you and more than room! Bask here in God's sunlight! Enjoy our opportunities! Partake of our fellowship! And may you bequeath to your children a rich heritage of health and love and beauty in this glorious land, America!' "

John J. Canning, architect, 45 First National Bank building.

"This question would have been timely fifty years ago. My answer then would have been: 'I favor exclusion, not restriction.' That is my answer to-day."

Over his breakfast at the dairy lunch-room at the corner, Mr. Beatty again read the interviews, gaining the conviction as he compared them, that his was by far the most sensible of the four. It was pleasant to think of the thousands of men who would that day read his opinions, learn of his name—college professors, lawyers, doctors, government officials, perhaps Dr. Crake himself. He remembered now that Dr. Crake, too, had counseled moderation in dealing with the question of restricted immigration. He would be pleased to see his views upheld in the Enquirer's column. He could fancy him saying, "Now *there's* a man that knows what he is talking about."

The walk to the office on this memorable August morning was like a dream to him. Every newsboy at every corner seemed

particularly anxious to sell him papers, and every passerby seemed to look at him with interest, with respect. He fancied several times that he had been recognized. He was almost afraid to enter the Dow building, and gave a sigh of relief when he was safe within his enclosure at the end of the corridor. He found it difficult to keep his mind on his work. The roar of traffic from the street was like a universal voice of acclaim loud with the name, Beatty—so loud, in fact, that he did not at first hear the voice of a small boy standing at the little window in front of his desk.

"Mr. Beatty! Mr. Dow wants to see you, Mr. Beatty."

He looked up quickly.

"Who did you say?"

"Mr. William Dow wants to see you. He says you are to come up at once if you are not too busy."

Arriving at the fourth floor the boy who had escorted him pointed to a glazed door at the end of a passageway.

"Mr. Dow is in there," he said, and left him.

Mr. Beatty hesitated for a moment, then timidly approached the door and knocked, very gently. Receiving no reply he knocked again, a trifle more firmly.

"Come in!"

Mr. Dow was busy with his morning correspondence. He finished the dictation of a letter before looking up.

"Good morning," he said. "Yes?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. I was told that you wished to see me."

"Oh, yes. Are you Mr. Beatty? I've just been reading your little interview in the *Post*. It was yours, I believe?"

"Yes, sir. That is—"

"I rather liked your reply to that question, Mr. Beatty. I merely wanted to tell you this. But just what do you mean by 'a cautious, well-balanced policy of restriction'? How would you put it into effect, supposing you had the power?"

"Oh, I should hardly like to say, sir. I haven't thought so very much— Perhaps—"

"How would you begin? What nationalities do you think should first be restricted? Poles? Italians? Russian Jews?"

"Well, yes, perhaps the Russians—but I can't say that I am quite sure—"

Mr. Dow gave him a thoughtful appraising glance.

"How long have you been with us, Mr. Beatty?"

"Twenty years, sir, the fourteenth of last April."

His employer pursed his lips in a soundless whistle.

"Have you! As long as that? What do you think of our Accounting department? Is it efficiently managed?"

"Why, yes, I believe so, sir. At least—that is, I am sure that you know much better than I do."

"Have you any suggestions to make as to how it might be bettered?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

Mr. Dow gazed silently out of the window for a moment.

"Well, I'm glad to have had this opportunity for a little chat with you, Mr. Beatty. That's all for the present. Thanks for coming up."

IV

On a November afternoon, several years later, Mr. Beatty, having fed his pigeons in City Hall park, dusted the salt from his fingers with his handkerchief, and sat down to his customary after-luncheon perusal of the *Morning Post*. It was a raw, blustery day, too chilly for comfort out of doors. He decided that hereafter he would spend his luncheon hour at the restaurant. But this was not to be. The following day he came down with an attack of bronchial pneumonia. Within a week he was dead.

Mrs. Halleck, his landlady, was genuinely sorry to lose so old and dependable a lodger, but she could not afford to let sentimental regrets interfere with re-letting at once her third-floor-front, one of the best rooms in the house. Her new lodger, a law-school student, moved in immediately. She had the room all ready for him but had forgotten to remove from the wall a bit of cardboard which hung by a string by the side of the bed. A newspaper clipping, yellow with age, was pasted on it. The young man glanced idly at it as he took it down. "One hesitates," he read, "in pronouncing an opinion on a question of such far-reaching importance, but it would seem advisable that we should now adopt—"

Whistling softly to himself, the new lodger arranged his belongings. He crumbled the piece of cardboard and threw it in the waste-paper basket. He hung a Maxfield Parrish picture in its place. The light was just right for it there.

POWER OF HORIZON[1]

By LEON SRABIAN HERALD

(From *The Dial*)

GAVANS which grew in the mountains were a most desirable kind of thistle for kindling. And in Put Aringe where not everybody had the money to spend on everything, some could never buy the luxurious pine wood for the cold months. Those who were able to store a good supply of *gavan* were fortunate indeed. When dry this kindling burned like oil. There were no headaches from blowing on it in order to make it light. And the house was not filled with heavy smoke stretching from corner to corner, sinking almost instead of rising. Quick flames from the *gavans* shot the smoke straight up to the small windows and out.

Young Elisha was the only one whose work for the next day had not been decided upon. Mother, the Priest's Wife, suggested that he go with Simon, a relative, to bring home a load of *gavans* from the mountain. Overjoyed by this privilege, he jumped up at his mother's knees. How he loved her for this suggestion!

The village lay where the fields and the high steps leading to the mountain began. As Elisha watched people coming from or going to the mountain, his blood quickened and burned. He imitated their steps, going up, up, with their bodies bent forward as if they were going to lift the mountain, raise it still higher; and when he saw people coming down he became thoughtful, his blood heavy in him. He would feel at certain moments that he had been to the mountain, knew the mountain. He would walk up to the people as he saw them appear from above the village, mingle with them as if he too were coming from that mysterious height. How wonderful did the men and the beasts coming from the mountain smell! He could feel the shafts of fragrant air darting at him from the hides of the animals and from the hands

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and coats of the men. Then, realizing that he had never been to the mountain he would become dejected and miserable.

He had wanted to go to the mountain, for anything—to gather sweet rhubarbs, mushrooms, and vegetables, to eat or to preserve for the winter. Yet always he had been thought too young to carry a load from such a distance. There was too, danger from wolves and bears.

Although the hour was late, Elisha ran to tell his young friends of the trip; he would have no time in the morning. Had he but known of his going a day or two before, he might have talked about it to all, as much as he liked. Going to the mountain for the first time created as rich an enthusiasm as going to the city for the first time. For the people of a village there is magnetism in a strange city and not less in the awesome mountain towering above the village. Each has an inspiring as well as an exciting quality.

The next morning when Elisha sprang from bed he felt as if he had been to the mountain and back. But he did not see the bears and wolves he had killed, nor the deer he had captured. They belonged to that part of him which had slept. Well, if he had not been to the mountain he was on his way to it.

When Simon called, Elisha had had his breakfast of cheese and bread and had tied his luncheon, consisting also of bread and cheese, around his waist, and had strapped his sharp pick to his shoulder with a new rope. Mother, the Priest's Wife, entreated Simon to take good care of her son. "Don't let him carry a big load," she said, handing him a bagful of sun-dried mulberries mixed with walnut meat, "or he will be so tired he will not want to go to the mountain again. We have enough pine wood to last all winter. And say—" but they had disappeared round the corner.

The road entwining the orchards and vineyards lifted the two youths to the last plateau. Elisha began to feel as though the mountain were coming toward him. After another half hour they were climbing the mountain proper through a narrow streak which shot across and under the massive rocks. Elisha felt as if he were something being built rapidly; he felt as if he were a wall building itself, running fast to enclose the mountain within it, as if the mountain were a strange large tree with rocks for

fruit; he felt himself going round the mountain to hide its leaves, fruit, trunk, and all, to protect it from envious attack, but when he had made the mountain his own he stood up straight and still. He turned and looked backward, down, away at the distant mountains in the opposite direction. There was nothing to cut off the view. A sea of colours—fields, hills, and mountains—were melted and mixed together and above was the endless, curveless sky, as far as he could see. The vortex of his vision had turned everything aside, a cry of joy broke from his bosom, and the mountain answered him eagerly.

The path on which they were walking was the colour of lightning. This brought to Elisha's mind St. Nicholas who long ago had wandered alone on this very path with beasts and snakes, and had died at the end of the path where the palatial monastery now stood in memory of him. The lightning, it was said, had glazed the path to pay the Saint homage and prove his holiness to future believers. Indeed, so it seemed, for only the ground and rocks of the path were the colour of lightning, and none of the surrounding territory. It showed that the Saint, instead of going around the rock, had preferred to breast it and defy inaccessibility.

They now came to a creek and Elisha saw that even the water where the Saint had crossed was as indelibly the colour of lightning as the rest of the road. Simon said this was the creek that sent floods to the village when the mountain so decreed and he told Elisha to wash his eyes and face before drinking of it, that he might have good luck and escape mountain fever. As Elisha held his face in the water he lifted his legs up from the knees and swung them sidewise, then jumped up, singing and shouting; then with suddenness came to a standstill. He gazed deep into the water and kept gazing, till a strange feeling ran through his spine. Elisha said, "The water is clear and crystal-like, whereas in the village it is not even clean. I could not have held my face in it in the village." This he said to the mountain rather than to his friend.

At last they arrived at the part of the mountain that was seen from the village. From this height Elisha looked into the horizon again—a horizon he had never before seen, incredible, almost fantastic. Then a thought came to him: might the moun-

tain be a shepherd who on seeing the horizon, forgot his flock and allowed it to become rills, brooks, fountains, creeks, and waterfalls—while he, waiting, became a mountain, unmovable, gazing into the eyes of the horizon for ever?

Elisha had experienced beauty. His feet left the ground in the way that his lungs inhaled the mountain air. He had absorbed the intimacy of the mountain. He was mountain-drunk. The breeze coming from the horizon was the horizon's hair, touching his face and the mountain at the same time. The horizon lay close to him, making him wish he could plunge into her arms. Had he ever felt toward his father as he felt toward the mountain? Had he ever felt toward his mother as he felt toward the horizon?

A short walk brought them to an untouched patch of the fuel they sought. *Gavans* were umbrella-shaped thistles with long bristling needles, and like umbrellas the shapes varied. Some were like umbrellas little girls carried, some like men's umbrellas, and some like huge beach umbrellas. Their stems were short and close to the earth. In order to cut the gummy stems it was necessary to step on them from one side, press down with one foot, and aim with the pick.

Progress was slow, for Elisha would stand looking at the peak of the mountain as when questioning his father; then he would turn and look into the horizon, as when admiring his mother. He would say to Simon, "Do you feel the horizon the way you feel the mountain? The horizon, the horizon . . ." Then he would laugh so heartily that even Simon—intent though he was on the work—could not help laughing also. Simon knew Elisha was not stricken with mountain fever, so was not alarmed, although he was aware that something had taken place in his young friend, for in reply to admonitions that he should work, Elisha would answer, "Did you hear the mountain sigh, did you hear the horizon sigh in answer? Did you?" Having understood the horizon and the mountain, Elisha applied his energy to the work, and soon enough *gavan* was gathered. Then they looked for mushrooms and rhubarbs. There were few rhubarbs because it was late in the season, but they found all the mushrooms they wanted—firm and large ones. These and the rhubarbs they put on top of their loads, Elisha's as large, if not larger than Simon's

and arrived home an hour before sundown, an hour later than the customary time.

Elisha's mother embraced the wind in embracing her son. All day she had felt as if she were in a place of very little air. She felt that the mountain had given her son not only a load but something else, as real as it was indefinable. His eyes seemed larger and more beautiful, more understanding. Many neighbors and friends came to congratulate him on his return from the mountain. They said that his load was as big as any man had carried, his rhubarbs as sweet as any in spring, and what large thick mushrooms he had brought!

After the visitors had left, Elisha asked his mother, "Have you ever gone to the mountain?" She had indeed, when a girl, but had never climbed as high as her son had. Then he asked his father, "Surely you have gone to the mountain?" "Surely, many times, but not when I was as young as you are. You are only eighteen, and lucky. I was twenty-five when I went there first, and I had gone to many other places. I have never gone since I became a priest." Elisha said to them, "The mountain is my father, and the horizon is my mother." His parents did not hear, or did not pay attention to what he said, but they praised the rhubarbs and mushrooms on a table before them.

Elisha was different after his return from the mountain yet no one knew why. He was like the wind, lonesome—like a narrow house, his eyes and feet handicapped. The village seemed too small for him. He would stand in the door, on the streets, or on the housetop, and forlornly look at the mountain. Although it seemed so virile, and smooth as a wall, it existed so realistically that actuality around him seemed thin, and robbed of its individuality. Then he would look in the other direction, at the horizon. But it was now close to his eyes, as if it were brushing against his eyelashes. It was an artificial horizon compared with what he had seen from the mountain. He wrung his hands and said to himself, "How appreciate the mountain from this distance? It looks like a plaster wall. How fathom the depth of the horizon at such close range? It looks scared."

The people who saw him turning from the mountain to face in the other direction, said to one another, "Why does he turn around like that, gaze at the mountain, and then the other way?"

"Maybe he is mountain-possessed," some said. "Yes, he's mountain-possessed!"

"And what is it to be mountain-possessed? What is it?"

"It's like being in love. Only in a way it's more terrible because it is impossible to explain or know what one wants. Instead of being sad, in this case he becomes possessed with too much laughter, laughing constantly even when one realizes that he is in pain."

"Let us bring him the mountain then, or take him and lock him up in the mountain," some one said humorously.

"See, see!" they said again. "When he looks away from the mountain he holds his eyes as if they pain him." Then they asked, "What is it you are looking for, Elisha?"

He answered laughing, "I am looking for the horizon, but I cannot see it. You don't either. What you see is not the horizon."

On Sundays the youths of the village were bound by almost no duties. They went out to play and whether they returned on time or not at all for their meals, no one cared. They would go up to the vineyards, running and playing, or become absorbed in bringing down an apple or pear that still hung on its leafless tree. Elisha had forgotten the vision of the horizon in his play and his senses had been shrinking to their usual scope. The narrow horizon had become almost natural to him again. But as soon as he came to the top of a hill and looked around, memory rang in his body like a church-bell wakening him. He stood there till his friends, unaware, left him. Stillness increased him to the self that was his when he had returned from the mountain.

That afternoon he found himself at the same place where he had cut *gavans* and had gathered rhubarbs and mushrooms. He had never been to the crest of the mountain; no doubt from it the horizon would be still vaster and more beautiful. The mountain now yielding to the power of his stride, the horizon came closer and closer to him. He felt as if he were standing in the horizon. He rose to the crest of the mountain and saw other crests and other mountains. It was like a city of many churches, hundreds of spires rising into the air. He seemed to hear bells sounding from the tops of these spires, every sound different from the other. Then he heard the silence of the horizon break and words coming to him. He was in the arms of the horizon.

There came a time when the people of the village went to the monastery to celebrate a feast-day. It was Saturday evening and they were to stay until the next day. Sacrifices were cooking in the courtyard in a large cauldron. Twilight fell and the smoke was no longer visible in the air.

Some one made Elisha the subject of conversation and soon everybody was talking about him, wondering where he was now, why he had left home. An entire week his parents and friends had looked for him in the mountains, thinking he might be lost there. They had taken Simon with them, asking carefully what Elisha had said to him. He could only remember the words, "I can stand here like the mountain and look into the horizon for ever."

Others recalled that Elisha had spoken to them of the lightning-coloured path through which he had walked, through which St. Nicholas had walked. His parents remembered his saying that the mountain and the horizon were his parents. "Who could think he was serious?" they repeated.

When the shepherd of the monastery was bringing in his flock for the night, everybody asked him as they had asked many who came from the direction of the mountain, "Any news by any chance?" The shepherd was tempted to say yes, that he had seen Elisha and that Elisha had promised to come home that night. But such an answer would dishonour the mountain, which in a way was his friend, as much as it would hurt the people. He sighed and shook his head.

While conversation began afresh, the crowd in the courtyard became excited, and exclaimed at a vision—a human shape, of light, rising toward the sky from the monastery. All hastened out. Gradually it took the shape of a cross and dissolved in the air. The people became hysterical, weeping, chanting, crossing themselves. They said it was the spirit of Elisha bringing them a message. He had become a saint, he was still living in the mountains, and some day would come to them in person.

A shred of smoke, as often happens, had rolled light into itself. But why it had taken human form and then the form of a cross, none could explain.

ALCANTARA [1]

By MacGREGOR JENKINS

(From *The Atlantic Monthly*)

I

HOW I ever came to be a friend and ally, co-conspirator and business partner, of Tobias Starkweather it is not important to relate. The moralist might find in the narrative a painful instance of moral disintegration and decay, the cynic might smile and regard the whole episode as indicating nothing more culpable than childish credulity and vanity.

For this reason the story will never be told. I am satisfied that those who have shared with me an interest in horses, those in whose veins has flowed the deadliest virus known to man, will understand. They know that this interest is fraught with many dramatic possibilities, and that it may lead the most virtuous of men, on occasion, perilously near the rocks of moral turpitude.

There is no human interest that leads a man in stranger or more fascinating paths. There is no human relationship that introduces him to a more interesting group of his fellows or enables him to rub elbows with a more alluring multitude of kindred enthusiasts.

From the moment that a horse lover takes his first tentative steps into this half-gypsy land of paddock and race track, auction room and hunting field, when he first feels within him the stirrings of a strange desire, and learns to know that it is the call of the horse, from that moment he treads the paths of a new and wonderful country.

It is not alone the noble beast that allures; it is far more the followers in his train—men and women, rich and poor, wise and foolish, virtuous and vicious, all actuated by motives ranging from the noblest and purest to the most sordid and unworthy.

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It was into this unknown world that I ventured many years ago, and in it I have seen strange things and stranger people. It was in this land that I first encountered Tobias, and for many months I dwelt there with him. It had been written in the book of fate that we should meet. I was the one person in the world suited to Tobias and his needs, and he was for me as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The most trivial circumstance brought about this epochal meeting. I desired a horse. Not any horse, for I had long since passed that early stage. I desired one particular and special horse. There was nothing unusual about this. I was in a chronic state of desire, if not for one horse, then for another. Poets have sung the anguish of mortals in the agony of desire for a loved one. They have told the poignant story of human love, but they have never sung, so far as I know, the love of a man for a horse, the all-conquering lust for possession that seizes a man when he sees the horse of his dreams. When this is done the Great Epic will have been created.

I desired a horse, and with cold deliberation and callous indifference to the consequences conspired to secure him. At this point Tobias came into the picture. The fullness of time had come. Tobias and I were to meet. It was a moment of tremendous significance to us both, though we did not fully realize it at the time. Tobias came to me with credentials as the one intermediary who could secure the desired horse for me. Blinded as I was, at the moment, by the fervor of my longing, I did not regard Tobias as anything more than an instrument to this end.

The negotiations proved long and difficult. I was still inexperienced enough to find it almost impossible to dissemble my desires, and I marveled at the coldly indifferent manner in which Tobias approached the owner. I have since grown to regard as one of his most engaging qualities the horseman's ability to stifle all his longings and to conduct long and delicate transactions in a manner of utter boredom. On many occasions I should have despaired of a fortunate outcome had I not been buoyed up by Tobias's unfailing optimism and hopefulness.

At last, however, I secured the horse. Even this triumphant conclusion of our labors did not excite Tobias. He brought me the news with the same air of world-weary indifference that had characterized him from the first. It is true that my exultation

was somewhat tempered by the fact that the price paid for the beast was considerably higher than that I had authorized Tobias to pay, but this did not seem to be a matter of interest to him. Nor did the horse prove to be the jewel I had hoped, but Tobias assured me that they rarely were; and after all, he pointed out, it was I who wanted the animal, not he. Had he consulted his own convictions in the matter, he would have purchased a quite different horse, but I had expressed an unalterable determination to possess this one, and here he was. It was clear that Tobias was quite guiltless in the matter.

After a few months of troubled and disillusionizing ownership I again sought Tobias, this time to dispose of the horse for me. The previous owner had assured me that he had parted with the horse only under the pressure of temporary embarrassment, and that at any time he would be glad to buy him back at the price I paid for him.

I imparted this information to Tobias, but he did not seem to be impressed by it. The process of selling was much more rapid than that of purchasing, despite the fact that the previous owner was still in difficulties and could not buy the horse as he most ardently desired. In fact, as Tobias explained to me, the horse market was in a very unsettled condition, and if I desired to sell (which I most certainly did) he advised me to take any offer I could get. Things were very bad. Again Tobias triumphed. I sold at a figure considerably below the lowest I had fixed, but any sale just then was a miracle, so Tobias said.

By this time Tobias was firmly woven into the warp and woof of my horse life. On the whole I profited by it. But sordid motives were the smallest factor in my regard for Tobias. His appearance alone was enough to reward me. A tiny scrap of a man, he might have been thirty, he might have been sixty. I never could decide. As I listened enthralled to the recitals of his experiences I leaned toward the higher figure, for no man of less than sixty could have had time to have all the things happen to him that had happened to Tobias. Yet as I grew to know him and witnessed repeated feats of strength and agility I knew he must still be young. His face gave no hint of his age. Sallow, almost colorless, it still had the fresh contours of youth. An utterly mirthless mouth, a head almost entirely bereft of hair,

contrasted strangely with a mouthful of perfect teeth of unimpeachable genuineness. He was always clad in riding togs of a strange and indiscriminate nature, and yet he had that gift, so infrequently seen in men, of so wearing clothes, no matter what they were, that he looked well groomed and well set up.

II

For some time our relations were not intimate, nor were our contacts frequent. Tobias seemed to have no place of permanent residence. If I wished to find him I had to make a circuit of the salesrooms and stables, and sooner or later I would find him, dapper, shaven, clean, but as usual in the depths of an unconquerable melancholy. He appeared glad to see me, but never greeted me with enthusiasm, and never appeared to part from me with regret.

Then a never-to-be-forgotten day dawned. At an early hour I was interrupted at breakfast by the announcement that Tobias was without. I had not seen him for months. He had a habit of disappearing for long periods, and these absences were never explained. His intimates could not enlighten me, because he had no intimates. Before greeting him I telephoned my business associates that matters of the utmost importance might keep me busy all day. I felt that the day upon which Tobias sought me out was sure to be pregnant with possibilities.

Tobias greeted me in sadness, and the talk flowed along the easy channels of mutual horse interest. I waited for him to arrive at the matter in hand by his usual circuitous methods. At length I was rewarded. I wish I could reproduce with any justice the melancholy sweetness of his recital. In substance I was told that a series of most unfortunate events had reduced Tobias to financial extremities unknown before. He blamed no one, least of all himself. They were due to the uncertainties inherent in his calling, and when disaster came it must be patiently borne.

Financial extremity was no new experience for Tobias,—I knew that,—but on this occasion difficulties had arisen at a most unfortunate moment, just when fortune was about to smile. The circumstances appeared to be these. There was a horse we both knew. His reputation was bad; it could not be worse. Tobias

felt sure, however, that his shortcomings were due to his environment and to lack of proper care and training. His career on the turf had been a series of misfortunes, accidents, and tragedies. He was now for sale, having nearly killed a stable-boy and having lost two important steeplechases from a sullen refusal to leave the post. The price was low, but an immediate sale desired. Tobias saw a chance to retrieve all past losses. He wished to purchase the horse, spend as many months as necessary on his education and the correction of his faults, and then race him another season. But most unfortunately, at just this moment, his finances were at the lowest possible ebb.

At this point, it seems, he had thought of me. Not at all as a possible source of money, but rather as the person to whom he could offer a priceless privilege. I had long enjoyed, he knew, the pleasures of the hunting field and show ring, and now he felt was the time for me to enter into a larger field of equine activity. It was high time I tasted the joys of the turf, and felt the thrill of winning a race with a horse of my own. To buy an outlaw, educate him, and win with him! That was something to do.

Tobias came as near showing enthusiasm as I ever saw him. He unfolded the plan. For the moment it would be necessary for me to furnish the money for the price of the horse. Tobias did not enlarge on this; it was a matter of no great concern who did it. He would give me a note for half the price and we could be joint owners and partners. He would conduct the education of our stable, and ride our horse in the races in which he entered him.

As Tobias led me on through all the stages of our progress, and showed me how inevitably we should reach that crowning hour when we should flash under the wire a winner amid the frenzied acclaim of a mighty throng, my blood began to tingle. I did not confess to him that in my wildest hours I had already dreamed this dream, and longed for its realization.

True to my horseman instincts, I demurred. I pointed out all the difficulties, and enlarged upon the almost certain failure of our hopes. Tobias listened in respectful silence, and then asked if I should like to visit the horse. We did so. I had seen the creature before, but never realized what a perfect beast

he was. He was the handsomest thing that ever stood on shoes. Tobias pointed out to me certain physical indications of stamina and speed, and assured me that from my own experience I should see that he was one horse in ten thousand. He certainly looked to be. I gazed long and earnestly at his eyes. They attracted my attention, for I had never seen such human eyes in a horse's head before. With all their beauty, there was a look of baffled cynicism in them. They fascinated me. They seemed to look out on a world made for disappointment; they told a story of unrewarded effort, of uncrowned strife, and seemed to say that, after all, the world's rewards are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

The horse was purchased in what struck me as a very short time. There seemed to be no doubt that the owner wished to part with him. He gave us minute directions as to his care and management, and seemed deeply concerned lest we both come to an untimely end. Tobias seemed to have provided for most of the details in advance. He had secured quarters for the horse, and all I had to do was to hand the owner a check and receive a note for half the amount duly signed by Tobias.

After careful consideration we selected a name. Tobias was indifferent as to what it should be, provided it began with *A*. This seemed important to him for some occult reason, and I could raise no valid objection beyond the fact that it restricted our choice. Finally I decided upon Alcantara. The name met Tobias's requirement in regard to the *A*, and it had for me certain romantic literary associations.

III

The weeks that followed our purchase of Alcantara were uneventful except that I soon discovered which half of Alcantara I owned. I was in firm possession of the forward end, the end that was fed. Each month I received mounting bills for grain, as well as for strange accoutrements with which I was not familiar. Each month Tobias calculated to a penny, and sent me a note for an exact half of the expenses.

I did not see much of Alcantara, but Tobias reported progress, and he seemed satisfied with his pupil. For some reason he

did not care to appear before the world as even half-owner, and he allowed it to think that I owned the horse and that he was in my employ as trainer. I attributed this, at first, to Tobias's natural modesty, but I soon learned that there were the best of reasons why Tobias did not wish to appear to have any possessions of any character. So I assumed the entire responsibility of ownership with all its attendant glories and inconveniences.

One morning I was told that Alcantara was right. He had been moved to a large training stable, and Tobias had been working him over the jumps for some time. The expense of keeping him here was considerably greater, but, as Tobias pointed out, this was unavoidable if I meant to do the right thing by the horse. He never said "we"; he always spoke as if I had sole authority. I was flattered by this, and soon came to regard myself as a full-fledged owner. I read the racing papers and followed the exploits of other horses. I knew their records and the details of their age and class.

Upon being asked to visit the horse, I brushed aside all business matters and went to the scene of action. It was an extensive and beautiful estate used entirely for the care and schooling of horses. By some means, unknown to me, Tobias had secured admission, and was using the schooling fields. There was a steeplechase course laid out for schooling, and it was over this that Tobias intended to give Alcantara his first serious work, and he wished me to witness it.

Tobias greeted me and led me to the stable. If Alcantara had been a thing of beauty when I first beheld him, he was a thousand times more so after weeks of care and attention. He was led out for his owner's inspection. I could not conceal my admiration, bad form as I knew it to be to express it. Tobias pronounced him to be fair, but added that further improvement was possible. Tobias mounted, and assumed that curious crouching position affected by jockeys. To me it always seemed the most perilous of ways to ride a horse. Alcantara held a high head, and used his feet daintily. As he trod the yielding turf he was the personification of beauty, strength, and grace. He pranced and whirled restlessly at the starting line, and Tobias gently moved him along to the point he wanted. At a prearranged signal from me Tobias let him go. He passed me—a blur of

shining satin, and thundering hoofs. I watched him through my glasses as he gracefully cleared barrier after barrier, and approached a water jump at the far end of the course. At this point I saw him swerve from the course and disappear. Long and patiently I awaited his return. Finally, far off on the horizon, a tiny speck appeared. It was Alcantara returning home. Tobias was crouched on his back, and as he passed me I caught a glimpse of a face as expressionless as the back of my hand. If Tobias was ill at ease he did not betray it.

After the details of Alcantara's toilet were attended to Tobias joined me.

"What happened?" I asked.

"He ran away," Tobias replied, and that was his sole comment.

I returned to the city and left Tobias to solve the difficulty of making Alcantara go in the right direction at the right time. I felt sure that if this could be done, and if he proceeded with anything like the rapidity he had shown that afternoon, there was not a living horse that could pass him.

From then on Tobias worked in secret. I saw no more trials and had only meagre reports from the training field. Tobias and I had a few conferences at which we decided to play for high stakes. We elected to let the minor race-meets go, and to enter Alcantara in the Bedford Steeplechase. This was described as an open steeplechase for gentlemen or professional riders—about three miles of natural country, over post and rails and brush.

Then followed detailed statements as to weights and other restrictions. The prize was a small purse and a piece of plate—but immense prestige. We knew the field would be large and the quality good, and the winner would jump in value and reputation. Both Tobias and Alcantara were found to meet all the requirements of the committee in charge. Tobias attended to all the details and I signed the entry blank and paid the minor expenses. It was necessary for us to appear under colors. This I left entirely to Tobias, who acquired, at my expense, appropriate garments to wear on the great day. His taste in this connection was not what I could have wished it to be. He chose a tunic of pure white with sleeves slashed with lavender, and a lavender and white striped cap. It was a bit more conspicuous

than the modest extent of my racing stable seemed to justify, but here I felt that Tobias should have his way, as he was to appear in the garments, not I.

IV

The week before the race I saw little of Tobias. He spent all his time with Alcantara, or else in moody cogitation. I found business affairs irksome and could not seem to keep my mind off the impending trial of speed.

The sporting sections of the newspapers were a solace until they began to discuss the race and estimate the contestants. Scant attention was paid to Alcantara by any of the writers. Only one referred to him at length, and then merely to enlarge on his bad behavior during training. As the day of the race approached, however, many strange stories began to appear. Not only were his bad manners discussed, but there were hints of lack of condition, and innuendo as to physical blemishes. I was enraged by this and sought Tobias to see what could be done to stem the tide of misstatement. Tobias professed never to have heard of any of it, and as he was evidently deeply engrossed in more important matters, as well as suffering from a severe attack of melancholia, I decided to accept his dictum that the less said, the sooner mended.

At last the fateful day came. I was early on the field, and felt strangely nervous and ill at ease. I read the entry list a thousand times, and recovered my composure a little when I saw the name of Alcantara, and my own as owner. Details of Alcantara's age, sex, and color were given, as well as my racing colors, and T. Starkweather was announced as the rider. The field was all that could be desired. It included the best the region could produce, and I recognized some horses who had substantial reputations.

Tobias sought me out and again assured me that the horse was right. He suggested that a small wager on him might be profitable. I am not a betting man, but the last weeks had affected me strangely. I had begun to feel a large catholicity of spirit toward all the details of horse ownership and horse racing, and I allowed Tobias to conduct me to a flamboyant young man,

who placed a modest sum for me at the surprising odds of 30 to 1. Again I sought Tobias to learn the reason for the odds being so against Alcantara. The incident had shaken my faith in him, and I began to think my visions of possible victory empty dreams. Tobias felt that the odds were probably the result of the unfortunate items in the press, but he pointed out that they meant larger profits if we won, which seemed to me a sordid point of view.

I had secured a box and had invited a few of my intimate friends to occupy it with me. I had chosen those who had been in the secret of my ownership from the first, and who seemed to regard my entering the racing game with less concern than some others, notably my business associates.

The first races on the flat, and a minor steeplechase or two, seemed to me perfunctory and spiritless, though the crowd seemed to enjoy them. Late in the afternoon the Bedford was announced, and there was an evident stirring of interest among the lookers-on. The board at the judges' stand gave the field, and I noted with some concern that none of the favorites had been scratched. Proudly I saw the name of T. Starkweather appear with the number nine. As I sat tearing my programme to shreds with nervous fingers, I tried to think what suggestions of good fortune the number nine indicated. I could think of nothing but the Muses, and their connection with horse racing seemed remote.

Then came the parade from the paddock. Led by a scarlet-coated official, the eleven contestants passed the grandstand. Had I been in a normal condition, I should have been thrilled by it. Eleven creatures, sleek, sinewy, nervous, with tossing, impatient heads, foam-flecked fore-quarters, and dainty tread, they seemed hardly to touch the soft earth beneath their feet. On the back of each a crouching little figure brilliant in gaudy satin.

They weighed in. I watched Alcantara. For sheer beauty he was peer of the best. He seemed strangely docile, and I tried desperately to read the secret of those baffling eyes. I finally got them in my glass for a fleeting second, and I saw the same strange, tired look, the same eternal interrogation that always appeared there. As Tobias remounted I watched his face. Sallow, thin from weeks of training, there was not a shadow of

expression of any sort. His face was as baffling as Alcantara's eyes.

They were off to the post just within my line of vision. For a while confusion reigned. Turning, milling, rearing, it seemed impossible that an orderly start could ever be made. This was the crucial moment. Would Alcantara start? This was the uncertainty. If he did, there was a fair chance that he would finish well up; if not, it was all over. I watched him closely. Tobias had his hands full, and was manœuvring skillfully. I had noticed that he carried no whip and his heels were innocent of spurs. Now he seemed to need them. Instead he leaned still farther over and caressed the nervous neck before him.

They were off. Thanks to some strange good fortune, Alcantara had consented to start with them. They thundered by in a blur of color, closely bunched, with Alcantara holding a respectable position to the fore. The race was twice around a prescribed course, beginning and ending on the home stretch of the race track. In a few seconds they were on the turf and out of sight for the moment. As advised by Tobias, I at once joined a throng of spectators rushing to points of vantage. With a hundred others I sought the water jump, the last jump before re-entering the race course. Being long of limb and spurred by an excitement I had never known before, I outstripped the others and placed myself where I commanded a perfect view of the jump and its approach.

How long I waited I do not know. It seemed hours. Then a stableboy, whose ears were acute from constant attendance at races, smote me mightily on the back and shouted in my ear. Now I could hear that matchless sound, the beat of hoofs on firm turf, and over the crest of a little hill appeared the head and shoulders of a rider. It was not Tobias, and my heart sank. Down a steep dip they came, headlong for the brush and water. Singly and in pairs they rose and sailed incredibly, landing in their stride, and tearing off again in a welter of color and confusion. The jump took its toll, for here two horses went down. Some mischance, some misstep or ill-considered move by their half in it. The jockeys rolled like balls of bright silk and were barely missed by the following horses, and the field went on. Of the eleven starters I counted nine at the jump. The two that

went down left only seven in the running, and of these Alcantara was the fifth. They had to complete the circuit twice, so I rushed to regain my box to see the finish.

At this jump Alcantara had moved up to third position and was running easily. Of the two horses ahead of him one was faltering, but the other had evidently not extended himself, and was running easily under the restraining hand of a smiling and confident rider.

Here I got a good look at both Tobias and his mount. Tobias was well forward on his horse's neck, tense and rigid, his enormous lavender sleeves ballooning out behind him. His lips were moving—not in prayer, I fancy, but in some strange jockey incantation. He was telling Alcantara something, and the horse was listening. As they flashed by I saw a new Alcantara. Gone was the cynic's pose, gone the bewildered, questioning look in the eyes; in their stead were a fire and a will to win that had transfigured him. After the jump was cleared Tobias sat down to ride. As they vanished, the stooping shoulders were sinking lower and lower, the cramped knees coming higher and higher, and the hands reaching out nearer and nearer the tossing head.

I returned to my box. There was nothing to do now but to live through the dreadful moments until they reappeared. I pressed my hand to my aching eyes. I was dimly conscious of some jocular remarks from my companions. I did not have long to wait. On the brow of the hill just before the water jump they appeared for a second, and almost even with the leader I saw the lavender and white. Tobias had moved up! Would he survive the water jump a second time? I closed my eyes again. Then the throng rose as a man; and far off I heard cheering. The moment of my dreams had come. Down the stretch they raced, stride for stride, the rival jockey resorting to whip and spur. Tobias was so far forward that he could almost whisper in the sensitive ears, and his lips were moving convulsively. On they came. A few scant rods ahead was the finish, and, as yet, it was the race for either. Suddenly Alcantara seemed to gather himself. Tobias raised his head and shoulders a bit and Alcantara pushed his nose by his rival. The horse faltered for a second, and Alcantara swept under the wire a clean length in the lead.

I do not recall what happened then, except that I dimly remember clambering out of the box into a milling crowd. One by one the horses returned with drooping heads and heaving flanks. They were stripped, and the jockeys and their kit again weighed. I sought out Alcantara. He stood proudly in the surging crowd with head erect, nostrils distended and eyes gleaming. All at once I found myself beside him. I threw my arm over his neck and heard the whirr and click of countless cameras. Some one appeared with an immense floral horseshoe and laid it on Alcantara's neck; again the cameras clicked and whirred. Tobias joined me. I wrung his hand. Words failed me. A stableboy, my stableboy, a complete stranger to me, assisted Tobias, and Alcantara was shrouded in an enormous cooler and led away.

V

It was over. The hour of my dream had come and passed. Again I confronted a battery of cameras, this time holding an ornate piece of plate. I sought the stable. Tobias was in no mood to talk. I told him to come to me in the evening, and with my wildly jubilant companions I motored home. We were recognized at every turn, and cheers and shouts of congratulation greeted us everywhere. I was in a daze. The whole thing seemed unreal; everything but the memory of the face of my business partner, of which I caught a momentary glimpse as I posed with the silver pitcher. It was not a pleasant face to remember.

We dined sumptuously at the club and I insisted on paying for everything. This was my night, I explained, and besides, the Committee would be sending me a sizable check in the morning. After dinner I hastened home to meet Tobias. I half expected to find him there on my return. He had not come, so I sent out for all the evening papers, particularly those more devoted to the gentle art of horse racing. I read every word of them all. In every one I saw my picture. In some of the photographs I held the pitcher, but in most of them I had my arm caressingly around Alcantara's neck. None of the pictures, I thought, did justice to either Alcantara or myself, and my smile seemed peculiarly silly and fatuous.

I finished the papers, and still Tobias failed to appear. After an hour or two I resorted to the telephone. I could not find him at any of the places I thought he might frequent on this memorable evening. The race track failed to respond, the training quarters knew naught of Tobias or the horse.

With aching head I went to bed and passed a night of troubled dreams. I was up early and breakfasted alone. The morning papers gave me some solace. But it all seemed cold and perfunctory now.

The doorbell rang in the distance, and I was brought a letter and a tiny bundle. The letter proved to be a laconic communication from Tobias. In the briefest manner I was told that, a few hours after our triumph, Alcantara had passed out of this world of turmoil and trouble. Heart strain in the race—that was all; it was not uncommon. Tobias would see me soon, but in the meantime he had sent me a memento of Alcantara. I opened the bundle and found a dainty racing shoe scarcely scratched by use.

I sat for a moment stunned by the unexpected news; then I determined to be up and doing. I dashed to the race track. Tobias was not there; nor was Alcantara. I made inquiries, only to learn that Tobias and the horse had departed for an undesignated destination. I spent the day following fruitless clues.

I declined an invitation to a congratulatory dinner to be given that night by friends, and spent the evening in the solitude of my library in thoughtful mood. I reviewed with care all the incidents of my association with Tobias. I recalled one detail that I had forgotten. Before the race, Tobias and I had agreed that, should Alcantara win or make a respectable showing, we should sell him at once at as high a figure as possible. In my sober moments I had no desire to continue in the racing game, and Tobias pointed out that the interest in Alcantara would be passing. Some other horse would eclipse him and his value would drop. To this end I had executed a document authorizing Tobias to negotiate a sale, in his own name, at any price satisfactory to him. I had suggested such an arrangement after witnessing one of Alcantara's most perverse and ill-mannered performances during his schooling. His conduct had made me despair of ever selling him at all.

Recalling this act of imbecility on my part, I cursed Tobias as

a faithless friend. Then there appeared before me the face of my vanished partner in all the pathos of his melancholy. I saw again the drooping corners of his youthful mouth, and his old man's eyes, tired and lustreless, and I knew I wronged him. I thought of him as bowed with grief, hiding from the world, and waiting for the first poignancy of his sorrow to pass that he might seek me out.

I found no allusion in the press to the passing of the winner of the Bedford. I made no more inquiries, for, with a hideous suspicion gnawing at my heart, I felt that all my relations with this unfortunate horse had best be buried in a grave as unmarked and as unknown as his own.

I solved now the mystery of Alcantara's eyes. He had seen from the first the futility of the whole enterprise. He had known, come what might, victory or defeat, triumph or humiliation, that we should be parted. If not an untimely end, then the duplicity of man would sever us forever. For one crowded hour he had determined to live, or some strange alchemy was wrought by the whispering lips of the little man bestride him. For a few glorious moments he would be king, and king he was.

The following days brought painful reminders of the past. Bills of all sorts came in, among them one for a floral horseshoe that cost a prince's ransom. These I paid without comment.

One evening, being in reminiscent mood, I picked up a copy of a sporting sheet which I had affected during my brief period of ownership. The first item which attracted my attention was the announcement of the sale of Alcantara, the recent winner of the Bedford, by his "owner and trainer," T. Starkweather. The price was staggering.

I read it carefully, folded the paper with precision, and laid it beneath a horseshoe on my desk.

I returned to the routine of my former life, and after many months restored my associates' shaken confidence. I could have taken stern measures to find Tobias and wrest from him my share of his ill-gotten gains. But to what purpose? It was vastly better that the glamour of my brief career on the turf should fade gradually and not be extinguished with a sordid quarrel.

The lavender and white no more flash beneath autumnal suns over grassy meads. As an owner I no longer participate in the

pleasures of the race. But sometimes, when in pensive mood, I wonder. Where is Tobias? Through what devious paths is that little, silent, joyless man threading his way? Has he a partner in horses now, and who is he? Will Alcantara start, and if he does will he continue in the desired direction? Is he still living his perplexed and questioning life over brush and rails on natural country? If so, where? I do not know. I do not care. I had my hour.

MANICURE [1]

By MARGARET LEECH

(From *Harper's Magazine*)

SATURDAY afternoons wrought subtle changes in the salons of Leon and Jules (Specialists in the Artistry of Coiffure). To a superficial observer all was as usual. In every orchid and green compartment a feminine form, lavishly bibbed in fresh white linen, sat before the mirror of the toilet table. Sharp little clicks came from the snapping irons of the artists in marcel. Heads were deftly molded in the plasticene dampness of finger waves. Cold cream was competently smeared on heated faces, to a murmur of "Just relax, please, Madame. Lie perfectly quiet and relax." In the booths devoted to permanent waves sat ladies with heads grotesquely bristling into huge painful coronets, like Russian headdresses. Miss Nina and Miss Hazel ran back and forth. "What's the matter with that cold air?" "Just a minute, Madame. No, I'm not going to leave you alone. It's only the steam, it won't burn you." In rows outside the compartments, the little manicure tables were crowded. Indeed, on Saturday afternoons there were so many manicures that clients often had to be "started" on stray chairs placed in the narrow aisles, with bowls of hot soapy water perilously poised on their knees.

Whatever the subtle changes of Saturday afternoons, they did not diminish the number of patrons who thronged the salons of Leon and Jules. On the contrary, these last hours of the week supported their tradition of amazing success—contributed to explain the country house toward which Mr. Leon sped at one o'clock each Saturday in a comfortable motor car with a uniformed chauffeur. For Mr. Leon—there was no Mr. Jules, and if there ever had been he was lost in the dimness of legend—did not remain in the salons on Saturday afternoons. That was a

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part of the subtle changes. None of "his ladies" was expected to be there.

Downstairs in the foyer of the great hotel in which the establishment of Leon and Jules was housed swirled a flux of expensive gaiety. By the entrance to the Florentine Room, a fixed point in the restless tide, stood Mr. Peter Koch, the handsome assistant manager of the hotel, smiling affably under his slight mustache. Eddies of smartly gowned women broke and rippled around him. For though his connection with the hotel was of only a year's standing, Mr. Koch had already made his impression. It was inevitable, with that face and that figure, that he should have done so. Many women paused to speak to him as he bent forward deferentially from the waist, smiled, nodded, noted things on a pad. "But, certainly, Madame, I will arrange everything. No, no, no, you must not trouble at all. I will speak to Louis myself, *parole d'honneur*. I will arrange it personally. It will be a pleasure to do it—for you, Madame."

He would glance at Madame with his full, excitable eyes, which the large lids could veil so quickly. And she, if her companion happened to be another woman, would murmur a moment later, "Isn't he marvelous? I'm afraid it's running into a flirtation. I ought to be ashamed to let him look at me the way he does."

Under the small felt hats which bobbed in the foyer or bowed across small tables in the Florentine Room were many heads shingled and waved in the salons of Leon and Jules. But none of these women ascended on Saturday afternoons. A new invasion, unfamiliar on week days, crowded the orchid compartments. These were the women who worked five afternoons of the week. On the sixth they repaired the ravages of time and exertion.

The Saturday afternoon patrons were persons well up in the world. Here were buyers, smartly dressed and deftly rouged. Here were well-informed private secretaries, in dark woollen dresses. Here were women executives with lines of worry between their brows. They looked prosperous, even affluent. But some grace was lacking—some glaze of exquisiteness which leisure and years of infinite luxury impart. On Saturday afternoons, there was none of the casual elegance of an enameled cigarette case, of a glimpse of *binche* at the bosom, of a square emerald

sliding negligently around a thin finger. And it might have been observed that on Saturday afternoons the deference of the girls at Leon and Jules fell a shade short. For these women were not silken creatures from some incredible Aladdin's palace. After all, they worked for a living. They might be wise and friendly, but they were not opening doors of vivid life, they were not clear windows through which to peep into a fairyland of riches. The young persons with the soft names—Miss Rose, Miss Nina, Miss Adele, Miss Hazel, Miss Blanche—were a little bored when Saturday afternoon came.

Miss Nina was terribly bored. She was not the prettiest of the girls at Leon and Jules, by any means. She brushed her short brown hair forward to soften her face; for, though she was only twenty-four, it was rather a pinched little face, dark-skinned. Her green-blue eyes looked surprisingly light between black lashes. Her lips were thin and avid, and she carried her head high.

But, if she was not remarkably pretty, Miss Nina undeniably had a way with her. Her figure was supple, and she had tiny feet with steep little insteps. She swished her skirts slightly when she walked. Dressed for the street in a carmine frock and hat and a plain black coat, she looked quite striking. She rouged her drooping little mouth very red, and this made her eyes look brighter and her skin less drab. The men's eyes turned as she passed through the lobby of the great hotel with her mincing, rather affected walk. It was the sort of walk which takes cognizance of the fact that men's eyes often turn.

Miss Nina was proud of working at Leon and Jules. She had striven for this job through years of initiation in lesser shops. Here she made breathless contact with something she desired, something on which her spirit fed. She looked hungrily at the women who came to the salons, appraised their jewels, their dresses, listened rapturously while they prattled of their travels, beaux, parties, appointments, shopping.

When occasion arose, Miss Nina could do more than listen. She could join in the conversation—about the cabarets, the theatres. Her evenings were not always dull. To her less conservative customers—gay debutantes, lively married women—she hinted as much: cocktails, champagne, a midnight roof.

Sometimes, bending confidentially over a white hand, Nina forgot that her name was really Nellie, forgot her tiny tawdry flat, forgot long evenings spent in making clothes, or in washing, ironing, and repairing them. Almost she was able to identify herself with the other woman, to please the men that the other woman pleased, to shine in the glitter of her good fortune. They sat, half-whispering, like two friends. There was only a narrow green table between them.

When the long fantasy of her day was over Miss Nina slipped into her street clothes. Nor was disillusionment immediate. The carmine dress and hat were more becoming than the white linen uniform. She rouged her lips very carefully and buttoned her gloves and took her square shiny black purse. In the elevator she was no longer Miss Nina of Leon and Jules—she was, with some faint impertinence of lifted chin, a guest of the great hotel. The moment of traversing the foyer was pure magic every evening. Through the luxurious corridor she moved, gazing about her with her astonishingly light eyes, as though she were looking for some one. Outside the Florentine Room, where music sounded and people still lingered over tea cups among potted palms, stood Mr. Peter Koch, handsome, erect, deferential. Their eyes just met before she smiled at the doorman and was whirled into the street.

Miss Nina wandered around the airless little cloakroom, munching a very late lunch of an olive-and-cream-cheese sandwich. She was hoping that Miss Rose would forget that she had been gone quite half an hour; for her distaste for the ugly cloakroom was less than her distaste for the boredom of Saturday afternoon. Her mouth drooped as she washed her hands and dried them slowly with a towel secreted from the salons, with *Leon and Jules* straggling across it in green chain-stitching. She licked her thumb and forefinger and twisted an upturned sickle of hair on each cheek. Then from the breast of her white uniform she drew a square envelope, addressed in an angular handwriting, foreign and precise. There was more of the handwriting inside. Miss Nina ran her eyes along the lines, drawing in her chin with a mysterious little smile.

"Miss Nina! Miss Nina!" The voice of Miss Rose, officiating

at the appointment desk, came sharply up the stairs. Miss Nina frowned, thrust the letter into its hiding place, and minced down the stairs on her steep little feet. "Your lady's waiting," Miss Rose informed her crossly. "Manicure. Second table."

Miss Nina stifled a yawn. She took from a shelf her small crowded tray of manicure necessaries, she filled a bowl with hot soapy water. "Second table, Madame. Right this way," Miss Rose prompted the woman who had asked for Miss Nina. Her tone was a trifle brisk and businesslike, for even on a Saturday afternoon this was not an impressive customer. It was less an indication of appearance than of manner. She seemed oddly confused, ill at ease in the orchid and green salons. She stood by the appointment desk, looking about her with an exaggerated assumption of indifference. But, at Miss Rose's direction, she now moved to the second table, her head raised, as one who has outfaced many situations. Miss Nina came tripping toward her; deposited her tray and the bowl of soapy water on the glass-topped table; laid a fresh towel over the small cushion; snapped on the green-shaded light.

"Good afternoon, Madame!" she said in her eager voice. Miss Nina's eyes ran curiously over the customer. She was a new one, a stranger. Miss Nina, who had an excellent memory for faces, couldn't remember ever having seen her in the shop. She was a blonde woman, with large pale-brown eyes. The light on the table struck the flat planes of her face, cleft by fine lines about her eyes and mouth. She had neatly rubbed her thin cheeks with a brickish, dusty-looking rouge. Between the fur bands of her coat collar there was a glint of metal cloth. She laid on the table a pair of fresh kid gloves and a bag worked in blue glass beads with a German-silver mounting. Miss Nina quickly appraised the blouse, the new gloves, the beaded bag, the hat—blue velvet with a rhinestone ornament. There was that about them which spoke of Sunday, of occasion. Tissue paper seemed to rustle faintly around them. They were her "best" things. Miss Nina's upper lip curled slightly, briefly, as she took the woman's left hand, a capable hand with large shapely nails. She ran her file experimentally around the littlest one.

"Not much shorter, Madame?" she suggested. The woman shook her head.

"You have very lovely nails. Very lovely nails, Madame," said Miss Nina absently. With mechanical skill the long file moved around the nails, shaping them. The left hand, the finger-tips dabbed with salve, was consigned to the bowl of water. Miss Nina shifted her shoulders, glanced cursorily at the customers seated at the other manicure tables. She took up the right hand, smothering another yawn.

The woman spoke so suddenly that Miss Nina was startled. Her voice had a queer husky quality, very pleasant. "Do you know a girl named Adele that used to work here?"

"Why, yes," said Miss Nina, and bit her lip. "Why, yes, of course. Yes, Adele was here for a good while, I guess, about a year or two—"

"She's not here any more, is she? Do you ever see her?" pursued the woman. Her large hazel eyes were fixed on Miss Nina's face.

The girl looked up briefly. "No," she said, twisting a fragment of cotton around an orangewood stick. "Not any more. Not for—oh, two or three months. I haven't seen her since she left."

"You didn't know her very well?" asked the woman, and again Miss Nina looked at her.

"Why, yes—" she began hesitantly. Then she gave a little laugh, and leaned confidentially over the woman's hand. "Why, I'll tell you how it was, Madame. Adele was my girl friend. Then we had a little fuss. She said something I didn't like. Will you have the white under your nails? We don't talk now." Miss Nina poked among the articles on her tray for an emery board. "You knew Adele, Madame? I mean, you were one of her customers? I didn't think—"

"No," said the blonde woman. "I've never been here before. Quite some place you have, isn't it? I've never seen this Adele. But I've heard about her." She lowered her eyes, raised them again, moistening her lips. "I heard she got in some trouble here," she said and waited.

"Well!" Miss Nina threw back her head with an explosive little laugh. "What do you think of that? Well, some people say more than their prayers."

"I heard," said the blonde woman softly, "that Adele did."

"Oh, no, no." Miss Nina deprecated the entire report. "There isn't anything to that. Why, I can't believe there's anything to that. She just wanted a new place, Madame. Some place handier to where she lives."

The woman shook her head slowly. "No. That wasn't it. She got in trouble on account of some man here in the hotel. She *had* to leave."

Miss Nina drew a quick breath. Her eyes darted about the shop. A drying machine whirred behind the curtains of the nearest compartment. There was a chatter of conversation. At nearby tables Miss Blanche and Miss Myrtle bent over their customers' hands. Their backs were concentrated, oblivious. Calmly above them lay a soft haze of cigarette smoke. Miss Nina picked up her orangewood stick.

"Well, Madame," she murmured, "you know all about it, don't you? Would you put your other hand in the water, please? I did hear some gossip myself, but I don't think there was anything to it. Nothing wrong, I mean, Madame. Nothing really wrong."

"Foolish girl, wasn't she?" said the blonde woman. "Going up to his room here in the hotel and all. She might have known they'd find out."

Nina conceded the wisdom of this with a hunching of her shoulders and a sympathetic smile. "Well, of course, you know, Madame"—her voice had dropped to an eager whisper—"some girls never think how things look. You know how they are, Madame. That's what I always told Adele, she'd get in trouble if she didn't look out. I like a good time myself. But the idea, can you imagine, going up to a man's room, in a hotel like this, too, where they're so careful. They have to be." Miss Nina paused, while she ran a soapy brush over the nicely groomed nails of the woman's left hand. "Will you have the medium polish, Madame? Or do you prefer the very red?" Her fingers quivered among the bottles, chose on instruction the very red. She drew out the cork, with its tiny pendant brush, and began to paint the neat finger nails.

"I got disgusted with her," Miss Nina resumed. "That's how we came to have this falling-out I spoke of. Going up to his room!" Miss Nina sniffed.

The blonde woman raised her hand, gazed intently at the shining red nails. "I suppose," she said, "you've seen this man she went with?"

"Seen him?" said Miss Nina. "Oh, yes. Yes, indeed, I've seen him." She cleared her throat. "Well, you see, Madame, Adele and I had a little apartment together last year. East Thirty-first Street. A nice little place. This man—this friend of Adele's—used to come there, see? Then sometimes, you know, my boy friend would be there, and the four of us would go out somewheres, to dinner or a show or to dance somewheres. That's the way I got to know him. Of course, I wasn't paying any attention to him. I had a friend of my own." Miss Nina moved her shoulders expressing hauteur. "I could see all along he was getting sick of Adele. She was just crazy about him. Silly over him. And here he was with his wife and all—"

"So he has a wife?" said the woman. And her eyes opened very wide, as she stared at the five red, shining nails of her left hand.

"Oh, sure," said Miss Nina. "I should say so. Believe me, he has a wife. Very delicate. Just relax your hand a little, Madame. She's a very delicate woman. Lives in the country, New Jersey some place. If you could just let your hand lie quiet—that's better, thank you, Madame. She's crazy about him. At least, that's what Adele used to say. He's just got to be home certain nights in the week. He has three children, too. He thinks the world of them. Quite a family man." Miss Nina laughed.

"Yes," said the woman. "It would seem that way. Well, that's hard on a man, a nagging wife."

Miss Nina was voluble, eager. "Yes, Madame, that's just what I used to tell Adele. 'Adele,' I used to say to her, 'there's no use *your* nagging at him; he's got one like that already.' And I told her, 'He's a married man, that'll never bring you luck.' But she said, 'If you like them, what can you do?' "

The woman uttered a little exclamation that was not quite a laugh. But Miss Nina did not heed. "Well, finally, she heard about Adele—the wife did. So he came to Adele and told her she'd have to leave and go some place else, because his wife, see,

would make trouble if she stayed here. So that was how it happened. That's the whole story."

"Yes," said the blonde woman. "Yes, that's what I heard happened. I live in Brooklyn, and I heard about it from friends of her married sister's. I heard she got going out with this man, and then she lost her place. They all thought it was too bad, she was such a nice girl." She leaned forward across the narrow table, her lips parted. "There couldn't—you're sure that was what happened, that his wife found out about it? You couldn't be wrong about that?"

"No, I'm sure," said Miss Nina. She snipped her little scissors delicately, decisively. "Sure that was what happened. He was always scared to death his wife would find out. Why, sometimes he used to break dates the last minute. She's sick, see, and she gets suspicious. I guess she gave it to him all right."

The woman sighed. "I wonder," she said, "if Adele ever sees him now?"

"No," said Miss Nina quickly. "No, she doesn't see him any more. Hasn't seen him since she left."

"But I thought," said the blonde woman in a puzzled tone, "that you and Adele weren't friends any more? How would you know if she saw him or not? You wouldn't—" she hesitated —"I don't suppose *you* ever see him, do you? To talk to, I mean?"

"Me?" cried Miss Nina. "Why, no. No, I'd never dream—Why, what made you think—?" She laid down her small sharp, scissors and ran her fingers quickly across her upper lip. The blonde woman's eyes were lowered. They stared intently at the middle finger of her right hand. And, following her gaze, Miss Nina's eyes rested on a scarlet speck beside the finger nail, which grew to a tiny bubble of blood, spreading across the whiteness of the finger. "Oh, Madame, I'm so sorry! How stupid of me! I don't know when I've done such a thing." With tremulous fingers she took the cork from a bottle of colorless fluid, and moistened a scrap of cotton which she pressed against the tiny wound. "Terribly sorry, Madame. I—I must be nervous today."

"That's all right," said the woman. Her voice was low and

quiet. "We all make mistakes. I'm afraid I've upset you, talking about your girl friend. We'll drop the subject if you'd rather."

Miss Nina pressed her palms to her cheeks. "It upsets me awfully to cut a customer. No, no, Madame, why should I mind talking about Adele? She's nothing to me any more. I don't care what she does. You needn't worry over her. She's got somebody else by now. She never cares long for anybody. That's why I was so sure, see, that she doesn't meet this man any more. Ah, you don't know what a fool she is!" Miss Nina's mouth was bitter. "Going up to his room here! If she had to see him, why couldn't she meet him some place else? I knew she'd get in trouble. I *told* her, 'Adele,' I said, ' a manager of a hotel has his position to consider. A big hotel like this, you want to be careful about going up there to see him; he can't always be telling you, don't come up to my room—how does that look for a man to be the one to be careful?' " Miss Nina was breathing fast. "I'll tell you what's the trouble with Adele, Madame. She's too easy. That's why, see, I know they don't see each other any more. A man gets sick of that, believe me."

The blonde woman bent her head. "Well, I should blame her," she said. "I should blame her. I guess every woman's been easy one time anyway—or wished she'd had a chance to be. I was easy once myself," she whispered, and her hand twitched in Miss Nina's clasp. "One time I was cashier in a hotel. There was a handsome fellow was one of the day clerks." She smiled wryly. "Well—"

She caught her lip between her teeth, with a long intake of breath, as though she were nerving herself to go on. "I fell for him," she said slowly. "A ton of bricks. I was nutty about him. His manners, you know. Always so polite and like that. He used to write me notes, lovely handwriting, like a copy book. He was educated in Europe. I'd carry those notes around with me for days—read them over and over again. He was crazy for women." She gave a nervous laugh of apology. "I thought he was crazy for me. Funny, isn't it? That's a mistake a lot of women make. Well—" After a minute she went on. "He had a wife. She was awfully delicate. That made her nagging

and suspicious of him—the way they get. He couldn't bear to hurt her. And then there were the kids. He was so fond of his kids."

Miss Nina had stiffened. A confused hostility was hot in her narrowed eyes. Meeting that gaze, the woman flinched, looked away. Her lips trembled, and she bit at them to make them steady. "I stuck to him for six years," she said. "Six years out of my life, you wouldn't believe it. Every thought I had for that man, every breath I drew."

Miss Nina ran the scrub brush over the fingers of the woman's hand. Chill soapy water dripped through the fingers. Miss Nina squeezed them briefly in a towel.

"It's a bad thing to happen to a girl," said the woman. Her eyes were fastened on Miss Nina with a quivering intensity. They seemed to implore her to understand, to respond. But Miss Nina's eyes were as blank as two bits of pale-blue glass. "It's a bad thing," the woman went on, "getting mixed up with a married man. It gets a girl a bad name around. I could have married—oh, easy—before I got to going with this fellow. But after—well, after, it was different. No man's going to wait for a woman six years. Not these days. You can't blame them. And with the talk and all. There's always talk."

Miss Nina painted the last finger of the right hand with the very red polish. She thrust the cork into the bottle, busied herself with tidying her tray of small articles. The woman opened her beaded bag, awkwardly with her left hand, and took from it a mirror and a powder puff in a figured silk handkerchief. She powdered her nose and straightened her hat. "Of course, I'm not out of the running yet," she said. She snapped her bag shut, and took up her new gloves. She laughed lightly. "No, sir, I haven't given up hope yet."

But as she hesitated to rise it became clear that she had not yet finished. She was mustering the courage to go on. There was a minute of painful silence. "There's just one thing," she at last admitted. "I—I'm sorry you aren't friends with Adele any more. Because I was hoping you could take her a message from me. I—I got a feeling I wanted to tell her something."

Miss Nina had raised her tray. Now she set it down with a clatter. She took the edge of the table in both hands. "Tell

me," she whispered. The light from the lamp flickered sharply in her eyes. "Tell me," she repeated.

"Well, you see, I guess I know him better than you do. This man Koch—" The name fell like a stone between them. And, seeing that the woman's face was white, Nina started sharply. In her thin young throat muscles twitched.

"Oh, my God!" said Nina. "You—you're not—"

For a moment they faced each other. Then the blonde woman understood. "No," she said, "I'm not. My God, do I look like a delicate wife? No, dearie, I never made it. But what I wanted to tell you was about her—Koch's wife. This sick wife of his that he can't bear to hurt." The woman swallowed, as though it hurt her. "She died four years ago," she said. "I happen to know that. You see? Well, that's all."

She did not look at Miss Nina now, stared instead at her new gloves and the blue-beaded bag. "He really did have the sick wife when I knew him. Yes, and the kids, too. Her family took them when she died. I guess he couldn't bear the idea of losing her," she said with a dreary smile. "She came in so—handy."

The woman rose, moved toward the cashier's desk, her head raised, as one who has outfaced many situations. With uncertain fingers she fumbled in her bag for a crumpled bill. Outside the orchid and green salons, she paused in the gloomy carpeted silence of the hotel corridor. Almost she turned back. Her lips twisted. She clenched her hands, turning her head in a panic of regret. Suddenly she pressed her stiffened palms over her eyes. She did not hear Miss Nina coming until she stood beside her.

"Oh," cried the blonde woman. There were tears in her big hazel eyes. "Oh, I shouldn't have told you. I did wrong to tell you. It's none of my business, I know, what you do. But I got so's I couldn't sleep, thinking of him giving out he was a married man—getting away with it time after time—other girls suffering the way he made me suffer." Tears spilled down her thin cheeks, across the dusty pink areas of rouge. She brushed them away angrily.

"I'm glad you told me," said Miss Nina in a queer little voice. Her aqua-marine eyes were very light in her drab face. "I only wish," she said slowly, "I only wish I had of known before."

The woman laid one hand on Miss Nina's arm. "Listen," she

implored her. "Would you take a piece of advice? I'm older than you. Don't let this break your heart, dear. Go back to that boy friend you talked about. You get married, hear me? That's the only thing for a woman to do, get married—"

"Boy friend?" cried Miss Nina. She spat out the word in disgust. "Married? Say, what's getting married? Kids. No clothes. No fun. Washing and ironing and mending his clothes, instead of just your own. Cooking and cleaning and losing your looks. And him not as nice to you as before you were married." She thrust her face close to the blonde woman's. "I'm going to have things," she said. Her little voice was shrill and vibrant. "No thirty-dollar clerk for me when I marry. I've been studying, educating myself to speak nice, and everything. I gave the boy friend the air six months ago. Do you think I'm going to throw myself away?"

Before such indignation the woman gasped speechless. Her large hazel eyes, around which moisture still clung, looked at Nina with a hypnotized fascination which was almost fear. "What you just told me," said Nina grimly, "explains a lot of things. It's just what I needed." Her eyes narrowed as she looked at the woman. "I've got enough on Pete Koch to put him in State's Prison." And absently, thoughtfully, her fingers tapped the corner of a white envelope which protruded at the bosom of her dress.

The blonde woman drew on her new kid gloves before she stumbled from the elevator. The big foyer seemed almost quiet. The woman glanced about her. In the cashier's cage, at the end of the long hotel desk, sat a very pretty girl. And, as the blonde woman looked, she saw that a tall man stooped attentively beside the cage. His back was toward the blonde woman. But she could see that he leaned forward eagerly, absorbed in his conversation with the pretty girl. The woman took an impulsive step toward him. "Oh, my God!" she whispered. The expression on her face might have been pity—as though those bland shoulders in the well-cut coat seemed suddenly pathetically vulnerable, unaware of dangers.

Then abruptly she turned and walked down the long corridor which led to the side entrance of the hotel. She kept clasping and unclasping her gloved hands as she walked. She was still laughing when she reached the street.

POTATO PICKING[1]

By ROBERT McALMON

(From *Transition*)

"IF I let you go to Mr. Schultz you must be back for Sunday. He would let you boys pick potaties I'm sure, and four days of food such as he gives his workmen will make one of your mother's meals look good to you," Mrs. Darian told Horace.

"All right, Mother, but his grub is great. He's no tightwad like some farmers are. He always has swell eats, and his wife likes to have us kids lay into her cooking."

Horace went into the parlour. For the thousandth time he looked at the ship in the bottle and wondered how it got there. The glass couldn't be put around it afterwards. What was it George had said about it being poked in and placed, by parts, through manipulating a string? Um. A long job that. It couldn't be much fun being at sea for months at a time, after all, if a guy has to spend hours and hours and days just fiddling around painting match stems and trying to make a ship in a bottle. A blue blue sky, and green blue sea. It was as good looking into it as into the crystal ball because he never could really imagine he saw things in the ball, though maybe, a little, if he squinted his eyes tight. Something seemed to flicker about, colours and maybe sights. Perhaps he never concentrated enough, or looked deeply and long enough. Anyway, why look ahead ten years? Maybe he wouldn't like it if he knew all about what his future was to be.

Who was that woman at the gate? It looked like one of those gypsy women, of the lot camping across the road, under the willows.

"Ma, there's a woman coming up to the house. A gypsy."

She was blowsy skinned, and her hair was coarse and disheveled. He stood as she was speaking to his mother.

[1] Copyright, 1929, by Robert McAlmon.

"Yes, Misses, I had to run away. You will help me, Misses, won't you? He's threatening to kill me, and the bairn, and it's only six months," the woman was explaining. A funny accent she had. Scotch, she was. Horace heard her tell his mother, and pretended not to be listening. She had married in Scotland and come with the man to travel in a camp wagon through America. Her husband took to beating her when they were only a week married. He drank, and was uncontrollable when drunk. Would the lady let her stay in her house that night? Yes, and have something stolen from her, Horace thought. No good came out of believing gypsies like that woman. Horace worried. He had better go out and see that his pet, club-footed pig wasn't rooting around near their wagons. The woman wanted to get out to her sister in California. That was across the country two thousand miles. Mother was saying that of course she would put her up for the night, and that she would call in the sheriff if any ruffianly husband came storming at her gate to demand that a terrified wife be given back for him to have his drunken brutal will with. The woman was kissing his mother's hand.

"It's a bony lad you have," the woman said to Mrs. Darian. "A bony lad," well, Horace thought to himself, he might be skinny, but you'd think that woman would have sense enough not to say that to his mother, when she was asking help of her.

"Don't be ridiculous, child," Mrs. Darian told Horace. "The woman is no gypsy. I know. She came from the Scotch highlands, near where my father was born. She's frightened and sick. No harm will come of her. It's those ruffianly men; and her mother-in-law is a reprobate too, I'm sure. The girl would be terrified naturally, coming from a simple, godly home, to traipse all over America with such a crew. " 'Bony' is the Scotch pronunciation of 'bonnie.' She was being nice about you."

Nevertheless Horace didn't like the woman and her wild windblown look; black hair; dark eyes; she was a scold. Probably she pestered the life out of her husband, so he drank. Why didn't she just get on the train and go to California and leave him? Then he was sorry for her, thinking she had no money to get all that distance. Miles, and miles. And how deep is the sky? Scotland must take a long time to come from, across the sea,

and everybody would think she was a gypsy and a thief because she went around in gypsy-like wagons.

It was after dinner. What should he do till bed-time, and not get too tired so he could be up at six in the morning to meet Carl, and Ellsworth, and slobbery Mayne, to do potato picking? Why did lousy Mayne have to horn in when no one wanted him? And it wouldn't be half so much fun sleeping in the haymow if he was listening in on everything they—Carl, Ellsworth, Horace—wanted to talk about. He didn't belong to their gang. Maybe he was lonely, but he was—well, it wasn't Horace's fault if Mayne hadn't any fellows to play around with.

A quarter of a mile from town were the fair grounds, though all its buildings were empty now, except the stables. The trainer might be jogging some of the horses around the track. It wasn't training hours, but it wouldn't be dark till ten. It might be fun to go out and see the horses. Horace liked the orange stallion best, and Preacher Robinson's mare was a stepper too. If Carl or Ellsworth had to stay at home he might wander over there.

Or there was the swamp down near Daly's, and it wasn't yet too dark to see if he could find bird nests there or in the woods further on. He needed a curlew's egg, a snipe's, a kingfisher's, or if he only could find a loon's nest or a quail's. Carl didn't have any of their eggs. That'd be one on him, if Horace managed to get some.

Loraine and Carrie might be together. He didn't know which he liked best, and he remembered deliciously the night they were playing post-office and Carrie and Loraine sent for him. That had made Carl jealous because he had crushes on both of them too. But they weren't as pretty as Neva Granger. She thought too much of herself though, because she was thirteen. He'd be that in a few months himself, and she didn't manage to get fellows so much older than her as she thought she could.

There might be some kids over on the Normal School grounds so there could be a game of run-sheep-run. That might be better, because his mother would raise the devil if he went to the pool-hall, but what did she think was so wicked about the pool-hall? She hurt when she'd lashed him with a switch around the legs for having seen him in there the day she passed on her way to the

elevator to order coal. But she did wait until he got home. She didn't lick him in front of a whole gang of fellows the way Carl's mother had done on him. Carl's mother never let him do anything, but he wasn't a sissy.

Horace wondered how it would be when school started. Maybe the principal would try and put Carl and Ellsworth and him in separate classes. What did she think anyway? If their teachers were any good none of them cut up. They'd never shot paper wads at Miss Ridge. She'd been pretty all right. He didn't believe all that yarn about her and the Dentist. She wasn't that kind of a girl. Old axe-faced Barnes was jealous of her because she didn't like seeing practice teachers under her who were pretty, and who could get pupils to keep order just because they liked them. The teachers at that school were old hens anyway.

He bet a dollar that some kids would be hanging around the tennis courts; maybe he'd wander over there. Unless perhaps he could phone Ellsworth, if his mother was in the kitchen and couldn't hear him phoning. He didn't want to read that *Henty* book to-night. He'd need that Sunday if he had to stay in all afternoon. What made his mother insist on his going to Sunday school anyway? Darn fool classes, and only ninnies went, except him and Carl. Ellsworth, and Stan Humphries, and Harry Girton, never had to go to church, and she was always scolding because he didn't go to Prayer Meeting, and Christian Endeavor, and—well he bet anyway that he wasn't a goodie anymore than Toughie Cook. It was just that his mother made him do those things, and who'd want to use dirty language just to be smart-alecky like Toughie. But Toughie was all right if he did try to act rough-neck and play poker with older guys, but it wasn't any use being around with him because everybody began to say you were up to the same things.

Horace wandered down the Main Street, and ran into Carrie. She was joking and high-spirited, and she told him he ought to set her up to an ice-cream-sundae. He didn't have any money, and was uncomfortable, but he said "Sure, come on. But let's go to Field's drug store. They're better there." Afterwards he felt uncomfortable, wondering if Mr. Fields suspected that his mother had never told him he could charge things on her account. He'd

have to come in and pay up after Mr. Schultz paid him for potato picking, because his mother would sure give him a whaling if that was on her bill at the end of the month. Worried as he was he had to laugh at Carrie's monkey tricks. Maybe she wasn't much for looks but she sure had a sense of humour, and she was as fresh as they made them. Loraine wouldn't have dared to take off old man Lawrence, and bounce along, imitating him as he walked down the street, the way Carrie did. She didn't give a hoot in hell what she did, and her folks never raised the devil with her.

Horace was grumpy with sleep when he met Carl, and then Ellsworth, at Mr. Schultz'. The wagon was leaving right away.

By the time they were a half mile out of town all of them felt fine, and bragged about how many potatoes they would pick.

"Dry up," Horace grunted to Carl. "I'll bet by ten o'clock when you got a creek in your back you won't be shouting so much. I hope the potato hills are full though, except he's paying us by the row instead of by the bushel. I'll betcha a dollar he's paying the older men by the bushel. They think they can get by with anything on us just because we're kids, and we work harder than some of those hoboes he gets."

They passed the hobo jungle soon. About twenty bums were lounging around, sitting on ties thrown by the railroad track. A mass of cans, some new, others rusted with last season's or several season's rust upon them, were off to the side. A big tin can of coffee was boiling over the fire built in a hole in the ground.

"It'd be swell being a hobo," Ellsworth commented. "Just nothing to do but loll around, and go wherever you want to, and when it's the best season to be there. You can always pick up meals somewhere, and sleep in haystacks or barns."

Horace decided he liked Carl better than Ellsworth. He had more brains, and his nose wasn't putty. Ellsworth's face was too baby doll and soft and his eyes too moony grey. He was too flabby, and he never could get by with anything. He always got caught. Almost a mamma's boy.

And why did Sloppy Mayne have to be along? He ought to quit picking his nose, and his mouth was slobbety. He oughta

be ashamed of himself having grease spots all over his clothes too.

"You and me'll take rows next to each other," Horace whispered to Carl. "And if one picks quicker'n the other let's wait for the other to catch up. Potato picking ain't no fire that's got to be put out right away, I guess."

The Devil! Horace was disgusted. Carl couldn't pick potatoes for sour apples, and a fellow wouldn't earn nothing waiting for him to catch up, and Sloppy made a fellow work hard to keep even with him so he couldn't think himself too damned smart for being the quickest. Why couldn't he take a row other than one just next to Horace? He didn't want to talk to Sloppy, except—well, a fellow had to talk a little to rest and Carl and Ells were slow. But Horace thought Sloppy was being nasty, maybe. Talking about girls, and then about animals. There couldn't be anything in that crazy stuff. He wasn't going to tell Sloppy how he thought things were. How do potatoes eyes grow into plants and make potatoes? He bet Sloppy pretended to know a lot more than he did, because kids don't know all that sort of stuff, because older guys don't know and don't answer questions. Horace fretted in the heat and dust. Why didn't people say how things are and explain, as if he believed all the stuff meant for four-year-olds his mother told him, but it wasn't any use talking to her, or to anybody who did know, besides he wouldn't be laughed at for what he didn't know.

His back was aching. The sun was hot on his dust-grimed, sweating body. His neck would be sunburned. It wasn't no fun picking potatoes but he could stick it if the others could.

Of course Sloppy Mayne would have to grab the basin first and not even throw away his dirty water after. Horace did not want to use the damned basin next, right after Sloppy, and the towel was black with dust because you get pretty dirty picking potatoes if the wind is blowing. But Mrs. Schultz sure could cook, and she gave them lots of roast pork, and apple sauce, and real creamy mashed potatoes. She didn't just slop up anything for workmen the way farmers' wives generally do. "It's darn lucky we came out here, because old Schultz sees that his

men get good eats," Carl grunted, after he'd eaten a good deal. "I guess he can afford to," Ellsworth said. "He makes a pike every year with his produce, and he's got two hundred acres of onions about the country too. Gosh! We can have a job picking onions after this job if we want to."

"And you can make more money too," Horace surmised. He thought Carl looked kinda pale. Carl wasn't strong and got sick easily. It was pretty hot out in the field, and it was no fun stooping all day long. Carl had better take it easy because that darn fool doctor had cut out his appendix not more'n three months back. He wished Sloppy Mayne would wipe his nose and not eat as if he were at a trough even if he had been doing a little work.

It was going to be good to have some sleep, Carl and Horace and Ellsworth agreed. They'd climbed up in the haymow with their horse blankets, and hid behind a pile of hay, hoping that Mayne didn't find them. They'd only talk in whispers till they knew he was located, and maybe he'd go to sleep quick. They all bet he snored.

The city. What would the city mean? Would Carl some day be an attorney like his father? And go into politics maybe, and be a congressman, or belong to the cabinet? What does it mean to be in the cabinet? The city. He'd been pretty scared that day in Chicago when his mother lost him in a department store, and there were doors whirling around, and people, people, and people, all that he'd been afraid to tell he was lost. But he'd only been six then. He wouldn't be scared now maybe. The city. Lots of lights. There'd be enough street lights so that it would be light as day all night. He guessed Carl though would just stay in this one-horse burg and go into his father's office, but not for him—not much. The city for him. People are better looking there and always something to do. Ellsworth said he wanted to live in the city too when he grew up. What was the matter with Carl that he could stand to think of living all his life in this town?

"Are you asleep?" Carl whispered, lying in the hay near Horace.

"I'm not," Ellsworth answered. "I don't feel a bit sleepy like you'd a thought after the way all our backs ached from those damned potatoes. Let's take it light to-morrow. My shirt's wet as if I'd swum in it."

"I can't sleep either," Horace answered. "Listen to Sloppy Mayne snore. He's like a pig anyway."

"It's kinda chilly. You wouldn't a thought it, hot as it was to-day," Carl said. "And dusty. I felt sick in the morning but we'll get toughened up. The third day's the worst I guess and after that you just kind of go along."

"Ya, let's put our blankets together and cuddle together, and keep each other warm," Ellsworth suggested. "We don't want to let no draft in, and the hay is kinda down a guy's neck too. Let's put one blanket under us, and the three of us crawl in close under the other two."

"There's going to be all the bums in the country going through the burg soon, if they ain't starting now," Carl said. "Them guys never stay more'n half a day on a job. Us kids stick longer than they do. We oughta make old man Schultz pay us by the bushel. Just cause we're kids doesn't make the potatoes we pick any less, I guess."

They were snuggled together. Horace was in the middle so he didn't feel any draft coming from the sides, but his feet were chilly, and a draft came from below. Wisps of hay were working their way down his neck and back. He felt itching and wanted to toss about, but maybe the other fellows were sleepy, and he didn't want to toss around and have them cranky. He felt Carl's breath on his face. A warmth from both Carl and Ells made him feel too smotherily warm, if only his feet weren't in a draft. But he began to feel drowsy. He whispered to Carl asking him if he was asleep. Carl mumbled, half-asleep, and put his arm over Horace's chest to draw himself closer. "Damn draft. Wished I had the middle place. You got all the luck." Ellsworth too snuggled up closer from the other side. "This is heaps of fun, ain't it?" he whispered. "Damned hay gets in a guy's neck though. Wished that damned Sloppy was a decent guy and I'd get him to sleep the other side of me to keep the draft out."

It was eight o'clock Saturday night when Horace came up the path to his house. He knew he was all tanned, and he felt a millionaire with six dollars on him. He'd beat it down to the drug-store as soon as he had kissed his mother and could get away. He didn't want her catching him charging things on her account. He whistled. And whistled again. And then he called out "Porkie, Porkie," but his pet, club-footed pig didn't come squealing. Horace's heart sank. Them Scotch gypsies. He looked across the road. They were still there.

"Mother, Mother," he said excitedly as he went in, "where's Porkie? He doesn't come when I call. Them damn gypsies have swiped him I bet, and maybe they've butchered him already." He was trying not to cry, but he blamed his mother very much. She'd promised him to look after Porkie and see that he wasn't stolen, or didn't wander off when Horace wasn't around. He wished you could take a pet pig out on jobs with you the way you could dogs, but Porkie was better than a dog, and it wasn't true pigs like mud. Porkie didn't.

"I don't know, Horace. Porkie was rooting around in the back yard this afternoon. He must be around. Wait, I'll help you look for him."

Horace, feeling all hot with excitement, ran out into the barn, then into the chicken coop, and back to the cow pasture, calling for Porkie, but there wasn't any answer. He went running over to the gypsy wagons.

"Have you seen a pet pig around?" he asked a fat red-faced old lady who sat darning socks in one of the wagons, and he noticed that they were packed up into their wagons, ready to drive on somewhere else. He was frightened. He couldn't tell them he had to look in their wagons and see if they had Porkie concealed there. "Nae, laddie," the old woman answered. "You're a bonnie laddie. We wouldn't be taking a piggie on ye."

Horace ran down the road calling, and suddenly stopped in an eagerness of expectancy. Did he hear squealing, coming from the old empty barn belonging to the house next his? He ran to its door and opened it. There was Porkie, tied up by his club foot, and squealing with delight at seeing Horace. Horace ran and hugged him and petted him, and then quickly untied him.

Porkie was too heavy now for him to carry, but he came hobbling because of his club foot, coming at a great pace trying to keep up with Horace, who ran quickly, but happy now, only he didn't want that damned old drunken Scotch wife-beater to come along and try to pretend that Porkie was not his pig.

"There you are," his mother told him later. "I told you that man was a reprobate. It's the young husband who tried to steal Porkie on you. The women folk are good honest Scotch women, but he hasn't a scruple in his lowdown nature. If I only had the money I'd give that poor girl fare out to California, though she is silly enough to say she wants to stay with the man even if he does beat her. It's men like that who seem to get the strongest hold on some women."

"I ain't going potato picking Monday if them people are still camping anywhere in this neighborhood," Horace said with morose decision, wondering if Porkie would really be safe locked up in the grain bin in the barn. He wondered if his mother wouldn't let him keep Porkie in his room, just this one night.

HIS FRIEND THE PIG[1]

By WILSON McCARTY

(From *The Dial*)

I

THEY were in Dvinsk now, the great city that Ivan had heard about and dreamed about almost all of his eight years. And it was indeed great.

There were six whole streets of shops—not just half a one as in Drisa—with an oil lamp over each door: *Konditor . . . Restauratsija . . . Papirosi*—and another lamp in the window to show the bottles, the condiments, the cigarettes, mingled with frantic postcards of Napoleon and Soldiers Breaking Furniture in Moscow: low buildings of timber as light and inflammable as the people they housed. But first there was a railway station where a fierce, little old engine with a bell-shaped smokestack stood panting so that every one would look at it; and a man said it came from America. It had very wide red coaches with chairs like a front parlour and drab cars with wooden benches the backs of which folded up at night (the man said) so there would be twice as many bunks to sleep on. And there was considerable discussion about whether it was seven and a half hours late, because if it was seven and a half hours late it was the latest it had been since *Novy Sviat*.

Then the people would get suddenly tired in the middle of a new argument and wander into the growing darkness. Ivan and his father followed them, jostling along and becoming part of that crowd of people which always appears so miraculously on the streets at dusk, moving with a peculiar intensity of aimlessness; with some of them in moth-eaten clothes and moth-eaten beards, scurrying along in search of a place to set up a banking business for a few minutes—for banking, the *Bourse Noire* or gambling on the money exchange was a serious business in these garrison

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towns as well as a serious offence; and Ivan noticed that others of them seemed to follow his father, murmuring quaint native praises, then curses, as he refused to sell the suit from his back, but always in the same gentle, persistent voice; while still others walked serenely, as if to church, for now the golden domes and brick spires rang vesper chimes, and against their melody came shots that were the cracks of the whips of the *droshkies* driving their fares from market.

The market was wonderful—even though there were no fleas (and his father did say it was the Flea Market). Lines and lines of sheds where from one table you could buy a few flowers, a boot, safety-pins that would still be safe if you bent them back a little, bread of a hundred shapes, part of a beautiful red handkerchief . . . while farther on, another table offered a boot that might with a little modesty match the first, some gramophone records (and surely one did not ask for the phonograph too with such a wonderful curio!), patched quilts that would look well when further patched with the beautiful red handkerchief, and skinned goats hanging by their legs, and medals from Morocco and there: a crate full of baby pigs!

Ivan stopped short.

Never before had he seen anything so young and so pink. He bent close over them to see if he could understand what they were saying so frantically, but they became only the more frightened and huddled closer together.

"Pajalouista!" Ivan called to his father. "Please! Please, Father, will it not please thee to buy these little pigs?"

The elder Menshikov glanced at the crate, took Ivan's hand, and strode on to other sheds.

Ivan looked back; there was no use arguing; he brushed away the tears from his cheeks, but said nothing for almost twenty minutes.

And now here was something even more exciting than pigs: Music! The biggest café in Dvinsk, with dozens of tables and the drone of voices, laughter, loud orders, coins clinking on the marble tops; and above all the orchestra tying everything together with long strings of melody.

Ivan and his father pushed their way through the crowd to the bar where they met friends with whom his father drank,

leaving Ivan to look about the room. There was too much noise to see very clearly, but Ivan had the impression of huge men bearing down upon him with recurrent sentences about floating the logs down the river. They had yellow beards and blue eyes and Ivan liked them because when they smiled they looked like little boys; and the stories they told of coming from the Volga to the Duna and all the way to Riga without changing houses were tales that he wanted to live too; they had their houses on the log rafts: huts made of wood and brush and mud; and occasionally a raft caught fire so that they had to jump pretty quickly to save any of the logs at all. . . .

Then they played a game which his father joined and the orchestra started up again. There were two violins and a 'cello and as Ivan watched them his gaze rested particularly on the second violinist, who was sitting down. He seemed to be looking far away; and Ivan got the same impression he had got from the raftsmen when they talked: as if he were watching some point in the distance and talking (or playing the violin) were a sort of means of getting to that horizon. Then the music stopped and the violinist looked towards Ivan, so he lifted his kaftan high from his head to show they were friends and the violinist smiled broadly and beckoned to him.

Ivan was frightened, but the violinist signalled to him again so he pretended to be looking for his father but all the time moved nearer the orchestra.

"Would you like to play?" the violinist called quietly to him.

Ivan smiled timidly. "I don't know how," he said. "But I live in Drisa."

"There are wolves in Drisa," the musician said. "Do you know what they say?" And when Ivan did not answer he drew his bow very painfully over his A-string at the same time saying, " 'Ow-oooh!' says the wolf!" He peered down at Ivan and tickled him with the end of the bow: "And 'Wheeeeh!' says the little boy."

Ivan laughed soberly.

"Also I have a sister in Drisa," the musician answered. "Her name is Mela Pavlawskova. And my name is Karel. And your name is Wheeeh!" he added with a sudden poke of the bow.

"My name is Ivan. Will you come to Drisa?"

"Soon, Ivan, when Mela is to be married. I shall—"

But voices broke into Ivan's attention, rising angrily between one of the raftsmen and, apparently, Ivan's father. It was about money, and even more exciting than music. The raftsman had ordered the drinks and now he had no money to pay. Very well, he would leave his coat until he came back from Riga next week. No? Then wait. He shouldered through the people to the door, went out, left them all gaping and laughing after him. Then he returned, holding a crate in both hands above his head so that every one stared up to see what was in it.

"Very well," he said loudly to Ivan's father and dropped the crate on the bar. "Take your choice. I am in your debt nine *lat*. I give you one little pig. So. He is worth now four *lat*. By fall he will be worth fifty. It is not to be said that Feodor Petrovitch does not pay his debts!"

And before all the staring people could answer he had slipped a squirming pink ball from the box and drunk down another vodka and pounded the bar twice and stamped out of the café saying, "Umph! I, Feodor Petrovitch! Umph!"

II

All the way back in the train Ivan held on his lap the sack in which his pig still faintly struggled. But when they reached Drisa his father would not let the pig in the house, because his mother had the fever. What fever he did not say; but with the fever you couldn't tell; it might last a long time; and she must not think they had been up to such foolishness as buying pigs in Dvinsk, or gambling (though he did not add that) with the money he had gone to borrow for the doctor.

So that night the pig slept in the stall with the horse and the next morning, at the command of his father, Ivan built a pen by the shed. He was afraid about this, for at night the baying of the wolves threatened to leap the protecting hedge about the place and find the pig. Then Ivan thought of the musician at the café and laughed; and bending over the pig, poked its side and said "Wheeeh!" But he made from some old wire and boards a lattice piece which he fitted over the coop at night as a sort of trellis.

Then he went to help his father in the fields.

He found him bending listlessly over some new potatoes, singing a rather obscene ballad. He was a nice man, Ivan thought, when he sang in his deep voice. Tall and broad with huge brown eyes and careless brown hair, Ivan would look like him some day; though Ivan would have his mother's gentleness and belief in God. Also he would own a violin instead of a farm. It was not much of a farm: a few hectares of barren fields, woodlands, plains that were fit for nothing but the random crops that wolves might find. And this was strange, Ivan reasoned, because in his history books (with history that began only eight years before!) all this land was free and prosperous. But his father said they could not tell when they might belong again to Russia, to Poland, or to Germany; and they had better enjoy life while it lasted, letting their seven hundred years' drudgery rest a bit until a new lord came over them. The Letts, he would add, were a proud people. And then he would lie down and go to sleep in the fields.

To Ivan all this had a simpler, more direct meaning: there was little to eat: cheese, curds, smoked herring. There were no new books of pictures but there were more prayers and vodka; and there was not much food for the pig.

In fact the pig seemed to make Father Menshikov work less if anything. He said they would have fine hams and bacon in the fall when the pig grew fat enough. But Ivan did not suspect what this meant.

So when Ivan could not bring gifts to his pet, at least he made up for it by attentions. The pig knew him from the start and as the days followed they became fast friends. With his mother down with the "fever" and his father "working" in the fields, he found more time to be with his new friend. He did not care for the few children in Drisa: they always wanted to fight or to run races or throw ball; and when Ivan fled from them, crying, there was no one to run to but his friend the pig. There was something quite comforting about standing by the sty, listening to the grunts of the pig, giving it husks of corn, apples, or whatever he could find. And if the pig did not grow fat very quickly on this fare, it grew happy and confident in the ways of man. It grew to know his step as he approached the sty; it would look up and grunt throatily until Ivan dropped an apple; then Ivan would

jump into the sty much to the pig's dismay, which Ivan mistook for playfulness and he would rub its back until it stood still for more. When the pig was in such a mood Ivan would confess more of his troubles than usual; and it would seem to answer with winks. Once it rolled over on Ivan's foot and lay quietly while he rubbed the underside of its chin; and thereafter Ivan sought this complete relaxation on the part of the pig as the criterion of their mutual confidence. But usually the pig would scamper about the yard as if Ivan were a wolf.

Yet Ivan had no illusions about his friend: he knew it would never say "Hello, Ivan" in the morning as he said "Hello, pig." He knew it did not share his ambition for a pair of boots all its own: in fact all of his clothes were most unbecoming to it and produced a melancholia that made it suspicious of every move for weeks. And he discovered that the pig would never be a full companion, for he had to lead it in all of their games. Nor did it respond to utilitarian suggestions, as Ivan learned one day when he harnessed it to the shafts of a barrow, sat himself in it, and cracked his whip like the *droshkies* at Dvinsk; for the pig did not like the *troika;* but kicked out of it and tried to bite Ivan in the leg when he came to soothe it, then limped away, looking very defiant and very furious.

Still there was something pleasing about the pig: a certain delicacy in its tiny ankles and the way it placed its feet; the abandon of an artist in the way it stretched out on a mound of fertilizer and gazed off at the clouds. Such poise must have come from living in a big city like Dvinsk, for no one on the farm even noticed these things. Ivan wished some one did; because he did. His mother, of course, was gentle. Ivan had always thought her the softest, loveliest being imaginable; or rather accepted her as being all beauty and all women. But now she was ill; and besides, the pig gave him a sense of equality to which his mother could not respond. Ivan loved his mother—terribly; as much, he used to tell her, as the church steeple to a pin! But when his father lashed the horse and when the boys said his locks were as long as a girl's; when he looked at the postcard reproductions of the masters at the *Konditor* and when they played soft music in church at *Novy Sviat*—then his mother's arms made him feel too much like a little boy. His tears were for something else

then; something in the pit of his stomach that made him hungry and want to protect—not be protected; something that made him hold up his chin as high as Heaven because some day he would get There. Then it was the pig that understood and comforted him. Standing by the sty, letting drop bits of apple, he built a great house with music like the café at Dvinsk and with all those people . . . but they wore the beautiful clothes that his Russian history book depicted. He was playing the violin to them; and the musician, Karel, who had said "Wheeeh!" to him touched his arm and he knew he had power. . . .

Ivan looked: the door of the house was opening and Ivan's father, square and grimy and smoking as the cabin, came towards him.

"The night falls, Ivan; to the house and guard thy mother, for this evening I carry my blessings to Mela Pavlawskova. It is the day of her marriage." He frowned, looking as pious and unconcerned as possible over the feast he had been waiting for so long; then gazed up at the deepening skies. "Ah, yes, winter is early this year. I think to-morrow, Ivan, we shall kill the pig."

III

Ivan stood by the window a moment to see how near dawn had come. As far as his eyes carried him the sky fell closer and closer to the plain until it lay in layers upon the trees that marked the road to Dvinsk.

Five versts, perhaps; ten or twenty. Ivan did not know. And probably the pig did not know either, though he had come from the big city. As a matter of fact the pig probably did not even know that this was the day of the killing and that Ivan had lain awake all night in order to save him and run away with him to the end of the world, or whatever was beyond those trees.

But in a little while they would be walking down that road to the trees and beyond. . . . It was the only thing to do. All night Ivan had thought and cried and thought; and there was nothing to do but run away. He would go to Dvinsk; he would go to the big café and find the musician; and would ask him the way to whatever was beyond Dvinsk. It would be rather thrilling to see him again; and for a second the thought of it made

him forget the fear which kept tapping from the back of his mind.

It was strange that he had never thought of losing the pig. But on the other hand he had never imagined the pig in actual life, finally grown up. He had just taken their life together for granted from that first day in Dvinsk when the pig had been like a wee baby. And all summer they had been playmates, discovering realities which never occurred to them as being real—real at least so far as they were concerned. Of course all sorts of things happened in life: death, separation, starvation. . . . Ivan knew they were there: Father Paltovny had died last winter; there had been a fire at the Utzall's and everybody had given a little food so they would not starve; men left Drisa for the big cities and never came back. . . . But those things never happened to Ivan.

And now they had.

There so quietly and casually that it was like picking a flower, his father had said, "To-morrow we shall kill the pig."

So. That was what his father meant when he said they would have more to eat this winter when the pig grew fat. That was why they had kept him these months, fed him, cared for him, built him a house, and put their lives in it with him. So. The pig was not a playmate for Ivan; but food they were waiting to eat.

Ivan turned: his father, sleeping in all his clothes as he had come in from the Pavlawskova feast, probably very drunk, sighed and kicked a foot. With bated breath Ivan counted the seconds, but his father did not wake. Then he began collecting his few belongings, placing them on a blanket which he was going to roll up and carry with him. To his *bibelots* he added four herring, a can of "bully beef" and, with great pride for there was no other reason, a bottle of vodka. On the threshold of his mother's room he hesitated from habit, wondering whether he should kiss her good-bye. It made him very sad to leave her; a faint nausea seized him. But he would get the violinist at the café to write her a letter and later he would come back for her with three horses to his *troika.*

He unbolted the front door, opened it a crack, then wider, slipped out, and pulled it softly behind him.

Ivan breathed in the crisp dawning air as he crossed the yard to the shed. It was easier now that he had definitely got out of the house; the hardest part was taking the actual step. A faint coil of smoke rose from the chimney, and looking over the plain he saw smoke curling up from the other houses of Drisa. True, winter was coming early when the fires had been kept in all night this way. Near one house Ivan saw a figure move on the road. He must hurry lest people discover him with the pig.

At his step the pig, lying in utter collapse on its side, blinked an eye. "Hello, pig," Ivan said very soberly.

Then he untied the ropes that held down the lattice cover of the pen and without a word jumped into the sty. As the pig rose, a trifle alarmed, he drew an apple from his pocket: a fine fresh one that he had stolen as a special parting gift; but the pig only sniffed of it and walked away. So Ivan cut some of the rope and tied it round the pig's neck as a halter, for it was now too heavy to carry. Then he lifted the sluice gate and crawling through pulled on the rope. The pig did not move.

"Come, pig. We are going to Dvinsk."

Ivan pulled harder; and the pig sprang forward with a hoarse shriek and dashed about the pen. Then suddenly it flew out of the gate, bowling Ivan over; but oddly enough Ivan did not lose hold of the rope, yet rather rolled or was rolled after the pig towards the hedge that encircled the Menshikov farm. One fear caught Ivan: that they would be heard; so he sat upright on the ground, very still, hoping that the pig would be less frightened if he did not talk.

And then there broke across the quiet morning a long peal of laughter. Horrified, Ivan sprang to his feet and turning about saw standing in the road in front of them a man, swaying from side to side with laughter and now sitting down in the middle of the road to laugh the harder; and every time he shook, his cap fell lower over his nose so that Ivan could not fully see him.

"Oh! Oh, my little *doushka!*" the man called; "it is a pig you have there—not a dog!"

Ivan took a step forward, letting the rope fall slack.

"What—what are you doing there?" he asked very frightened.

"You don't know me," the man answered; "but I know you. I'm Karel and you won a pig!"

"I know!" Ivan cried, "you're the violinist in the café at Dvinsk! I couldn't see you before!"

Then the man climbed unsteadily over the shrub fence and stooped down to look at the pig.

"Why, we were coming to see you!" Ivan exclaimed. "I thought you were in Dvinsk!"

"I remember you well," the man replied, but addressed the pig. "Feodor Petrovitch gave you to Vladimir Menshikov for debt money. But you did not know that. And you"—he looked up quickly at Ivan—"did you know that?"

"No," Ivan replied; "but we were coming to see you this very day. You see—"

"You think it strange that I am here," Karel interrupted. "Well"—he lowered his voice in secrecy—"so do I!" Then he shivered and so drew from his coat a bottle and drank. "It is not strange that I was here yesterday, little Menshikov; and what is your name?"

"I'm Ivan. You're Karel," Ivan answered simply. "This is my pig."

"It is not strange, Ivan," the musician went on, "that I was here yesterday, because yesterday my sister was married. Yesterday my sister was little Mela Pavlawskova for the last time; so I came for the great feast." He paused. "Your father was there, Ivan. And so was I. But it is strange that I should be here to-day. I mean, *here*." He carefully drew a circle in the ground with one foot. "I have been walking on this road all night. Indeed I must be very, very drunk." Then he brought out the bottle again and offered it first to Ivan but at once to himself. "Will you have a drink, little boy?"

"No, thank you."

"Will you smoke?" Karel fumbled in his coat.

"No, thank you," Ivan answered, still frightened.

"What! You do not smoke! You do not drink!" Karel paused in awe. "Then you will own a house one day!"

Ivan looked at his feet.

"I'd rather own a pig," he said. And when Karel only glanced at the animal, Ivan added, "We were coming to see you to-day because they were going to kill the pig."

"What! Kill this pig!" Karel tried to place an affectionate

foot on its back. "This lovely pig that I have known since it was a baby at Dvinsk!"

Ivan felt a sudden emotion coming up in his throat. "Then you will go with us?"

Karel studied the pig in silence.

"But we must go quickly," Ivan urged. "See the light is coming. We must go quickly or we shall be caught."

He reached for the rope and pulled the pig towards him. Then Karel stooped down and picking up the animal in both arms amid its struggles and squeals carried it to the shed, saw the pen, dropped it in, and jammed down the gate. Ivan following him stood in complete surprise.

"You could not run far enough," Karel said very firmly and quietly, looking down at Ivan with sudden soberness. "I see. You have made a pet of this pig. You have loved him as—as you loved the music in the café." Ivan stared. "I know. I knew that day you raised your hat to me—for I am an artist, Ivan, and think upon these things." He looked suddenly embarrassed. "But one cannot run far enough."

Then he turned to the pig.

"See what a happy fellow he is, this pig!" Karel laughed. "See how his tail curls up and twinkles with his eye!"

"I could go to Dvinsk," Ivan said. "That is where we were going." He blushed. "I was going to find you there because I knew you could tell me what lay beyond Dvinsk, so I could go there too."

"I see," Karel answered. "No, Ivan. I know Dvinsk; I know Riga and Warsaw and Berlin. But beyond that—who knows?"

"I don't know," Ivan answered; then added hopefully, "But beyond that who cares?"

"That is the point. Who cares?" Karel looked at the house, past it across the plain and the trees. "But one has to care," he answered vaguely. "There are *things* one has to care for, Ivan. Oh, you do not think I understand, my *doushka!* I see. But once, Ivan, I thought I could run away—with"—his voice hushed—"the most lovely girl in the world!"

"But there's just the pig!" Ivan argued.

"But we could not run far enough. We ran from Riga, to

Warsaw, to Berlin; we could have run on, I suppose—" he looked away; "but there were *things* that got in our way. We were taking something that belonged to other people; we were trying to run away from the system of life. . . . And that—" He looked up. "Here, Ivan; it is light now. You must not run away." He spoke quickly. "You cannot run far enough. You must stay here, with the pig—"

"But you don't understand!" Ivan cried; "they're going to *kill—*"

A door slammed and around the corner of the house came Ivan's father.

"Ah! Brother Menshikov!" Karel sprang forward, touching Ivan on the head as he brushed by. "I come to congratulate you after the wedding of my sister. Your speech is long to be remembered!" He held out his hand. "And how is it you are up and working so hard on a day like this?"

Ivan's father came forward, laughing and calling out greeting in that deep voice he used to sing in the fields. They had drunk together the evening before, at a wedding feast, so now they were friends. How funny. Ivan stood by the sty, looking down at the pig, an empty feeling creeping up in the pit of his stomach, a blank in his mind. . . .

"A supper for the gods!" cried Ivan's father. "And when they come back to their new home it shall be Vladimir Menshikov who shall give them for their first Christmas dinner the finest ham in the land! To-day, Karel Pavlawskovitch, I myself shall kill this pig in her honour. . . !"

When Ivan's mother died a week later, the neighbours came to the house with drooping eyes; the priest held Ivan's shoulder; and when they left, his father roared at him, "What will the good people think that thou hast no tears for thy dead mother!" And then he lashed him over the back with the whip from the *troika.* But still he could not cry.

Ivan had grown up.

I HAVE LETTERS FOR MARJORIE [1]

By EDWARD L. McKENNA

(From *McClure's Magazine*)

STUART HARKNESS was really my brother Jim's friend at first. They got acquainted in the 1911 game when Stuart put my brother in the hospital. He came around to see Jim that night and sent him a wagon-load of Fatimas and afterward, when Stuart made the second All-American, my brother sent him a wire congratulating him. Nobody knows more about a defensive half than the tackle on the other side of the line opposite him, and we heard plenty about how good Stuart Harkness was.

So when Stuart came up to the frat house and asked whether we had any one of my name he didn't seem like a stranger. He stood there in the doorway blinking a little but not a bit fussed.

"I'm Stuart Harkness," he said.

I heard him from the stairs. "Why, sure!" I said, going over to him. "Come on in. Jim's in South America."

"Yes?" he said grinning. "You look something like him but you're not so big." I suppose pretty nearly any one looked small to Stuart and I was only nineteen then.

He came in and I introduced him to the living-room loafers and we fanned football for a while. And I asked him to stay to dinner and he did. He was in the bond business, like most of the All-Americans. Looked it and acted it. He laughed easily and not apologetically at everybody's jokes, including his own. After dinner he was persuaded to play a little quarter-limit. He played a lively conversational game . . . It was fun to play with him and he could tell you what the draw had been for the last five consecutive deals. When we quit he had about fourteen dollars.

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"Hate to take advantage of you young boys, but education's expensive. Teach you not to gamble."

As he left he said to me: "Where else could I go for the same money and have such a good time? You've got a nice bunch. My outfit has no chapter here."

"Yes, I know. I saw your pin," I told him.

"I'm a member of the Colosseum down-town. It's an awful tomb. Tell you what—you give me a ring to-morrow—Kidding, Smallfoot and Company, Broad, One Million, and we'll have some dinner down there and you can see for yourself."

"Can't make it to-morrow, Mr. Harkness."

"Thursday, then?"

"Yes, all right."

"Give me a ring."

He met me at the Colosseum and he had seats for the "Follies" afterward and I don't think he salvaged much of his fourteen dollars—and I don't think he meant to.

After that I saw him pretty regularly. He used to drop up to the house to play cards and he'd run a game at his own apartment now and then—always a quarter game, never any more. Then we threw a dance up at the Bellevue one night and invited him and he showed up with Myrtle Delraine from the "Scandals." Nice kid she seemed to be too.

You see, Stuart was lonesome—that was about it. We all called him *Stuart* by this time. It was evident that he wasn't one of these shining intellectuals any more than we were. He was captain in his senior year, though—1912, I guess that was—and he used to call the other team's plays. How you can do that and still be dumb is one of life's little mysteries.

He was one of these undergraduate Peter Pans, I figure. You could have knocked me off when he told me he was twenty-seven. Twenty-seven—and hadn't lost his pin yet nor his gold football. Well, I suppose, at that, they're trade-goods in the bond business.

When college closed I got the big idea that I'd spend the summer in the wheat-fields and get all brown and healthy so I could be something besides Jim's brother and a legacy the next fall. I told Stu about it.

"Good stuff, kid," he said. "Do you good. When you're out there I'll give you a letter to my girl. Lives out past Fargo."

That was the first time I ever knew he had a girl. There'd been Myrtle Delraine and there were Maisie and a couple of others that some of the brothers knew embarrassingly well. He seemed at little upset.

"Sure. Been traveling with her a couple of years. She's some kid. Uh, Joe, she's an awful nice kid—Marjorie is. I, uh . . ."

"Oh, sure, Stu!" I said.

He looked at me a little bit queerly for a minute. Then he said: "Joe, could you walk up to my place for a while? Like to show you something."

When we got there he gave me a drink and then he got a cabinet picture out. Dame didn't look much like Myrtle Delraine or like Maisie Folsom either. What can you say about a picture? She was a good-looking woman, all right. Then he fished out a book of poems by one Ernest Dobson, or Dawson, or Dowson, or some such name. It was new to me. I began to fear the worst because poems are not much in my line, but I opened it as if I were old Joe Keats in person.

"Don't bother with the inside of it. It's a lot of tripe," he said. "The fly-leaf is what I want you to read. I, uh, I don't show it to everybody, either. I thought, maybe, be a good idea, show it to you, though . . ."

Well, if it had been written to me I'd have seen anybody else a long way before I'd have shown it to them. It was certainly gooey and it was certainly mushy, but somehow the sentiment behind it made you overlook all that. I guess I can't make myself plain about this without giving you an idea what it said. I read it over twice and I can remember most of it but I'm not putting it out here. A man don't get so many good ideas in his life that he ought to treat them, as *Variety* says, like released gags.

Well, in the course of the summer I met Stu's girl, Marjorie, just where he said she'd be—past Fargo, North Dakota. I don't know whether you've been in Fargo. It's a nice town—in spots. It used to have some tough places too. Some day, after I get over my present distaste for water transportation, I'm going to

see this Port Said and, as the lady in the play said, the lowest dives in *Chigh-na,* just to see in what way they differ from the old saloons in the wheat-belt that catered to the casual laborer with a yellow card and two weeks' wages in his pockets. . . . But all that's got nothing to do with Marjorie.

Marjorie was a big blonde, and when I say *big* I mean big, and when I say *blonde* I mean a woman with yellow hair. Every time you talk about a big girl it's usual to say something about the Winged Victory of What's-its-name, although personally I've seen copies of it and I don't think such a lot of it. If I had the time I'd hunt up a Swedish book and pick out the name of one of the square-head goddesses and tell you Marjorie was just like her—it might mean something to you. All I have to say is, I feel sorry for anybody who never saw Marjorie and sorrier still that the best I can do for you is to say that Marjorie was a *big blonde.*

Her people were Swedes, all right. Great old boy, her father was, built like a blacksmith. Retired farmer. They had plenty too. He was a director in a bank and he owned a few square miles of that wonderful wheat country where they did not feed you four or five times a day and where they did not put out cider and cookies and big jugs of milk and where they did not pay the laborer five or six dollars a day. Every year in the wheat country, this year's not so good for farm hands, but last year was swell and next year is going to be just dandy. Well, anyway . . . they lived in a big white house. . . . It had to be big to accommodate people of the size of Marjorie and her folks. I stayed in Fargo four days. I'd just come in from a concrete camp—oh, no, harvesting wheat isn't the only sweet job they have out that way; I found that out—and I went to a hotel and took a bath for two hours and used up a bottle of Omega Oil on myself and took another bath and by that time my clothes were pressed. I don't say they looked good but they certainly looked much better. And I got a hair-cut and a shave and a fifteen-cent cigar, and if the Mayor of Fargo had gotten in my way I'd have tried to push him into the gutter. "Where men are men," did you say? Out that way only the good ones live, I figure.

I never went back to the hotel except to pay them two dollars for the room I never slept in. It was cheap at that, except that

working in the celebrated wheat-fields has a tendency to make you realize the value of money a little too accurately.

I guess it made a hit with Marjorie's father the way I ate. Don't ever tell me the Swedes are close. The old boy was no light eater himself. They had some kind of meat with dumplings and some sort of tart jelly. There was more, but that's what I remember. After dinner we had long black cigars. I'd been smoking Five Brothers mixture all that summer. . . . Ever smoked Five Brothers? Then we had—that is, Marjorie's father and I—a couple of drinks of some white stuff. The most powerful drink I ever ran across. Was called Sliverwitz or some such name. It's a Jewish drink, I think, and I'd like to see the man could drink a pint of it. The next in order was 140 over-proof rum up in the Prohibition embarkation ports in Canada. And then galloping into the money comes this Swedish beverage. I wish I knew the name of it.

We sat around and smoked and by and by Marjorie played the piano and sang. And I looked at her through a cloud of smoke and I thought I'd never been so comfortable or seen nicer, friendlier people and I hoped I'd know them for always.

I don't know anything about music, of course, but she had a voice something like Ruth Roye's and she sang "Gray Days Are Your Gray Eyes" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Then the old man winked at me and said, "Sing something for the young man, to remind him of the Old Country." To make it real for you, I suppose I ought to have him say *bane* every so often, or mispronounce *J's*. Sorry!

Well, Marjorie laughed and sang two songs. I don't know any Swedish but one of them sounded like "Vish ti di vinka, hargot, menner, vish ti di vinka, hargot, men," and the other one was something about "Noah." The old man told me it was about Noah bringing the animals into the ark—maybe he was kidding me. Nice jolly little songs, like songs a woman would sing to kids.

Then he said, "Go on, Marjorie. Sing it once for the young man, who comes from your young man."

And she blushed and fiddled with the music and then she sang a song by Grieg, either in Swedish or German—I don't know

which. "Ich liebe dich," was the name of it. "I love you," they said it means.

As I remarked before, I don't know anything about music, but that thing gets me right where I live. It's so sad and yet, you figure, the sadness doesn't matter. It don't make any difference, the song says, whether you get the girl . . . anyhow . . . you love her forever. And that's all that matters. It's like hearing "Old Nassau," or that song Penn sings when they get a good trimming. Sort of sad, but triumphant too. Don't know whether the *Police Gazette* wants a good competent musical critic, do you?

When she got through I sat there like a dumb-bell, not saying anything, but the old man helped me out. "So. So, you like music too. Have a fresh cigar. So. There is nobody like Grieg. Schubert me no Schuberts. Bah! Of course there are nice German songs too. Sing us 'Der Nussbaum,' Marge, or maybe 'Die Asra.' "

But she smiled and shook her head. "Pop, I don't want to sing any more now. I want to talk to Mr. . . . Mr. . . ."

"What is your name, young man? No, I don't mean your family name. Joe? All aright. Huh, it is a fine thing to have sons. All I got is this no-good girl here."

"I'm terrible sorry for you," I said.

He winked at me again and stood up and held out his hand. "Now I go to bed. And you tell Marjorie all about her young man. Hope you'll be comfortable here."

"Yes, sir, that's what's giving me all this worry," I said.

After he'd gone I told Marjorie as much about Stuart as I thought she'd like to know. How everybody liked him and how he was the pinnacle of Kidding, Smallfoot and Co.

She wasn't hard to talk to. Or to look at. She wanted to know all about Stuart. How did I get to know him? He was older than I was, wasn't he? I said "Yes." She asked me how old I was and I told her I was twenty, which was practically true, and she said I looked older and I told her it was probably those wheat-fields.

Then she asked me how old I thought she was and I said twenty-four. And she grinned and told me how old she was and I nearly fell over. And I said I didn't believe it. And honestly, nobody would believe it.

She said, yes, she was that old; she was graduated from some State University out that way in 1908 and I could figure it out for myself. Didn't I ever see her pin? . . . she was a Pi Phi . . . Stuart had it and she had his . . . here it was. Only, of course, I'd seen his pin on his vest and I began to figure he must buy them by the gross.

She was an awful high-brow, Phi Bete and everything, but nice, too, and simple. She'd read everything and still at the same time she was ship-mates. By and by to tease her, in case she should get to thinking I looked upon her years as venerable, I said like a cuckoo that I'd read a book of poems once by this Dawson or whatever his name was.

She looked at me as one of these Norwegian ladies of the old times probably did when she was reaching stealthily for the twelve-pound sledge or the two-handed sword.

"Did Stu let you read that?"

Well, I talked good. I certainly did. I tried to tell her that I was proud that Stu let me read it. That is showed me something about her, something that I couldn't have known any other way. That he showed it to me because it was too beautiful a thing to keep all for himself. And so on.

Don't you think I thought it was all boloney either. All the time I was kicking myself for letting her know I'd ever seen it.

I know why he showed it to me, all right.

Finally I said, "Don't be sore, will you, please?"

"I'm not sore."

"Or . . . or . . . ashamed about it. I . . . it's not as if I made any difference to you."

"I'm not ashamed, Joe. I'm embarrassed but not ashamed. And you do make a difference to me. As a good friend of Stu . . . and of mine."

Did that woman have a line, I ask you?

And was she strong for that celebrated near-All-American half of hers, Stu Harkness?

I suppose it was because he was such a big tramp, so sure of himself. And there was stuff in him, too, because my brother Jim doesn't go to a hospital for nothing. And Stu was an awful hound for a party and he'd be casual with the chaperons and make them like it. Stu was a bit of a roughneck, too, liked his

liquor, got happy and sang and so on. Nice bary, he had, particularly when he had a few. I can hear him yet in "Dear Old Girl"—you know, that part where the tenor slides down and the bary goes up above him? Or in "You'll Always Be the Same Sweet Adeline" or "Meet Me To-night in Dreamland," though that's more of a tenor piece—wouldn't you say? Funny how many things come under the head of music, isn't it?

And I suppose Marjorie's farmer blood was a little closer to the surface than it seemed to be, and lots of times one of these clever women will fall for some big tramp whose most brilliant speech up to date has been "Watch that tackle!" or "Fake! It's a fake! Get that end, Slooey!" You ought to hear Stu hollering that and then watch the play come smashing off tackle or the fake being pulled off around Slooey's end—and then do some figuring about just how dumb Stu must have been.

Oh, I liked Stu all right. You couldn't help but like him. But I began to figure that any bird that was wasting his time with Maisie and her outfit when a kid like Marjorie—well, say she wasn't a kid; a woman like Marjorie then—was waiting for him . . . that a bird like that was the original spendthrift.

That girl Marjorie was certainly some sunny day. As kind, as generous, as frank, as easy to get along with! . . . She trotted me around to see a couple of her friends that had kid sisters, figuring, I suppose, that I'd be more interested in my contemporaries. I met some nice girls out there through her. The night after I got there she took me to a dance her friends were having and the next night too.

The fourth night I figured it was time for me to be getting back to the old wheat-fields if I wanted to come back home under my own steam. My father would have sent me the fare but all hands would have kidded the shirt off me. While I'm used to it, I don't crave kidding.

So she sung for us again, and I told her and the old man a couple of things I had carefully thought out about how much I'd enjoyed myself. And he told me the next time I wanted a job in the wheat-fields let him know and he'd fix me up. Next summer maybe, he said. And I thanked him but I had made up my mind that the only thing I was going to do with wheat from that time on was eat it.

That's the last time I ever saw Marjorie. August, 1916.

I wrote Stu a letter from the heart out and, whether he liked it or not, I couldn't help it. I know better now than to try to interfere in love affairs. But I can't say I'm sorry about what I tried to do in this one. Not that it made much difference.

I wound up in Denver where I got a nice job washing dishes—*pearl diving's* the technical name. Got a slow freight to Chicago. I never worked up to the fast freights or the passenger trains.

In time—oh, in much time—I got back to my family's bosom. I had lost eighteen pounds but what was left was right fair.

Gave Stu a ring. Out of town, they said, gone out West. I began to think I was quite some letter-writer.

As soon as he came back he called me up. Wanted me to come out and see him as soon as I could.

I went right over and we had dinner at the Lafayette. He said I looked a little fine, which, naturally, I knew. I didn't think he looked so good, himself—and he didn't eat much dinner, I noticed.

After we'd finished, he lighted a cigarette and gave me a funny look and said: "Joe, I hate to tell you this. Marjorie and I have split."

"Split?" I said.

"Yes. . . . Wait a minute, Joe. You know that dizzy Folsom kid?"

"Masie?"

"Yes. Well, her husband's named me in his divorce suit, along with a furrier—yes, a furrier and a couple of other people whose names he's forgotten. I didn't know she was married, did you?"

"No."

"I'm not excusing myself, Joe. I started in very early. Yes, very early. I couldn't tell you how many there have been. I can't keep away from them."

I told him I'd rather read it in Boccaccio. That should have finished it but he kept on.

"I'm . . . I'm very fond . . . of Marjorie, Joe. But it's no use. I told her and . . . well . . . that's all over. Now what do you say? There's a new show over at . . ."

"A new show!" I said to him. "Yes, you're fond of her, all

right. You certainly are! . . . I . . . I'll ask you to excuse me, Stu. I don't feel so good."

You see, I was fond of her too. And of him. It's a wonder to me he didn't get up and make me feel a lot sicker. But he just sat there sort of grinning and tapping his cigarette against the tray. Tap, tap, tap! Tap, tap, tap!

Next time I saw him was a long time afterward. I was one of these ninety-day wonders of warrant officers on the *Rogway*, an old Russian tub they were using for a transport. Stu was along. He had a couple of crossed guns on his collar and two silver bars on his shoulders. Sure, that makes him a top-sergeant of marines. The War is over, fellows, the War is over!

"Hello, Stu," I said and we shook hands. Maybe I wasn't glad to see him too.

I saw him quite a few times on the way over, long enough to smoke a cigarette and chew the fat a little. Once he asked me:

"Ever hear from Marjorie, Joe?"

"No," I said. "You?"

"No. Why don't you write, Joe?"

"You big bum, why don't *you* write?" I said.

"Maybe I will, Joe. Maybe I will. The . . . the War will change a lot of things, won't it?"

We used to think it would too.

That's pretty near all.

I never heard another thing about Stu till I was home on leave after the Armistice. New Year's Day it was. After the traveler home from the sea got his bearings and the tears were shed and the main brace spliced, my father said:

"Heard anything about Stuart Harkness?"

Pop never liked Stu much. I guess he'd have liked to go into the line for about four minutes the day they carried Jim out.

I looked at him. "Bumped off?" I said.

"Yes. Supposed you didn't know. He sent me some papers for you, Joe. Sent them from Liverpool. After he crossed with you. Got them in the safe-deposit box. Get 'em to-morrow."

"Sent me some papers?" I said.

"Yes . . . Joe . . . uh. Jim ran across a story about him in France. Jim? Sure, he's at St. Nazaire, o.k. Expect him any

day. Any day. They say Harkness, uh, Stuart Harkness used to go over hollering "Alley oop!" and "Come on, you Big Green . . . you Big Green"—Pop looked around and whispered, "You know the word he used, Joe."

Next day he gave me Stu's papers. The letter he sent to me follows. It explains the others, which are not to me.

DEAR JOE:

I want you to do some things for me.

I want you to look over the enclosed letters and see whether you think they're o.k. good English and spelling and everything. I looked up most of the words in this swell English-French dictionary but I couldn't find all of them.

You look them over and pick out the one you think is the best under the circumstances and send it to Marjorie. One of them, you will see, is a little bit different from the others.

You see, Joe, it's like this.

I want Marjorie to get married. I want her to. It's an awful waste if she don't.

I'm not that kind of guy, not to want her to. But I'm afraid maybe she won't, because, as you know, she's not such a kid.

And if she don't I want her to know that she was the only real thing in my life. That if it's me she wants and no one else will do and there's any future life, I'll get to her. I'll get to her if it takes a million years. That I hope it's not me she wants, because I'm not fit to tie her shoes. But if she does, I'll get there. There's not enough of those little guys with the pitch-forks to stop me and keep me away from her. I love Marjorie, Joe. Those other women don't matter. They never have.

So you think it over and figure which she'll do and give her the right one, will you?

Thanks, kid. Keep the book for yourself.

STU.

I don't know which book he meant was for me. There's the book by Dowson—it's Dowson, I find out. The fly-leaf is torn out of it. I looked at it and there's her name in a page of it. "Marjorie." Underneath is some junk about a guy named Cynara. Funny place to write her name. . . . There's nothing else in the book. I looked.

Well, I made up my mind and went out West after I was discharged. I didn't touch his letters. They look o.k. to me, good English and all. Anyway, I wouldn't touch them.

The trouble's this.

I've been out to her place. She's gone. Nobody knows where she's gone. Her father died and she left. That's all they knew. I tried the bank. They didn't know. The neighbors can't tell me. The post-office people say *no address*.

Maybe she's married. Maybe she's dead. My idea is that she's neither, that she's away somewheres, teaching school maybe, or taking care of kids or helpless people somewhere.

I've been very careful about this. It wasn't Fargo. His name wasn't Stuart Harkness. Nobody knows me out there or will remember me, except as a young kid in a pressed suit which had formerly been worn in a concrete camp.

Only your name's right, Marjorie. If you see this, you'll know.

Marjorie, I've got two letters for you.

LIGHT WITHOUT HEAT[1]

By ROBERT MULLEN

(From *The Dial*)

SIMON rubbed one hand within the other, shivered slightly, and prepared to rise from the bench on which he sat. It was a December afternoon, in the Villa Borghese. A grim *tramontano* had swept down upon the city the night before, paralysing Rome as nearly as can any mere act of nature. At the pension the English widow called it extraordinary and declared it couldn't possibly last.

Wasn't it just like me? Simon thought suddenly—to drop down in the shadow here, out of the sun! I come up looking for warmth, and this is as near as I get to it.—Fool.

He stirred on the bench, but did not get up. There was always so much to occupy one's mind. Now there was yet more, emphatically more. Within himself he kept repeating: It is a problem, but I shall solve it the better for not calling it that.

He was not old, but was not extremely young. He was twenty-nine. From a distance you would think him younger; close at hand, he seemed rather older, perhaps because of his eyes. (A friend, with some gift for irony, had once reproved him, saying: "Remember the Greek, Simon!—'Whom the gods love,' you know!")

It was in reaching into his pocket for a cigarette that he rose from the bench where he had been sitting now for surely the last half hour. His thoughts had taken him everywhere, and nowhere. They had followed a circling pathway which was old and smooth with use; in it there was nothing new, nothing to be expected or hoped for.

He lighted his cigarette and turned toward the western balustrade, where the sun should be at its strongest. To-day he paid

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little attention to the ducks in the small lake. They were making more noise than usual, quacking and flapping up out of the water, feeling the cold no doubt. A woman and her daughter brushed him in passing. The mother, who was an American obviously, and not an experienced traveller, read aloud from a guide-book. For a moment Simon pitied her. She was small and dreadfully thin. There was a pathetic annoying tenseness in the way she read, in her way of turning to her daughter, trying to interest that superior being and realizing that she couldn't possibly. . . . There were a few flakes of last night's snow on the central orange trees. The cannas beside them were past full bloom: in another week they would have to be lopped off.

He went slowly, that he might watch the girl and her lover on the path ahead of him. How beautifully she walked! His mind slipped back two years, to Hélène. They had met most casually, but he would never forget her. The grey eyes and contrasting dark hair, the almost transparent hands. She had looked as virginal, and been as insatiable, as any one in the pages of Gautier. He was with her in memory again at Versailles. His sadness had had no bottom that day. They had lunched beside the Canal; the cabmen had been too near by, pitching quoits. He still had somewhere a horse-chestnut picked up from one of the royal paths. Hélène had been dearer to him than ever before—or ever after, for a few days later they had finally separated. It had been at Chartres, and she had kept saying: "Yes; you are a poet, I understand, I understand."

There were only a few people around the balustrade. The sun, after all, must not be worth much. Some German priests were grouping and re-grouping noisily, while one of them focussed the camera which they carried. As he took a vacant place Simon noticed on his left an oldish woman, with her hat low over her eyes, and clothes that looked neglected from head to foot—the more queer for a cigarette between her wrinkled lips. She made Simon realize that he was in Rome.

It is really better, he said to himself, that the thing has come down to concrete painful fact—something which I shan't easily glide over. Eight thousand dollars: it isn't much, and in two years more it may all be gone. I'll have to be careful, there's no way out of it: I'll have to be careful, and I'll have to work.

Simon's mother had been thirty-five when she was married. Simon had often heard his father say: "She is New England—she wouldn't quite understand that, Simon." What had first brought them together Simon never knew. But there, at any rate, they had been, man and wife—as closely joined, and as worlds apart. And there had been Simon, their only child.

James Dover was ten years younger than his wife. At the time of his marriage he had just been graduated from a small law school. His wife had helped him establish an office, and was eager to help him through the lean years to which they must at first look forward. She could easily afford that. In fact, she could afford almost anything.

In the second year of his practice James for ever gave up the law. It was no sacrifice on his part and there had been not a shadow of glory connected with it. Simon had once had the details from his father.

James was not the stuff of which provincial lawyers are made: that was the source of the trouble. He had turned to the law not from any special wish of his own in the matter. He was deplorably in want of boldness. No one was likely to believe in him on sight—he carried himself so diffidently—and the oftener people sounded his legal equipment, the less inclined they were to bring their cases to him. What befell in the second year of his practice was not long remembered save by James. He was the defending lawyer in an unimportant case, against a man younger than he—the graduate of a State university, a fellow who, though he had just come to town, was making an impression. James was harassed with worry about his wife; it was nearing the day her child was expected; doubtless he was awkwarder than usual. At any rate, he fumbled the strongest point in the case, and his opponent of course took him up. It gave the new lawyer a chance, and he was grateful. On the other hand, he couldn't refrain quite from muttering: "And you consider yourself a lawyer. God, you ought to be tied to somebody's apron-strings!" It was said half aloud. Not more than a dozen people could have heard it. The judge, who was very fond of the new young man, reproved him after court.—But that small incident was, so far as the law was concerned, a death-stroke to James. Although for another year he paid rent for his office, he never returned to it.

Simon was born, and James hovered over the child and its mother for the next two or three years. He was not happy, but he was at least less unhappy than when he had tried to be a lawyer. There was really no question of money to be faced. His wife had a great deal of money, and he might do all the reading he pleased, and all the wool-gathering.

In the course of his contemplations, the notion grew on him of making a new start in life. He became almost obsessed with the desire to become the lord of a great tobacco plantation. His wife could easily finance such a move. They would go across to one of the Virginias—and the old life would be forgotten. He pictured to himself the manor-house, the overseer, the negroes, the rich acres. He did what he could to infect his wife with the idea. She rebelled at first—then succumbed.

James could hardly believe in his good fortune. At last life should be sweet, and of some dignity. Here was the pillared house, out there the wide acres. The overseer wore a long moustache, a big hat, and was incredibly respectful. The blacks were almost theatrical in character.

Simon was nine years old when, as the climax of many midnight discussions with James, his mother sold all but the great house and an odd hundred acres of the ill-starred plantation. The losses had been even beyond what she had anticipated; but she managed somehow to dull for poor James the edge of the failure. Oddly enough, the overseer (still incredibly respectful) was able to buy for himself most of the old land. Some of the blacks moved on, as if grand failures made little difference in life; a few remained: even if they didn't work, Mr. James would be easy on them.

The great house, in its isolation, might have existed on another planet. Except the tradesmen, practically no one came from the town. The former overseer made a few calls, but James had become poor company, and Simon's mother was distinctly cool in her attitude. There might, to all appearance, have been an impassable wall around them.

Yet until about his fourteenth year, life on the Grange seemed good to Simon. He loved the old house. He had an ample riding ground in the remaining hundred acres, and a walking space when he rambled alone or, as often happened, with his father.

A thing occurred in his thirteenth year which puzzled the boy more than he cared to show. His mother had engaged a young man to tutor him. The young man represented something of a change and Simon soon became very fond of him. Then suddenly, and strangely, the young man was dismissed, after scarcely three months' service—because Simon's father had so nearly begged that it be done. (James had been extremely sensitive on the point of Simon's education.) Simon was openly sorry that his tutor had to leave, and was puzzled as to a reason for his going. But he was far more puzzled by what threatened to be a scene between his father and mother. It was just after the tutor had gone. His mother, who was coldly angry, Simon thought, was with James in the library. James had burst into tears, and exclaimed: "You think I'm such a failure I can't even teach my own son. . . ."

It was but shortly after his fourteenth birthday that, out of a clear sky, Simon was vouchsafed some light on the tension which he had come dimly to feel. It was the latter part of August, and terrifically hot. James was having one of his bad days and had gone for a long walk alone. Simon sat reading in the library.

His mother knocked.—Why should she knock? She knew James to be out, that there were no lessons. Simon called cheerily, adding when she had entered the room: "What a cool pretty caller to be having!"

She smiled, and took the chair he offered. He was as yet too young to smoke, but quickly reached his father's cigarettes for her.

"And what have you been reading, Simon?"

"It's 'La Reine Pédauque,' just at this moment."

"I am so pleased." It was one of the books which she had given him for his birthday. "I see you're nicely begun in it—you read so fast, Simon! Do you think you are going to like Anatole?"

"Well, he writes beautifully, and he's very entertaining, I suppose. . . ."

"Weak praise, Simon. . . ."

"You like him so much, Mother?"

"I do indeed!—Wouldn't you know?"

"Remember, it's the first I've read of him. But I shouldn't have guessed it anyway—I don't know why."

Simon's mother had been teaching him French. James had given him Greek and Latin, German and Italian. Why mightn't she teach him French?—and James had granted the favour, though he had said: "You know my opinion of the French. I wish you were willing to wait a few years."

Simon and his mother were together in the library probably less than an hour that afternoon. They talked at random, touching lightly many subjects, in the first serious conversation they had ever had together. It, and the rather furtive series which grew out of their first "meeting," tended to give an unusual cast to the boy's thinking, to make him older than his actual years.

He felt that it was traitorous to do so, but increasingly he found himself, in his sympathies, going over to his mother's side.

Not until he was seventeen was it decided that he should go away to school. Harvard was decided upon—his father's choice—and there was sentiment of that kind on his mother's side. He had five months of tutoring, and passed his examinations with honour.

His last night before going up to Cambridge. To be leaving home, actually to be going away from the Grange and the old order! It was momentous for them all, the newest experience imaginable.

An almost death-like silence hung over their last dinner. Simon felt that his mother wouldn't have had it that way, that this sadness at parting was falsely placed. And with a new kind of dread in his heart, he looked forward to the inevitable scene with his father.

It was only by an effort that he could compose himself when the time came to follow his father into the library. The library itself seemed not the well-known room in which most of his life had passed. The lamps were in some way different; the rugs were not the rugs he knew so well; the very books seemed to have wandered from their accustomed places.

He accepted of his father's cigarettes, and they smoked for a time in silence.

Then James began the soliloquy—for Simon said hardly a word—which was to last for hours.

Chiefly he talked of the unending search for Truth and Beauty, and spoke of what had been before tacitly understood: that Simon should write. He must understand life and write of it truthfully and beautifully. He must never be content with the surface—he must never be content with the surface of life. So many brilliant writers were guilty of that, those of the French school especially. They understood only the surface facts. It would be only by understanding in the deepest sense his own spirit and the spirit behind all things that he could ever write worthily.

These were not new thoughts for him; they were all terribly familiar, but he listened patiently. They were to his father the essence of life. . . . From other directions small voices kept coming into his mind, treading stealthily back and forth. What did one gain by believing in the spirit? (My father has made a hopeless failure of life.) His father's eyes were weak and always looked as if he were crying.

James, at the last, said over to his son parts of The Sensitive Plant. Shelley was one of his favourite poets.

"This will be your first trial in the world, Simon. Whatever happens, don't minimize in your own mind the fearful importance of it. So many young men are broken even in their college years, and can never find themselves afterward. Keep your own spirit pure and sensitive.—And, Simon, remember, you are my finest hope in life. . . ."

He embraced the boy, then went to his desk, and returned with a small book. It was a selection from Shelley's lyrics, bound in vellum.

Simon walked through the long hallway to his room, pushed open the door—then stopped short with surprise. His mother was in his favourite chair, reading. The moment after he made the subtlest amends he could, but he had unconsciously brought the little vellum book round behind him, as if to hide it.

"Poor boy, and your last night at home! Come; sit down. You look worn and bewildered."

She smiled, in the sympathetic, gentle, cynical way she had. It was so puzzling to find her in his room. He could but dimly remember the last time she had come—not since he was a small boy.

Embarrassment soon dropped away and, half guiltily, he began to enjoy her presence. She was so different from James. She seemed always to have the mastery of every situation. He couldn't imagine her daunted or without resources. She was beautiful, she was strong, she was poised and sure.

"I wanted to say good-bye, Simon. You're tired, and I shan't weary you with more counsel. I think you will find yourself at Harvard, Simon—and I hope you will enjoy being there. It has been hard for you, these last years. . . . That's all.—Good-night, Simon. Good-night."

She was gone, yet she had said so much! Rather, by her presence had implied so much. Simon lay a long time awake, thinking of his father's words, of his mother's subtle contradiction of them; of what might lie before him, of what unchangeably did lie behind.

James was not at breakfast. He had stayed in the library all night, going out, the servants said, just before daybreak. Thus Simon and his mother breakfasted together. And it was she who drove him to the train, who put him in a good humour for the journey, who last kissed him good-bye. . . .

Things went better with him at Harvard than he had imagined they could. He was equal to the life academically, and indeed would have aroused interest had he been given time. In his relationship with other undergraduates he found himself a trifle awkward at small points, but sure of the main currents. James wrote often, long letters in which he tried to conceal his loneliness for Simon. His mother wrote bright, short notes, to which he began more and more to look forward, and enclosed more money than he quite knew what to do with. It was his mother who suggested that he go to New York for the Christmas vacation. Upon answering that he would be delighted, he had a letter from James making it all too clear that he had not known of his wife's proposal; it was openly a sad letter: ". . . and so I shall really not see you—and I have counted so much on it, Simon—more than you could ever know." It made him waver, but when the time came, to go home or to New York, he went to New York.

On the 3rd of March, 1917, Simon received a long telegram

from his mother, and hurriedly packing a bag, he left for the Grange. James was seriously ill, with "Spanish influenza." He was thought to be dying, and only for that reason was Simon admitted to his room.—Whether or not it was a power in his son's presence, James, from the moment of seeing Simon, began a recovery which was comparatively rapid. A week after the home-coming only one of the former nurses was retained, and Simon prepared to return to school.

It was within the second week, when James could sit limply in a chair, that Simon's mother was stricken, and in a few short hours died, like a bright flame killed by unexpected wind. Worn out by nursing James, she was an easy prey. Simon was at her death-bed, not realizing that she could be dying, that she was so alive one moment, so irrevocably dead the next.

She had said: "Simon, if I should die, don't be overwhelmed by my death. It will not be a tragedy, and you mustn't make one of it.—I hope you will go back to Harvard, though probably you won't. . . . I have never tried to counsel you in words, my dear, and I shan't now. . . . Your father will be terribly alone." (The first tears Simon had ever seen her shed rolled down her cheeks.) "I have always loved him, Simon, always. I have given him my life, but it has been no sacrifice. You understand that, don't you?—But you are young and have your own life to live. It will not be right for you to give your life—you must not do it. . . ." She paused, breathed once, and then the coughing began from which she did not recover.

Simon followed his mother's body to Connecticut where the burial was to take place. James was, naturally, unable to go. There were only the two close kin at the grave, Simon and an aunt whom he had never seen before. Only these two, and he was sure the sisters had never been on friendly terms.

James did not suffer a relapse. He seemed at first incapable of realizing what had befallen. He could not understand that his wife was dead. He had loved her—of that there can be no doubt. Yet she had become no more in his life than the one who was always there, a kind of superior servant, to foresee and meet his needs. They had been fundamentally opposed in character, but the difference had not often come into sharp relief.

At moments it had raised a spark, some fire at least in James's heart, but probably had never appeared to him in its full force. His wife had given him his own way in life.

Simon stayed with his father for nearly two years. At times he thought of Harvard and of returning, but James never so much as mentioned it. He was happy to have Simon with him, and Simon knew how lonely he would be should he leave. Every day they took long walks together. Simon read by himself, and with his father. He tried his hand at writing, sometimes showing his father what he wrote. At times a fearful *ennui* swept over him, and he was moody for hours and days. Twice he knew that he must escape, and had gone to Boston for week-ends; but on both occasions, when he returned, his father was so like a child finding again a lost treasure, that he went only the two times.

He often thought of his mother, and her last words repeated themselves until they were worn into his brain. She had not meant him to give his life to his father. Her influence, at its strongest, always made him restless.—How had she borne this life? Had it been love which had saved her, or cynicism?

In February, 1919, a ship was to leave New York for a trip around the world, the first in more than four years. Simon noticed the advertisements in the papers. It seemed a heaven-made opportunity, and he urged it upon himself to accept it. It would mean a release from the Grange, and certainly he was in need of that.

James did not attempt dissuasion. He had felt the boy's unhappiness, and told him what his ears could not believe: that he was glad he was going. (At night when James tried to sleep, he could not. He could only look at the stars and weep bitter tears.)

And thus Simon began his wanderings. From the moment his ship sailed out of the River he began to feel free, as if a weight of chains had been snapped. He filled his lungs with the keen air, and cried to himself: "I am free!"

James had of course a list of the ports-of-call, and after a month or so, Simon looked forward with dread to the bulky letters which were travelling ahead of him. . . . James strove to hide his loneliness, but it was no feat to read it between the

many lines he wrote. At Bombay he thought of turning back. His father was alone, his father needed him. Was he to go selfishly on, enjoying things by himself?

In August the ship reached Sicily. At Palermo there was one letter awaiting him, a thin letter—and Simon tore it open with nervous fingers.

"Dearest Simon: I can stand it no longer. In my loneliness life has become cruelly clear to me. There is no other way out. I have sought, and there is no other. Good-bye, dearest son, and may God bless you."

Simon took the first boat sailing from Naples. The Grange, when he arrived, was closed and funereal-looking. The house-servants were genuinely mournful.—Yes, they had gone that morning to take Mr. James his breakfast. When they came to his room, he wasn't there. But they didn't think anything of that: he might have gone for an early walk. A little later they went into the library—and there he was, in his regular big chair with a book on his lap—but all bent over like no man you ever saw. They had got scared then. It must have been some kind of stroke. For there he was, stark dead, in his own chair. They had all loved Mr. James so much—it was going to be hard on them now. . . .

The lawyer for the family was notified of Simon's arrival. He drove out to the Grange and took him to his office. Everything had been left in Simon's name. Offering what seemed to him consolation, the lawyer said: "It is sad that you should be left alone in the world, Mr. Dover; but you might have been less well provided for." He would act as guardian, according to the will, till Simon's next birthday.

James, curiously, had made provision for being buried on the Grange. Perhaps not curiously. He had only distant relatives. The town of his childhood had never been a particularly happy memory. His grave lay in the little wood where he and Simon had so often walked together.

During the voyage from Naples Simon had spent most of his time on deck. It seemed terrible and strange that he felt so little grief, that he had instead the feeling of complete release. He found himself saying: "My own life will begin now—and hated

himself for it. His mother's words, and the things she had impressed upon him without words, thronged his mind. He would understand life in hers, not in his father's way.

Yet, when he came again on the Grange, sadness overmastered him. He often wondered what book it had been on his father's lap that last desperate night. "I can stand it no longer. In my loneliness life has become cruelly clear to me."

But he was going to be his mother's son. He tried to put away sadness and remorse—only deferring the payment.

He stayed on the Grange but a short time, then left, resolved to begin his own life, to take up new threads—entirely new threads. From that time onward he had travelled, confining himself for more than three years to one hemisphere. Upon leaving the Grange, he had gone to South America. He had gone up and down, back and forth, caring most for Mexico and parts of the Pacific Coast, and in the east for the White Mountains and Boston and Baltimore.

Then he had begun to long for the Old World. He had not found in America the firm grasp on life which he must have. There had been nothing in the scene, often as he had changed it, to bring him out of himself. The old forms had not given way; he was much as he had always been.

In Europe things went little better with him. After two years' wandering, from Capri to Ireland, he had decided that he would never return to America. He was consciously settling into an expatriate. He still read prodigiously, and he had written a little. Many a time it had seemed that the old difficulties were wearing away and that he was becoming the true Simon. Yet, at some crucial moment, as when for example he would lock himself in to write, the old ghosts would stir from their graves to trouble him. There were two poles between which he vacillated. The one was an effective hard cynical dealing with life. The other was a sort of mysticism. When he followed the former, it did not satisfy him; the feeling would haunt him that it was not all, that he was missing the fine essence. Nor did the latter satisfy him; —to have known the pleasure, the enjoyment of meeting life on its own terms, then forgo it in a search for the spirit behind all things?

Simon remembered a flower over which he had sat staring one

afternoon. It had been in the garden of the Luxembourg at Paris. A flower-girl had offered him a rose. He remembered his thoughts as he had turned it in his fingers, examining the full red petals.—To my mother it would be a rose, a rose to love for its colour, its perfume, its exquisite perfection. To my father it would be something beyond the pleasure it can give the senses, just what he himself could perhaps not tell—but it would be something more. . . . He shifted a second time on the bench. There was no warmth in the sun, it was a paradox—light without heat. And it was time to go for tea.

As he turned to walk away, a thought which had lately been much in the background of his mind recurred.—I believe I shall do it, he said to himself. It will be quiet there and I shall be able to work. And it will help me save these last dollars. Yes, I believe I shall go back to the Grange. . . .

"CUNJUR" [1]

By PERNET PATTERSON

(From *The Atlantic Monthly*)

Part One

I

"BUZZARD 'ginst a bloody sun . . ." softly breathed Aunt Runa, stopping short at the back gate.

Resting a wrinkled black hand against the cool brick wall of the smokehouse, she stood motionless, gazing through half-closed eyes, with a mystical, rapt expression, at the hazy red afternoon sun. A buzzard, circling slowly, rose again in the very face of the cloud-screened disk—and hovered there. "Trouble sign!" she mumbled. "I knowed it!"

Sighing deeply, she bowed her head as if under the load of inevitable fate, and passed slowly through the gate into the hot, dusty lane.

Her finely shaped old head, bound tight in a snow-white cloth that showed but a fringe of gray frizzled hair below, had the high forehead of the thinker. Her straight nose was thin and high-bridged, in striking contrast with the blue-black skin and thick lips—firm, in spite of their negroid fullness.

Deliberately, but with a lurking suggestion of vigor, her bowed figure, in its stiffly starched full-skirted gray calico and wide white apron, followed the dusty path beside the garden fence. Her drooping reddish-yellow eyes, keen in spite of the untold years behind them, were fixed dreamily on the path ahead.

As if subconsciously voicing her mood, she softly crooned in tremulous minors:—

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"Chil-ly wat-er, chil-ly wat-er,
I feel it creepin' higher over me;
Satan jes' like snake in de gra-ss,
Waitin' to git you as you pa-ss.
Lord, I feel dat chilly wat-er over me."

At the sound of the low droning, a little white boy, half hidden in the foliage of a June-apple tree, abruptly broke off his forbidden feast. Listening a moment, he hissed warningly, "Joseph!" From a far limb a small black face, crowned by a close-clipped bullet head, looked up questioningly. Suddenly its owner swung from the limb and dropped flat into the high growth of crimson clover below. The white boy was but a second behind him. As the words of the hymn came quavering to their ears, they looked hard at each other. The small negro shivered, and tunneled deeper into the clover.

With the passage of Aunt Runa, two heads rose cautiously out of the green tangle. Mumbling a word, the white boy slunk into the lane, and, trotting up softly in his bare feet behind the old woman, casually fell into step beside her. Not so much as a glance did she give him. Without a break in her humming, she kept her deliberate pace. He cut an appraising eye at her, but did not speak.

Around the corner of the garden, in a thick cloud of dust behind his dragging plough, drowsily shuffled the gardener. Abruptly he jerked the mule to one side of the lane, and waited. Hat in hand, he made a low bow. "Evenin', Sis' Runa! Sorry I stirred de dus'," he apologized in a low voice, not raising his eyes.

With but a flashing glance and an aloof "Evenin', Br'er Tom," she passed him. Dignity and the very essence of tolerant condescension emanated from her.

Without warning, without a look at the little boy who trudged beside her, she asked belligerently, "Who dat narrer-eyed yaller nigger I see talkin' to yo' ma dis mornin'?"

"He's the new butler, Mammy," he answered glibly, consciously proud to furnish information to one who was supposed to know of every happening on Kennon Hills plantation—sometimes, strangely, even before the occurrence itself. "And he's a tony

butler, Mammy," he continued impressively. "He learned butlerin' at a college!" And he watched expectantly for the results of this bombshell.

"Un-hun-h?" she drawled with rising inflection. "Eddicated nigger! I knowed it! Three time I dream 'bout yaller snake las' night"—and she relapsed into silence.

Her reception of his news was disappointing. He looked at her closely, appraising her abstracted silence and far-away expression. Sensing the possible approach of one of her "spells," he mutely gave deference to her mood.

Presently he sidled closer and, gently clasping her thin, high-veined hand, held it, in silent sympathy of understanding. The black hand closed tightly over the small chubby one.

"You got a feelin' comin', ain't you, Mammy?" he asked softly, pressing her hand. "Black sheep crossin' your path . . . " he mused regretfully, as if visualizing the omen.

"Yes, son," she answered, looking at him with a sad half-smile, her old eyes lighting with patient, indulgent love. "Yes, Neal, son, but hit's better to be sot to tromp a snake den to come smack on him unbeknowns'." Pausing, she continued resignedly, but not without pride, "I was born fo' it. Born to see ol' trouble comin'! Born at fo' . . ." she chanted pensively, "wid a coffin on de flo' . . ."

"On de moon's first quarter . . . Yo' ma's sebenth daughter. . . ." Neal took up the chant in unconscious imitative rhythm. "Born foot-first, you free to reign . . . Nothin' hold you, rope or chain. . . ."

"Yes, baby," she nodded, her eyes resting on him pridefully. "You got it all, straight as a bee to de gum."

Slowly they walked, hand in hand, in closer harmony of spirit than is often given to mother and son. Reaching the picket fence surrounding Runa's little yard and garden, Neal opened the gate, with a clanking of old cowbells, attached to warn her of infrequent visitors. 'Lisha, Mammy's beloved cat, had come to meet her. Neal stooped to stroke his wide yellow back. "I won't go up, Mammy. You'll be wantin' to wrestle and pray," he said deferentially. "I'll see you in the mornin'."

"All right, son," she acknowledged, resting her hand for a

moment on his curly head. "Tell Lila to come home early," she added.

"I reckon she'll be late," he suggested, "havin' to show Charlie everything."

"Is dat his name—Cha'lie?" she asked intently.

"Yes, Mammy," softly answered the boy, his big eyes fixed on her uplifted head and far-flung gaze. Gathering courage, he whispered in suppressed excitement, "Is your feelin' about *him*, Mammy?"

She glanced at him slantwise. "Owl all time axin' 'Who?' but I ain' hear nobody answer him," she replied significantly.

Abashed, he looked down at his wiggling toes for a second, then hopefully persisted, "Is it a *strong* feelin', Mammy, or just a little weak one?"

Dropping her head, she pressed her hand over her eyes, as if to shut out the sight of some impending tragedy. With the quavering, sighing moan that always sent chills up his back, she breathed, "Strong! Strong as pizen!" And without raising her head she walked wearily up the rise to the drab little cabin, perched atop the remnant of an old Confederate battery station.

The boy stood gazing toward the cabin, snugly tucked away under the low-drooping cedars and sycamores. From its porch, closely screened with evening-glory vines, his eyes drifted down the colorful path bordered with larkspur and sweet William, to the row of tall sunflowers along the garden fence. Slowly he turned, and dejectedly shuffled his bare feet back down the soft, dusty lane.

At supper Neal ate spasmodically. From sudden plunges with knife and fork he would subside into periods of intense fascinated gazing at the trade-school butler. Like the eyes of an animal, his squint followed every deft movement of the slender quadroon, meticulously groomed in the summer garb of spotless white jacket and apron. Occasionally the boy's eyes would flicker to Runa's niece, the trim, brown-skinned Lila, assisting Charlie; but they would quickly flash back to the yellow man, with his almost straight hair brushed low over the small black eyes, close-set like big shoe buttons in the waxen, dirty-chalk skin. The man's color reminded him of the coffee-in-cream his

mother allowed him on Sunday mornings. Funny-lookin', indeed, was this pale nigger—besides, Mammy had a feelin' . . .

Soon after supper, Neal vanished. Lying close where the hens dusted themselves under the big boxwood by the low windows of the servants' cellar dining room, he could safely watch every move, hear every word, of the new butler. So enthralled was the boy by Charlie's bumptious manners that he nearly exclaimed aloud. Then he smiled at his thoughts.

II

When Neal entered the garden next morning, the negro children were already dotted about the raspberry patch, silently picking under Runa's chilly eye. For an instant her clouded face lightened, but her "Mornin', son!" was a lifeless monotone. Eying her for a moment, he took a small basket, and joined the pickers. Since his friend Joseph had been drafted into service, the sooner the big baskets were filled and carried to the area-way under the long back porch, the sooner would his henchman be released for the more important work of goat training and cave building.

Nimbly, almost magically, Mammy Runa's slender fingers flew, filling nearly two baskets to one of the little negroes'. There were no signs of jollity, no half-hidden pranks, among the children, as was the wont of all harvests under the white overseer. Only a mumbled word was heard now and then. Occasionally a pair of eyes rolled furtively toward Aunt Runa, but instantly flickered away upon meeting her cold, incisive yellow ones, which seemed, strangely, always looking at that particular child. The bare calling of a picker's name would galvanize the little body into redoubled efforts. Picking under "An' Runa" was a thing to be finished with the utmost dispatch.

When the baskets, crowned high with their dull garnet caps, were lined up on the bench beside the glowing charcoal furnaces, she dismissed the waiting children by a mere flick of the hand.

Impassively, austerely, Aunt Runa watched the big simmering kettles, moving silently from one to another, stirring and tasting. In the dim, shadowy coolness of the brick area, she herself might have been but a shadow, here and there clouding the dull glow

of the fires. Presently she began softly crooning. The kettles simmered with a low hum, as if in melancholy accompaniment. No servant dropped by for a light word. Alone she worked, secure of her privacy.

Neal did sidle in for a saucer of "drippings" when the aroma of cooking preserves found its way into the far reaches of the back yard. Joseph's bullet head peered cautiously around the arched opening after Neal, but disappeared like a flash when Runa glanced up. Jenny, the chambermaid, stumbled to a halt as she came through the basement door suddenly upon the old woman. With an apology, she circled wide of the line of kettles and almost tiptoed down the area.

Without warning, a low, silken voice spoke suddenly almost in Runa's ear: "Mornin', lady!"

She did not start. Not so much as a muscle quivered. Deliberately she turned, and with aloof coolness looked into the confident pale-yellow face of the new butler.

"Miss Runa, I take you to be, lady," he smirked ingratiatingly. "I haven't been comp'imented with a int'oduction, but p'esume to name myself Mr. Charles C. Carter, the new help, to Miss Runa Randal," and he extended his hand.

Ignoring the hand, but with the quick-witted savoir-faire of a grand dame, she dipped him a low curtsy and mockingly matched his elegance with "Sir, your lestimation to my lystimaticus!"

He was taken aback by such high-flown phrasing; but, presuming the impressive words to carry a complimentary intent, he bowed low.

Entirely with cool self-possession, she gazed into his eyes with a faint sarcastic twinkle in her own, and a grim half-smile on her lips. Unblinkingly she stared, until his small black eyes wavered and fell. Her mocking smile widened slightly.

Shrugging, he assumed a businesslike air: "The Madam wants the sugar bowls filled. Let me have the store-room keys, please."

She drew a bunch of keys from her deep dress pocket, and walked serenely past him through the door. "Dat ol' lock mighty cranky fo' a new hand," she spoke over her shoulder—sarcastically, he thought. Opening the door, she pointed to the sugar barrel.

Casually he spoke from out of the barrel: "You always car' the keys?"

"Naw," she replied, smiling broadly at his back. "Miss Betty tote 'em when I ain' roun'."

"Miss Betty?" he almost sneered. "Ah, you mean the Madam?"

"Hit's all de same," said Runa indifferently. "She de mistiss, anyway."

"Mistress!" he exclaimed, his thin lips setting. "I never had a mistress. This ain't slavery time . . ." But, catching himself, he assumed a suave, wheedling tone: "You sure must stand in, for her to give you the run of things. Pretty soft—for you, ain't it?" he insinuated, looking up with a twisted grin.

Resentfully the bent figure straightened, proudly the old head went back; the drooping eyes flashed open, in a stony glare that wiped the smirk from his face. "Git out wid yo' sugar," she coldly ordered.

Turning her back on him, she locked the door, and marched, head up, down the hall.

With a disparaging sniff, he glided away.

III

This was Saturday, ration day. At the noon-hour clang of the big bell at the overseer's house, Aunt Runa slipped on a high-bibbed checkered apron and started slowly toward the smoke-house. Pausing before inserting the nine-inch key into the massive lock, she turned and allowed her eyes to roam dreamily over the old back yard, perennially shaded in summer by giant elms and poplars. From the whitewashed, low-gabled servants' house, almost smothered in an ancient scuppernong vine, her gaze wandered deliberately over the narrow brick walks, so worn, so colored by years of shadow, that their dull-green brownness all but merged into the mouldy loam enfolding them.

The old latticed well house with its mossy-stoned base and its shallow brick gutter winding irregularly across the yard, dipping under a great low-spreading boxwood, and finally disappearing through a hedge, to the duck pond beyond; the wide, gabled back porch, with its round white pillars and rail, holding in its arms

for so many years the green slat benches, the shelf, and the cedar bucket, that they seemed to have grown a part of it—at these she pensively gazed, as if dreaming over beloved memories, one by one.

Sighing, she inserted the big key and swung open the thick iron-bound door. With the rush of the familiar tang of smoked meat, she inhaled deeply. Then she opened the door of the adjoining storeroom. From its meal-splashed interior came the sweetly pungent smell of blackstrap molasses and salt herring. She drew a long breath. "I likes de smell—er hit all," she murmured.

Soon, busy with her scales and measures, she became absorbed in the problems of rations for the farm hands. Deftly she sliced and weighed and measured. Surely she packed the bags and baskets and filled the jugs that had been set early in the morning in a double row beside the smokehouse wall. This important duty, usually an overseer's responsibility on Virginia plantations, had been temporarily delegated to Runa at the death of the former overseer several years before; but, like most of her temporary investitures of authority at Kennon Hills, it too had smoothly flowed into permanency.

She showed no conceit over this unusual confidence and responsibility. She seemed to take it in a matter-of-fact way, as she did the many other trusts falling upon her with the passing years. Quite naturally, as if by obvious right, and with dignity itself, she wore the toga of her position. One instinctively knew, however, that she had intense pride of caste—that nebulous caste, uniquely her own. And one sensed that a blow aimed to dislodge her from her niche would strike at her very life's blood. The master and mistress—whether mostly through indulgence or through sober earnest they themselves could not have told you—scrupulously respected the privileges of her station.

The negroes, by the years of established custom,—than which, to them, there is no more immutable law,—accepted Runa's superior status as they did the Bible: as a fact demanding no analysis, a thing to be swallowed whole.

Soon after the toll of the one-o'clock bell, the hands began straggling down the lane in laughing, bantering groups; but the nearer they drew to the smokehouse, the quieter they became.

Collected outside the gate, they bore an air of sombre dignity, as in church. The few low words spoken were sober ones. There was no shoving or pressing about the narrow gate while they waited for their names to be called.

"Mammy," cried a young voice from inside, "le' me call 'em?"

"In a minute, son." Then she said, "Call Big John." . . .

"What's going on out there?" queried Charlie, looking out of the kitchen window.

"Jes' givin' out rations," replied the cook, sticking the comb in one side of her bushy head while proceeding to pull and plait three strands into a pigtail.

"Who bossin' the job?" he asked, still peering out. "I hear 'at white boy callin' 'em."

She looked up at him inquisitively. "An' Runa givin' 'em out. Huccome you got so much cur'os'ty 'bout rations?"

"Oh, I jus' want to know 'bout things." Then he continued casually, " 'At old woman must be big dog round here. How 'at old ape get such a swing?"

The plaiting stopped suddenly. Round-eyed, she looked at him. Then a look of fear, as at a blasphemy, came over her. With a furtive glance toward the door, she half whispered, "You better hesh," and, mumbling some excuse, hurried from the room. Charlie looked after her with a puzzled frown. Shrugging, he began softly to whistle a popular air.

IV

Seated for dinner in the servants' cellar room, Charlie made smooth conversation, speaking sophisticatedly of the City and "college." Most of his smiling remarks were addressed to Lila. Presently he asked with a touch of impatience, "Whyn't we eat, Mrs. Cook? What we waitin' for?"

"Jinny gone to call An' Runa now," the cook replied, matter-of-fact.

He stared at her unbelievingly. "You don't mean you all waitin' for 'at old woman?"

"Well, we jes' sorta waits fo' An' Runa," acknowledged the cook, somewhat abashed. The others cut stealthy looks at him.

"What!" he exclaimed, and went off into a derisive cackle.

Ladies and gentlemen waiting on that old hag! They certainly made him laugh! With commanding sang-froid he ordered the dishes passed to him. Yes, it was bad enough to have to knuckle to white folks, but to an old blue-gummed crow—bah!

Incredulous eyes were focused on him. Hesitantly, all but Lila began toying with the dishes.

After the first shock of amazement at his temerity, Lila's brown face hardened, her eyes snapped resentfully. "Free-runnin' mouf cover too much groun'," she offered laconically.

"Now, Miss Lila, Miss Lila!" Charlie said placatingly, breaking into his twisted smile. "Pretty girl like you don't want to get mad. Poutin' spoils your looks," and he stared at her so pointedly that her eyes grew softer and fell.

"An' Runa my kinfolks," she defended, half-heartedly. Pausing, as if weighing a problem, she continued, "Anyhow—you'll walk safer wid a tighter tongue—roun' dese parts," and her eyes gave a flicker of warning.

"What you mean?" he bridled. "You ain't talkin' 'bout 'at old woman—'at old black crow?" He began to chuckle.

" 'Ol'—black—crow,' " echoed a cold, flat voice from the doorway.

With a start, Charlie turned. Runa's bleak stare met him. His lips hardened, but he kept silent. Stealthy, questioning looks were exchanged about the table, but no word was spoken. The cook set a platter beside Runa. Charlie looked up sharply: "Ah, cake and jelly? Seems I 'member the Madam saying it was not to come downstairs."

"De baby sont hit to 'er," the cook explained, under his accusing stare. "He al'ays sen' 'er jelly when dey have it."

"Baby!" he exclaimed contemptuously. "Callin' 'at white brat 'baby'!"

"Stop!" commanded Runa, throwing up her hand, her old eyes flashing, her lips drawn back till the edge of her blue gums showed against her white teeth. "You des' dare call 'im names! Ef Doctor Prescott hear dat—"

"You jus' tell him!" he threatened viciously, half starting from his chair, his finger pointing rigidly at her. "I ain't lookin' for trouble, but jus' one little tale—and I'll—I'll wring your old—"

"Don' wor'y," she interrupted in a voice like flint, her face

settling starkly. "I ain't a teller," and her reddish-yellow eyes opened round in a fixed vitreous glare of a coiled snake. "I don' have to tell—nobody—nothin'," and, as at the thought of some grim, hidden jest, her set lips broke into a faint hard smile.

" 'Tis a good thing for you—" he began, but reluctantly subsided at a beseeching shake of Lila's head.

The other negroes sat as if petrified. Diffidently the girl laid her hand on the old woman's shoulder and whispered, "Please, An' Runa!" But Runa seemed unaware of the pacifying hand. Rigid, expressionless, she sat, staring glassily into the wavering black eyes of the yellow man. As implacably as if pronouncing sentence, she began, "He layin' his cross—layin' his cross—"

"Aw, shut up!" he exploded, fidgeting in his chair.

But she gave no heed to his interruption. She seemed unaware of it, even insensible to his presence. Slowly her eyes set in a trancelike stare, gently her body began to rock; the very flesh of her face seemed to wilt before Charlie's eyes, the black skin to tighten like a death's-head. Swaying, she commenced to chant in a low monotone: "Black shadder . . . a soul on de edge . . . buzzard fannin' grave dus' . . . in a yaller man's face . . ." The door slammed! She barely paused: "An' lizards . . . in red blood . . ."

The jangle of a wall bell startled Charlie—out of all proportion to the noise. It was his upstairs call. Eagerly he hurried to answer it.

Late afternoon found Charlie alone in the pantry, sitting astride a low bench, holding the big silver coffee urn loosely against his aproned knee. Abstractedly he polished and repolished the same spot, his eyes squinting dreamily at a crack in the floor. Jenny came in with an armful of larkspur and poppies. "Come over here," she said, reaching for an old blue willow bowl. "I show you how to fix table flowers."

Slowly Charlie's strokes died to quiescence; his hand rested limply on the urn. His eyes did not lift from the floor. In a meditative tone, partly relapsing into his boyhood dialect, he queried, "What all 'at jumbo 'at ol' devil talkin' at me?"

Jenny's body tautened—poised: "What—you mean?"

" 'At ol' Runa," he replied, raising his gaze to her side face. "What she think she doin'? Sorta crazy, ain't she?"

Flashing him a look of utter amazement, she answered tensely, "She crazy? She got all kinda sense—more'n anybody," and, giving a little shiver, went futilely at her flowers again.

"What all 'at mess she talkin' then? 'Bout buzzard wing an' grave dus'—an' lizards?" he asked, his eyes searching.

Jenny appeared not to hear. She fiddled with the flowers, keeping her face averted.

"Soun' like ol' crazy cunjur talk to me," he mused. Pausing, he startled her with an incisive question:—

"Jinny! Do she call herse'f a cunjur 'oman?"

This time he saw the flinching shivers run up her back. "I hear Miss Betty callin'!" she exclaimed, starting to the door.

For several minutes Charlie gazed after her. "She sho' do act funny," he mumbled, his hand automatically resuming the slow polishing strokes. "I believe they skeered—o' 'at ol' devil."

Presently he threw back his shoulders suddenly, and began a brisk rubbing. "Hunh!" he grunted. "Old ignorant black nigger!"

The flowers lay wilting on the shelf. Jenny did not return till she saw Charlie crossing the yard to his room.

V

Runa felt "po'ly" Sunday—not up to the two-mile walk to Zion Town Church. She sat staring at Lila while the girl primped with more than ordinary care.

From a long silence Runa admonished her: "Stay 'way f'om dat yaller nigger—you hear? He's pizenous as a copperhead!"

Lila, glancing from under her lids, acquiesced a meek and ready "Yes, ma'am."

But on the way home that night she somehow found herself straggling behind the rest, alone with Charlie.

VI

Charlie soon decided he liked Kennon Hills and his job. He liked the negroes, too, pretty well, for what they were; but consciously he looked down upon them from his height. He liked the slender-figured Lila best—she was really worth giving time to.

Yes, this was a pretty soft nest—but in its lining was an insignificant burr that pricked him. Too often he caught himself thinking of old Runa—silly, childish thoughts, he felt, that made him petulant. And she irritated him with her everlasting "old crazy smile."

He could find out little definite about her; and he swore inwardly at the fool niggers who seemed afraid to tell him anything. He had tried the women first, then the coachman and gardener, and finally had gone up to the farm hands' quarters at night to sing with them; but his most guarded touch upon Runa —her history, her status—was met by vagueness or silence. The fools drew into their shells quicker than old terrapins when touched with a stick.

The few bits of information he was able to extract from one source and another could be patched together in but a dim, meaningless pattern. The few material threads he fancied he could discern in the nebulous warp were in themselves but half-formulated, whispered innuendoes; misty, inferred legends of queer happenings, of Black Sukey, of Big Mose and others, with Runa's figure seen wavering in the background through a haze of suggestion. Damn their ignorant souls—they *were* afraid! There was one other possible source. . . .

One morning, while Neal and Joseph were sweating at the new cave in the bank of the old battery behind Mammy's house, they were startled by a growl from Budger, their shepherd puppy. On the high bank stood Charlie, smiling ingratiatingly.

"Hello, boys! Diggin' a cave?" And he slid down the bank in front of them.

Joseph rolled his eyes from Charlie to Neal. Neither boy spoke.

This was an irritating and almost unprecedented situation. A grown person deliberately trespassing on their secret ground! Neither knew just what to say. But the new butler was not abashed. With one hand held behind him, he looked quizzically at Neal, and asked, "You like windmills?"

Windmills! Both boys straightened and looked at him hungrily. Deliberately he disclosed a small wind wheel, beautifully whittled out of soft pine, and stained red with blackberry juice.

The entente cordiale had been masterfully established. Yes,

he could make weather vanes too, and water mills, and kites. Maybe he'd make them some by and by. Anyway, he'd nail the windmill on the ridge of the henhouse for them to-day, sure.

Then he shifted the conversation: "That your Mammy's house up there, ain't it? You sure got a fine Mammy. How long she been here?"

"Oh, years and years," Neal answered indifferently.

"Sence 'fo' de stars fell," augmented Joseph, eager to jolt the city man with a real date—the date from which all great events were reckoned.

Charlie smiled. "Oh, she's not that old," he protested tolerantly.

"Ma say she mos' a hund'ed," insisted Joseph.

"She was *real* old when she came to nurse Bro' Ran, and he's married," bridled Neal, as if one of Mammy's virtues were threatened. "Then," he continued, "she nursed 'Lisbeth, and then me —and I'm goin' on ten."

"Your father and mother think a lot of her, don't they?" Charlie insinuated. "She kinda runs things, don't she?"

"Sure," said Neal, matter-of-course.

Pausing thoughtfully, Charlie asked. "The colored people act like they're sorta scared of her—why's that?"

Joseph's big eyes opened in round unbelief; he sucked in his breath audibly. Neal gazed intently at the pale yellow man. Wasn't he a funny man, asking that question? No negro had ever asked any question about Mammy's life—much less such a one. Why, they would almost as soon have asked an impertinent question about God! He guessed that maybe a college nigger wasn't afraid. He'd see. " 'Cause she can *conjure!*" he spat forth in a stage whisper.

Charlie did not flinch as Neal had expected, but stood looking gravely at him, a slight frown wrinkling his forehead. "You don't believe that—" he began, but was interrupted by a scrambling noise on the bank. Joseph was just reaching the top. With a desperate bound he gained the level and dashed for home.

"What's the matter with *him?*" Charlie asked curiously.

Neal smiled, but, sobering quickly, looked more closely at this queer nigger. "He thinks it's bad luck to talk about conjure —don't you?" he taunted.

"Pshaw!" smiled Charlie. "There's no such thing."

"Ain't there!" bristled Neal. "Why, Mammy can conjure anybody, jus' give her time. She can work love and hate tricks, and pain tricks, and mind tricks. And," he dropped his voice to an intense whisper, "she can put—lizard—in you."

Warming to her defense, he continued, "Look what happened to Big Mose! Look at Black Sukey! She's still in the 'sylum. Look at Jake Lewis! Seven lizards out of one sore in his leg.

"You better walk your road and not cross her path," he warned, his eyes squinting. "She'll put you in the shadow," and, shaking his head knowingly, he started home, as if washing his hands of all responsibility.

The yellow man's derisive cackle followed the little boy across the field. But when Neal was beyond hearing, the cackle subsided. For minutes Charlie stood still, as if pondering. With a sly glance at Runa's house, he slowly climbed the opposite bank.

VII

Charlie quickly mastered the details of his work. Mrs. Prescott grew more and more to feel that she had an almost perfect butler. Even the Doctor's prejudices against "trade-school niggers" were gradually overcome by the man's thoughtful initiative and smooth, intelligent execution of orders. Ere harvest time Charlie was considered a fixture at Kennon Hills.

In spite of any small disturbing thoughts locked tight in his own breast, or any little irritating incidents known only to himself, he maintained for the most part a friendly, smiling exterior. Seldom, at first, did he vary from a suavely polite, if condescending, manner toward the negroes. If they sensed his tolerant, patronizing attitude, they did not outwardly resent it. Though perhaps critical of his early assumption of social leadership, yet they tacitly recognized his superiority of education, his fine manners and sophistication; and felt more than a little flattered at his camaraderie—somewhat as they felt toward the preacher when he deigned to step down from his pedestal to become humanly one of them at their social gatherings. Never did he actually boast of his own advantages of learning and modern point of view, or directly belittle their old-fashioned tenets and

customs; but a subtle propaganda of indulgent suggestion, colored with veiled derision, emanated from him. With his innuendoes against the whites, his insidious preachments of race equality, and his bold, smiling disregard of old beliefs and superstitions, he made his presence felt.

The servants began to assume little airs, and attempt the use of unfamiliar words. They became not quite so shy of his criticisms of the whites, sometimes actually joining him in such critical discussions. Since he had shown no baneful effects from his casual ignoring of Runa, his complete disregard of her established position, they ventured, in her absence, even to snicker over his quips at her expense. But when he threw out derisive or belittling insinuations in her presence, they held themselves to sly, half-insolent looks. Charlie's attitude was becoming the mode, and Charlie was growing popular below stairs—particularly with the women. Even the middle-aged cook had a sly glance for him. Special tidbits, previously saved for Aunt Runa, began to find their way to his plate.

Not a shade of these insidious changes escaped Runa; but, other than for a hurt, puzzled look, and a withdrawing deeper into her own sombre silences, she gave little outward sign. Smouldering flame, however, would creep into her half-veiled eyes at some passing look of understanding between Lila and the yellow man, with his straight hair and slick tongue.

As for the girl, Aunt Runa had always kept her in easy check. And now, when she berated her for wearing her Sunday dress on week nights, and for coming home later and later,—with a look in her eyes, the hussy,—the old expression of fear would come back over Lila. At the girl's cringing under her sharp invectives and dire threats, Runa's old eyes would lose some of their scathing fire and become dubiously content. But at the sight of that pale nigger sitting there glibly talking, every one hanging on his words, herself forgotten, her face would settle into a look of stark, inexorable portent.

VIII

Queer little things, petty happenings, quite insignificant at first to a man of his enlightenment, had been irritating Charlie since

his first week at Kennon Hills. So futile, so meaningless, were they in the beginning that a careless observer might have attributed them to the mischievous mind of a child.

They began with his finding a red flannel ball no bigger than a hickory nut tied to his broom handle. Curious, thinking it some joke, he detached it and casually rolled it over in his hand. Smiling, he slit the stitches with his knife. Funny stitches they were, too—neatly laid in the form of little crosses. And the thread! He felt of the severed ends. They were stiff, bristly—like horsehair. Peeling back the flannel cover, he disclosed a ball of evil-smelling yellow gum. Across the ball, adhering to the gum, were two downy black feathers—laid in a cross. Gradually his expression changed, the tolerant smile became a fixed, silly one. Suddenly he gave a contemptuous sniff, and viciously threw the thing out of the window.

Following this, at more or less regular intervals, there had come many trivial but strange meddlings with his possessions—some so intangible, others so insignificant, that he wondered if his imagination were not playing him tricks. He could, himself, have subconsciously cleaned his comb of all hair—and forgotten it. A small piece dug out of his soap, the uncertain rearrangement of articles on his shelves into vague patterns—these might have been coincidences. And the puppy might have dragged away his missing shoe. But, again coming upon indubitable evidence,—concrete things, unnatural and disturbing,—he would feel afresh the uncomfortable, irritating sense of a malevolent spectral hand prowling among his effects and leaving its signs.

Then a small triangular piece was cut from his undershirt.

Charlie's suave, friendly good humor became broken with recurrent days of petulance—barely noticeable.

Part Two

I

AS the days wore on, Lila grew to dread all contact with Aunt Runa. The old woman's black moods had so lengthened that they now almost merged into one continuous state of ominous gloom. From deep silences she would thrust incisive,

tripping questions at the girl. Bedtime, with its tongue lashings and dark warnings, had become a fearsome nightly trial. A fresh lie must always be ready. She was afraid, of course; but, somehow, she forgot the fear of the night in the next day's sun —and Charlie.

Runa herself came to ignore the man. In spite of his frequent sarcastic inferences, despite his repeated sly interference with her work, she contained herself in silence. Only on the recurrent days when he came to the table out of humor would she notice him. Then she would stare imperturbably at his peevish face. Occasionally she would smile, as if satisfied. More, than once Charlie caught her sphinxlike gaze. His beady eyes would counter hers boldly for a moment, then flicker down the table.

Charlie took quite casually his growing prestige with the negroes. Even before going to "college" he had been able to sway uneducated negroes darker than himself. The blacker they were, the easier to handle—particularly women. Runa was the first black one to flout him. The thought of that old nigger bucking him, the realization of his inability to look her eye to eye, goaded him almost beyond endurance. Futilely he squirmed, and cursed himself for a weak fool. In the intervals between the harassing things that trickled in upon him methodically, he would make bold, determined resolutions. But each time when about regaining his poise some new thing would creep stealthily up on him to destroy his aplomb and set his nerves jangling again. More and more difficult did it become to hide his irritation.

And the things grew more repulsive. Two rusty black feathers, tied in a cross with a bit of red fibre root, seemed a harmless enough thing to find under one's pillow; but on raising it closer to his face he was struck almost breathless with the rank smell of old carrion. "Gawd! What kind o' feathers . . . ?"

Then again, digging into his tobacco pouch one night, he felt something crisp and scratchy. Fishing it out, he saw a tiny, mummied gray hand! Nasty little thing! Charlie wondered. . . . Suddenly he gasped: "Toad foot!" His hands flew open like springs. The pouch and the little hand dropped to the floor. Long he stood staring at the thing, futilely shaking his

fingers, his face like yellow putty. Presently he wiped his brow on his shirt sleeve, and swept both pouch and little hand on to the papers in the fireplace. He struck a match to the papers and watched. The smell of burning tobacco arose. Then a strangely sickening, mouldy odor drifted about him—faint, but as permeating as ether. He felt it seeping through him. Unexpectedly the pouch began to sizzle and spit little blue sparks. "What de devil!" he murmured, stepping back, with a warding hand in front of him. Suddenly he turned and left the room.

The next day Charlie strode in to dinner with a glitter in his black eyes, his thin lips compressed. "I'm givin' warnin' ag'in," he gritted, his eyes flashing to Aunt Runa. "If I catch any creepin' nigger in my room, may Gawd strike me dead if I don' kill 'em."

Runa looked at him meditatively, as he peevishly stabbed at his food; then she smiled grimly around the table at the other darkies. Each pair of eyes in turn dropped to their plates. No one spoke.

II

The first cutting of red-top clover had been cured, and the wagons with their big slatted scow bodies had emptied their last mellow load into the great barns. Neal's and Joseph's bare ankles bore honorable scars of the dewberry briers and stubble of the near fields through which they had trudged to the barn behind the tall loaded wagons, to ride back in the empties.

The long interminable rows of corn had been "laid by," and the single ploughs lined in a row beneath the pole shed till next summer.

Aunt Runa had in silent melancholy put her seasonable duties behind her. The new pullets had been turned out, the young turkeys brought safely through. Week by week the lines of jars on the storeroom shelves had lengthened and fattened. Each white-scrubbed board, with its layer of yellow sliced apples or red cherries, had dried its allotted time under the midsummer sun. From cherry bounce to brandied peaches, Runa had fulfilled her quota, and could go easy till the little wine grapes assumed their dark purple coats—ready for the press.

Through the long July drought, when the sun set day after day

in a pitiless ball of fire, on into the late days of a rainless August, when the wells ran dry and the dusty corn leaves drooped on their seared stalks, Charlie battled with himself. Through the hot, breathless nights, when the cattle kept him awake with their plaintive lowing, he fought against the thoughts that seemed eating at his brain. Things! Things! Always coming suddenly, unexpectedly! He found them everywhere—even in his food. In spite of his efforts at self-control, and his reiteration of the little formula, " 'Tain' nothin'! 'Tain' nothin' but 'at old devil tryin' skeer me," he grew more nervous and irritable. From a mere pecking, the things had grown to hammer him without let-up. And they seemed more ominous, too.

Where at first he would have stepped over the seven little cones of gray powder on his doorsill with a curt oath, he instead carefully swept them into a can, and stealthily scrubbed the sill with kerosene before crossing it.

But the abhorrent things in his clothing, in his bed, touching his bare flesh unexpectedly—oh, Gawd! They were the worst. They seemed to tear and pull at his nerves like a dog at a young sheep. He cursed himself, but his mumbled string of oaths would die out in a low whimper. Sometimes he slept in his chair, a restless, moaning sleep that left him weary and broken in the morning. He was less himself—full of lassitude and odd creepings of the flesh. Malaria, perhaps.

New habits had grown on him, too. He turned over his pillow at bedtime and tapped his shoes bottom-up in the morning. Before he thrust his hand into a pocket, into any shadowy recess, he would hesitate, as if weighing the consequences. To Jenny's consternation she found, on going to make up his room, a copious sprinkling of salt about the corners. Leaving it untouched, she ran to tell the cook.

Charlie's periods of ill humor, which at first had barely peeped through his friendly suavity, had come obviously to the surface. He was frequently cross even with Lila. The negroes had grown to recognize these cycles as something definite, something to be watched. Besides, a homemade ring on his finger—a ring fashioned from a horseshoe nail—drew sly, quickened glances from them. They wondered! Was it a nail from the *white mare-mule?* When Runa saw the ring she smiled almost cheerfully.

With the exception of her periodical days of brightening,—the days when Charlie was "low,"—Runa's deep silences were seldom broken during the passing weeks. Mrs. Prescott sometimes wondered if she weren't growing dotty; but her work was done as dexterously and methodically as ever.

Neal, too, had grown fitfully moody. Never had Mammy had so long a spell; never had she seemed less to want him around. He gave up trying to break through her shell, and lapsed into his own long silences. His mother's thoughts turned to malaria, typhoid, the whole category of ills, but the Doctor laughed her out of them.

III

Before grape picking, the negroes were fully alive to the fact that Charlie's depressions were surely followed by a brightening in An' Runa. Once when he detected flecks of gray dust on his bread, and viciously stamped it under foot, Runa actually chuckled. Under their critical, almost contemptuous eyes, he dashed from the room in a cursing fury.

Yes, Charlie's bad days were Aunt Runa's good ones.

And, with his increasing testiness, Charlie seemed consumed with desire to hurt Runa; to belittle her, to goad her into controversy with his insinuations affecting her pride and self-respect. It looked as if his days were spent thinking up aggravating things to say, and ways to set back her work. She, however, appeared to take none of these things to herself. She seemed oblivious of it all—even dull. The other negroes were perplexed, but Lila grew more ill at ease in the presence of Runa and Charlie. To her frowns and headshakings Charlie paid no attention.

One morning Lila gave him a signal in passing. He followed her to an empty room. Her face was ashen, her trim figure drooped.

Fearsomely, as if pulled between desires, she began: "Cha'lie, you jes' gotta stop buckin' An' Runa. You gotta make friends."

"What!" he flared. "With 'at old hell-cat!"

"You gotta!" she whimpered, clutching his arm. "You gotta! Cha'lie, you don' know, you don' know . . ."

He threw off her hand, his eyes flashing: "You crazy? I great mind slap yo' mouth."

And, thrusting her roughly away, he started for the door.

Lila sprang, and threw her arms around him from behind. "Listen—please!" she panted.

Whirling, his eyes met the stark fear bursting from her own. He paused.

"Fo' my sake, Cha'lie. . . . Ef you don't—ef you don't—Oh, Jesus! Gawd above!"

"I believe you *are* crazy," he began.

But the girl's hands shut down so tightly on his arms that he winced. With a sob, as if using a fearful last resort, she suddenly whispered: "I see 'er . . . bu'nin' grave dus' . . . over you las' night."

"Dam' you!" he snarled, and, spinning her away, slammed from the room.

IV

Neal heard the news just before supper. Sobbing, vowing vengeance, he went to tell his mother. Somebody had killed good old 'Lisha, and hung his mutilated body on Mammy's gate—right where she would see it. He would catch them—put them in the penitentiary—hang them, the dirty cowards!

Comforting him as best she could, Mrs. Prescott promised that Mammy should have the pick of the new kittens; and he could go after supper to sit with her and comfort her.

Arriving out of breath at the little gate, Neal ran his hand through the slats and muffled the cowbells. He must go softly; this was no time for a noisy entrance. At the steps he paused, rigid. Mammy's voice had suddenly broken into that half-wailing, fearsome dirge, " 'Rection Day." It sent shivers through him and brought a lump in his throat. It was so portentous; so full of pending grief and irrevocable parting. His little fists clenched, his teeth steadied his lip. Softly the old voice quavered:—

"Preacher in de val-ley a-preachin',
An' de moon drips awa-a-y into blood,
When de rocks begin to me-lt,
An' de riv-ers t' burn,
Sin-nah-h, wha' . . . will yo' turn?"

"Mammy-y!" His voice quavered, too.

"Dat you, son? Wait a minute. I'll make a light."

She sat in her low split-bottom rocker at one side of the fireplace, filled with cedar boughs.

Kissing her cheek, he knelt beside her, holding her arm about his neck. He grew tearful as he tried to console her for 'Lisha's death. "You've had a lot of spirit trouble, too, this summer, haven't you, Mammy? Are the black sheep still following you?" he asked, stroking her hand against his face.

"Turble bad, son, turble bad. So black and sech a flock er 'em," she moaned, "all 'bout me, wo'kin' like maggits in a ol' ham. Maybe dey tote me 'way fo' long—dey so stronglike." The boy's hand clutched hers tightly, his eyes became misty. "Seem like my . . . strengt' leavin' . . . and my deep sight weak'nin'. . . . I feared I slidin' . . . down . . . down . . ."

"Oh, Mammy," the child whimpered, "don't talk that way!" And suddenly his clutch grew tighter and the little head went down in her lap. "Don't talk—like that. . . . You're just as strong as ever. . . ."

"Hardly—hardly," she whispered, shaking her head. "One dese mornin', when you wake up, I'll be gone."

"Don't, oh, don't, Mammy!" he cried, struggling to his feet; and, hysterically clutching her in his arms, he sobbed on her old bosom.

Gently she drew him on to her lap, and with a "Sh-h-h, baby, sh-h-h!" she folded his little body in her arms and began to rock gently, patting his shoulder in rhythm with her rocking. "You 'member," she began divertingly, "how I use' to rock you, an' sing?" His head nodded against her bosom; his muffled voice came up, "Sing now, Mammy."

Folding him tighter, she bowed her cheek on his head, her rocking became regular, her pats measured. Softly, with a slight quaver, rose her soothing voice:—

"Gwine a-ride on de milk-white ho'ses,
By an' by, li'l child'en,
Gwine a-ride on de milk-white ho'ses,
By an' by-y-y.

Gwine a-clim' dat golden ladd-er,
Dat leads right up to heav-en,
An' a-walk dem golden stre-ets,
By an' by-y-y."

When Lila came, Mammy's tired form was still rocking. Neal was asleep. Mammy made Lila walk home with him.

V

Snooping, watching, became an obsession with Charlie. But his spying and his timorous hunts through shelves and drawers, his systematic shaking of garments, were fruitless. Just when he was feeling hopeful that he had been granted a respite,—possibly forgotten,—he would suddenly be startled to the very quick. He was lashed from fury to despair. Whiskey—hot raw whiskey—was a solace. But even this was suddenly denied him. On raising the hidden bottle to his mouth one night, he felt something like a little chip touch his lip. He held the bottle to the light. A small lizard, grotesquely stiff, swirled slowly in the liquor. An illness swept over him. With the pains of his retching, he thought he could feel faint creepings and gnawings in his stomach —like something nipping at his insides.

By threshing time Charlie was a sick man. Bad dreams and night sweats and agues troubled him. His food tasted queer—like the horrid smell that had come from the burning tobacco pouch. And the creepings and gnawings in his stomach continued. This symptom worried him more than all the rest.

He complained of everything. His smiling repartee, his piquant tales of trade-school life, were a thing of the past. His shell of savoir-faire seemed to have broken, to let out a disturbing, unpleasant personality that wore badly with the negroes. Hunh! Dat Cha'lie was sure gittin' worrisome an' tetchy. Slam a door, or knock a pan, and he would jump an' cuss. Look like when he did laugh he sorta strained at it. He oughta git Doctor to gi'e him some pills an' tonic.

Charlie thought so, too, for he asked Doctor Prescott to prescribe for him.

Runa didn't carry quite the former air of stress about her; she

appeared to have relaxed somewhat, as one does after the crux of a highly tensed situation. She looked at Charlie less often, less intently. He seldom even glanced toward her.

The moon turned to its wane, and Charlie grew worse. He talked aloud to himself, and, although he knew that was a bad sign, he couldn't stop it. He would curse and then pray—plunging from one to the other. Gawd! If they would only let up! If he could but look forward to a month—a week—of peace! But the dam' things kept hammering—like the beat of a rubber mallet on his brain. And he found himself waiting—waiting for the next blow. The spring had left his stride; his small eyes turned yellow, like old Runa's, and they had now a strange look to them. "Jes' like he all time 'spectin' somep'n tur'ble to happen—to hese'f," ventured the cook, in a hushed voice, to the others about the table. "Hit sho' is skeery. Look like somep'n—wo'kin' on 'im," she continued. But no one spoke; no one looked at the other. Shivering, she whispered, "I feel like somep'n—gwine happen. Jesus—" Her whisper died. Suddenly she began collecting the plates with an unusual clatter.

Yes, Charlie was bad off. They all knew it. He dodged Runa, and avoided even Lila. And Lila was grievin', too,—love-grievin',—they could see it. Charlie must have lost his taste for her. They would watch closer.

But Runa didn't avoid Charlie any more. It seemed to him she sought him out—followed him. Without warning she would pop out on him; unexpectedly she would be standing beside him —smiling her dour, inscrutable smile.

After a particularly trying day of almost hiding from her, he went to bed early; not that he expected to sleep, but to be alone. Somehow he needed to be alone these days. His bare foot touched something! He sprang from the bed, shaking as in a chill. Tremblingly he lifted the folded sheet. There, lifelike, squatted a yellow-gray toad. Gawd! Stealthily clutching a shoe by the toe, he struck. The stuffed toad exploded and a fine dust rose in the air. It seemed to penetrate his vitals. Nostrils, lungs, even his very heart seemed choked with an acrid burning.

He staggered to the cook's door adjoining, and frantically hammered. "Help! Help!" he gasped. "Can' see! . . . Can'

breathe! . . . She killin' me! She killin' me!" as he fell across her bed.

"Who killin' you?" she asked excitedly.

"Water!" he begged. "Water!"

Between moans, he drank great gulps.

The cook sat watching him, a mingling of awe and intense curiosity in her face. When his low moans lessened, she asked curiously:—

"Whyn't you go on to yo' room now?"

"No! No! Le' me stay here—on a quilt—in de corner. I 'fraid . . . I git sick ag'in. . . ."

She gave him a strange, critical look, almost of contempt, but nevertheless humored him; and Charlie lay on the floor, staring up into the black dark, till day broke.

The day was one of little work for Charlie. He sat in his room, trying to think, trying to plan. Then he wandered vacantly about the stables, and finally out into the orchard, where he sat against an apple tree listening to the busy sounds of wheat threshing. But the interminable moan of the big thresher drifted down upon him depressingly. Droning, droning monotonously, then shrieking out as in agony when it crunched into the heavy bundles of grain. "Like a sick somebody moanin' an' hollerin'," he mumbled, fidgeting. And the never-ceasing chant of the driver boys, urging the twelve big mules round, and round, and round, worried him. Their eternal "Gi' up! Gi' up! Gi' up-up-up-up!" throbbed in his ears, pecked at his nerves. Cursing the boys, the thresher, everything, he raged back to his room and shut himself between its hot walls.

He was tired, sick of Kennon Hills and its people. He had often thought of leaving; had been on the point of quitting before. But now, as always, his pride, the white blood in him, revolted against acknowledging, even to himself, that he was being—well, sort of driven away . . . by an old . . . But to-day he couldn't think. He was sick—that was it! Too sick to think! He wouldn't try. Wait till to-morrow—when he felt better, and could plan—scheme. He had always been able to scheme—out of anything.

Stealing back from the kitchen late that night, Charlie tiptoed

into his room and stealthily closed the door. From under his shirt he took out a flour sifter, and tilted it face-out against the door. He wondered why he hadn't thought of this charm of his old grandmother's before. Maybe sifters did catch—things. Sitting on the bed, he took a nutmeg from his pocket and, after looking at it for a moment, began stitching a piece of dark cloth about it. Then to the cover he sewed the loop of a string. Opening his shirt, he tied the ends around his neck. He remembered several old people wearing nutmeg trick breakers. With a weary sigh of hopefulness, he stretched out and presently slept.

Charlie felt better, more at peace, after his good night's sleep. He was elated, almost happy with the idea that Grandma was right. Perhaps the old folks did know. . . .

In place of a surly grunt he gave Lila an almost genial greeting. The girl's eyes quickened. Searchingly, hopefully, she gazed at him. Throughout the morning she made opportunities to be near him, to watch him appraisingly. Later she cornered him. "I gotta talk wid you to-night, Cha'lie," she began earnestly. "Dere's a heap I 'bleeged to tell you—a heap you gotta know. My min' can' res'!"

Sensing something disagreeable, he peevishly demurred; but at length he nodded reluctantly. "A' right—under de same tree."

VI

Lila was very late. Aunt Runa had been fidgeting and mumbling for some time. Suddenly, with a look of stark resolve, she removed her slippers and stockings and glided out of the door.

Silently as an Indian she stole down the lane, pausing, listening. Voices in the orchard! She crept along the shadow of the fence. Lila's voice! And a man's! That pizen yaller nigger. . . .

Lila's earnest tones were interrupted by a voice quivering with rage: "I great min' kill you—you hussy!"

With a sharp cry, the girl sprang up. "An' Runa!" she gasped, and shrank back against Charlie.

"Come here to me!" Runa's pitiless voice commanded. Lila started; hesitated. "You hear me?" and the incisive words seemed to penetrate the girl like a knife. Moaning softly, her

head bowed, she dragged her feet slowly toward the old woman. The man hesitantly followed, as one dazed.

Runa's old frame tautened. Like a flash she lunged—and struck. One, two, three open-handed blows against the girl's face! Lila screamed. It was hopeless to struggle. A steely claw clutched tight in her hair. Fast, fast, like strokes of a snake, came the blows. "You would—would you? You slut—wid a—yaller snake . . ."

"He'p, Cha'lie! He'p!" the girl beseeched frantically.

Berserk, with smouldering hate bursting forth with the flame of resentment, the yellow negro sprang. Viciously he swung against Aunt Runa's face. Her old knees sagged; slowly the old body toppled and lay still—almost hidden in the pea vines and Jimson weeds.

VII

Mammy was very sick, Neal heard at breakfast. She had fallen in the night and seriously hurt her head. And Mammy was so old—one scarcely knew . . . No, he mustn't go up now. Mother would send her a nice tray later. No, they couldn't tell just how ill she was. Mother would let him know at dinner. Neal couldn't eat; struggle as he would, great straining sobs would break out and choke him. Mrs. Prescott rose and, putting her arm about him, led him from the room.

Leaning against the dining-room wall, apathetic, Charlie had tried to make his mind take in the conversation. Stupidly his brain felt for the elusive thoughts. Suddenly a look of satisfied cunning came over his drawn face. His brain began to function —brokenly. She hadn't told on him! . . . Maybe she would die? . . . Lila would never tell! . . . He could stay on at Kennon Hills, with Lila, and rule the roost again! Gawd knew he wished she would die. But if she shouldn't! He caught his breath. His eyes grew round and glassy. Hadn't he struck her? Gawd, yes, he had actually hit her—hard. Pity he hadn't used a rock! . . . But he hadn't. . . . And if . . . when . . . she came back? Jesus, the Saviour! He had a great mind to run. He struggled against the thought, fought it. But the idea drove him out of the room, into the pantry, undecided, confused. Pressing both hands against his forehead, he sank on to the low

bench, his head bowed almost to the worn boards. Presently he gave a deep, quivering sigh, and, straightening, let his hands fall loosely. The inherent pride of the "high yellow" had conquered. He would wait—take a chance.

Neal was sitting on the back porch, dejectedly stroking Budger's head. It was quiet there, where he could be alone with his thoughts. His shocking grief at the possibility of Mammy's dying had worn itself down with its very intensity. And with emotional exhaustion had come youthful optimism. Mammy wasn't the kind to give under to a little old fall. She had survived a mule's kick, the black mare's throwing her against a tree —oh, lots of things! Besides, Mammy's mind—her second sight —would bring her through. . . .

The twelve-o'clock bell struck. Neal looked up. Suddenly he started. Then, with a cry of "Look! There's Mammy! Mammy!" he tumbled the startled puppy aside and dashed across the yard.

Weaving down the lane, bracing herself with a stick, tottered Aunt Runa.

When Neal helped her up the steps she was nearly exhausted. He shouted for his mother, Elizabeth, the cook—everybody. Run quick! Here was Mammy! His was a hysterical frenzy of joy.

With the family solicitously gathered around her, Neal fanning her, the cook bringing ice water, and Jenny a stool for her feet, Aunt Runa lay back motionless, a look of pride, a smile of triumph on her ashen face.

Charlie had missed it all. He was sleeping exhaustedly in his room.

Presently the cook helped her down to the cellar room, where she could drink her coffee in peace. Neal hurried to find cake, jelly, rolls, crackers—anything he could lay hands on.

Mammy's return was indeed a triumphal one. Nor was her departure less; for the Doctor, coming back from a call, scolded her from her chair, and with Jenny on one side, the cook on the other, and Neal walking backward in the van, he ordered her to his shiny buggy and helped her to the cushioned seat.

As the procession emerged from the area-way, Charlie came out

of his door, and stopped, frozen. With a sucking of breath, he sprang inside, slammed the door—and locked it.

Charlie came late to dinner. He had an ill, hunted look. Abstractedly he reached into the cupboard for his bottle of tonic. His fingers touched a bottle—but it didn't feel familiar. . . . Deliberately he drew forth the strange bottle. It was pale green, of queer shape, and . . . Hesitating, but spurred by some inner urge, he moved slowly across the room to a better light. Tense eyes followed the bottle as Charlie raised it. "Who put this—" he began to snarl. But a muffled cry broke in: "Look! Jesus—dey 'live!"

Charlie started. His hand trembled, his eyes bulged. The coppery mass in the pale green bottle was alive, squirming! Fascinated, like one hypnotized, he stared. A small red lizard, with little bunches of hair tied to its forefeet, swam sinuously up from the bottom, as if to greet Charlie.

"Christ!" he choked, and, with only the instinct to get rid of the thing, flung it hysterically against the wall. It crashed, and with the crash came a woman's scream. Conjure bottle—broken! As if by magic Charlie was alone.

Shaking, his yellow face like a dead man's, he swayed. Catching the table, he staggered through the door, out into the yard. Not a soul was in sight. In a half run he reached his room.

VIII

Charlie gave notice that night. He was too sick to work. Thought he'd better go to the City. He would like to take his things in the spring wagon when it went to town to-morrow. He asked that the servants not be told till he was gone. Save him a lot of questions.

The man was undoubtedly ill. Doctor Prescott was more puzzled than ever. He ordered him to bed. The wagon wouldn't leave till after dinner to-morrow.

Aunt Runa tottered down in the late forenoon next day, and insisted on mending some of Neal's clothes. She felt lots better, she protested.

Shortly before servants' dinner time she came into the kitchen,

to rest and talk, she said. The cook was grumbling about Miss Betty's ordering her to boil eggs for "dat Cha'lie." Placing the food on a tray, she asked An' Runa please to take it downstairs for her, while she brought the other things.

When Charlie came in, he answered their perfunctory greetings and sly inquisitive looks with a mumbled word and a vacant, dazed smile around the table. Runa's inflexible stare caught his eyes, and held them. Their vacant look was slowly crowded out by one of dreadful fear. Suddenly a strange light of desperation shot from them. Runa looked away.

Charlie ate his eggs half-heartedly, in silence. Suddenly he sprang up and started for the door, but before he could reach it he vomited. One brought a glass of water, another a towel; even Aunt Runa joined the solicitous group about him. Charlie was led to a chair.

Jenny's voice startled them: "Jesus Gawd! Look!" Shrinking back, with abject horror in her eyes, she pointed to the splotch on the floor.

Charlie looked up weakly at the awe-struck negroes gathered behind the rigid, pointing girl.

"Gawdamighty!" breathed the cook. Throwing her apron over her head, she stumbled for the door—the others in sheer panic crowding her through.

Runa stood calmly looking down with a contemplative smile at something obscurely wriggling. "Hit's a lizard, ain't it?" she said in a tone of casual interest, not shifting her gaze.

At the word "lizard," Charlie struggled to his feet. Slowly, fearsomely, he advanced, his eyes fixed on the spot. Abruptly he stiffened. For a full minute he stared as one hypnotized. But, as if drawn by some power beyond him, his glazed eyes slowly lifted to meet the old woman's mockingly triumphant ones.

Suddenly his face blazed with a maniacal glare. His teeth snapped shut, the lips drawn back like a vicious dog's. With the snarl of a mad beast he sprang back, his finger pointing rigidly at Runa. " 'Tain' so! 'Tain' so!" he screamed—and leaped for the door.

The spring wagon left for town without Charlie. No, no one knew where he was, nor anything about him. Doctor Prescott was puzzled—and worried. When questioned, Neal smiled half-

pityingly into his father's face, but denied all knowledge of "that sneakin' yellow nigger."

IX

The domestic machinery of Kennon Hills had gone to pieces. From garden to chambers there was little done; and that little as if by absent-minded, furtive idiots, thought the mistress. Even Neal bore a mysterious air of silent preoccupation. Mammy had taken to her bed. She felt po'ly—kinda tired out. If the Doctor didn't mind, she'd rest a few days.

At dusk the third evening after Charlie's disappearance, Neal came in from a drive to the river farm with his father. Moses, the stableboy, was not waiting in his accustomed place by the steps; nor was there any response to the Doctor's impatient calls. Neal hitched the horse to the rack, and followed his father indoors. There was no light on the first floor. The Doctor spluttered as he started upstairs. Confound the lazy niggers! Son must run to stir them out—this minute!

Drifting through the half-dark rooms, Neal was struck with an unnatural stillness pervading the house. Not a nigger in sight! That was funny! He shivered. With a strained look of expectancy, he tiptoed on to the porch and paused, silent, listening.

Faintly out of the dusk came the low murmur of voices, from the lane, behind the smokehouse. For a moment the boy stood tense; then he crept softly down the steps, and across the yard. Cautiously he looked around the corner.

A group of silent, shadowy figures stood about an old darky who held a mule by the bridle. The old man's low voice continued dramatically:—

". . . an' dey see by de light er de lantun dat't was *him* de possum dogs had treed . . . dar, in de middle er de Big Slash. He fit 'em like a wil'cat; but las' dey got 'im down . . . an' tied 'im . . . wid dey galluses. . . ."

A stifled sob broke from a girl's throat. Vague feet shuffled softly; dim forms moved, swayed gently; and a long indrawn breath quivered—and died. Then a woman's awed voice trembled in supplication:—

"Jesus, de Saviour . . . have mercy, Lord!"

A low "Amen!" came in responsive chorus.

Neal's very flesh seemed to creep from his back. He crowded hard against the wall, and held his breath.

"An' so," the old negro's voice dropped almost to a whisper, "Doc'r Wright an' de Sheriff took 'im down, dis mornin' . . . to de 'sylum."

A GUILTY WOMAN [1]

By GLENWAY WESCOTT

(From *The Century Magazine*)

ONE day in midsummer Evelyn Crowe, the murderess, left the state penitentiary. It was very simple: she slipped out by a small private door with the warden, who took her to the train in his car.

She had been sentenced to nineteen years at the age of thirty-nine, and had served six. Once she had been a prominent teacher and sociologist, and the director of a settlement house in a large city. Consequently, in the prison, she had been made matron of the factory in which female convicts sewed overalls, and later a sort of secretary to the warden. In the latter position she had enjoyed great confidence and might have been privileged to run errands in the town occasionally; but for her own peace of mind, she had preferred not to keep alive her sense of the world outside the walls. Eventually she had heard that the women's clubs had sponsored a movement for her release, making capital of the fact that her lungs were infected with tuberculosis. Petitions had already been rejected by one governor, but his successor might have a more merciful disposition or political reasons to show clemency. . . . Evelyn Crowe had put aside these insubstantial hopes irritably, because they undid her stoicism. Nevertheless, in the warden's office, she had studied the candidates' faces: a pendulous, lucky face, another pulled this way and that, with a mouth like the seam left by an operation.

One day the warden had sent for her, and with as many divagations, as much shortness of breath and flushing as if he were asking for her hand in marriage, announced that she had been pardoned.

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Free and out of doors, she was astonished by the mediocrity of her feelings. There was the immortal blue sunlight, the seedy trees in line against the brick walls, as vivid on the outside as they were leaden within, and beyond them the flimsy residences, the lawns rich with hammocks, washing, pigeons, children at play. The sight of these things did not quite penetrate her heart. For within herself as well as behind her in the prison all was still iron and cement, still hollow, everything in its logical cell, silent but for a buzz of machinery, immaculate as a hospital, organized as perfectly as heaven or hell. She did not shrink or weep, which also meant that she was strong in spite of her lungs.

On the way to the station the warden made a mournful face. He had been proud to have so remarkable a woman among his charges; she had been a perfect secretary. Nevertheless, he had lost all joy in his work while she had been there. He also was a prisoner, not by transgression, but by vocation, a prisoner of the instincts which fitted him for the high position he held. Into this spiritual confinement she had seemed to introduce tormenting sentiments of the free world—pity, scruples, fortitude. He had a habit of saying that he meant to lighten as much as possible the tragic destinies of which he was master; whenever, for example, he had thought of some new and ostensibly beneficent ruling in which lay hidden merely a desire to exercise power or even to cause distress, she had reminded him of his words. So she had robbed him of some of his vigor by robbing his duties of their perversity, and in other ways as well.

While he bought her ticket she stood in the waiting room, the only one in the state, she thought, in which handcuffed travelers were common, from which the worn-out and liberated like herself departed to begin something or another, offense or expiation, all over again. There was a large mirror under the clock. She took off the ill-fitting hat and blue veil which her friend Martha Colvin had sent in honor of the occasion. It was an unattractive old creature she saw; the small penitentiary glasses had not given back any such woeful image, for she had been handsomer and fresher than the other convicts, though by no means the youngest. Her iron-gray hair seemed to have died there, of hasty combing and bad soap and lack of sunlight; it resembled a cheap wig. The skin sagged at her temples and along the

jaw-bones; it was knotted up, on the other hand, around her brilliant eyes, her thick mouth wasted away, her very large nose. Well, she was an old woman; in a way she was glad; nothing more could happen to her; life would be comparatively easy.

The train whistled. She and the warden went out on the platform. It stopped at the junction and whistled again. The warden hurried back to the waiting room and looked inside. "Will you kindly step this way a minute, Miss Crowe!" It was second nature to obey his peremptory voice. Inside the door he pulled her about by the shoulders and kissed her. She might have laughed or cried or both if the train had not been there to hurry her away.

She found an empty seat in the car and wrapped the blue veil about her face, expecting to be recognized. Once her picture had been in all the papers day after day for weeks. She remembered having happened to see, on her way to prison, the gaunt and blotted face crowned with headlines, rolled over and over and torn by the wind in an alley. Just having looked at herself in the glass, she realized that those blurred half-tones were better likenesses now than when they had been made. But of course no one even wondered who she was, who six years before she had been.

So life would be comparatively easy, but thanks less to the short memory of men than to Martha Colvin. They had gone to school together, and Mrs. Colvin had been a widow for fifteen years; she lived alone outside Brussels, Wisconsin, and made a good living by farming. Upon the news of the crime she had hurried to Belleville to keep her friend company during the trial, and upon the news of the pardon had invited her to her house.

One could not get to Brussels by railroad except through Belleville. She changed trains at Milwaukee, and as she drew near the scene of the disaster station by station, her heart grew heavier and looser until it felt, inside her shirtwaist, like a sponge. She put back her veil so that she could see clearly.

Hills looking down at the train, in groups reclining against each other; cattle in flocks lifting their noses out of the grass to look; groves in which they had gathered chestnuts, as a pretext; roads raced over by a certain phantom automobile—oh, now the

driver was dead . . . The brakeman came and went, crying "Belleville" through the car.

It was there that as an untroubled spinster she had come to teach history in the high school while she wrote her book, "The Unmarried Woman Worker." She searched for the house she had lived in, unsuccessfully; had she forgotten which one it was? She moved to a seat on the station side of the train. Red clapboards, a scale for weighing wagons, cinders on the planks, taxis pale with dust drawn up, small factories and grain elevators, the click of the telegraph, and a slight moist noise somewhere of welcoming or parting kisses. "All aboard . . ." The train crept away.

She had hoped to see a familiar face, however painfully familiar—not a one. A Civil War veteran with a series of little disheveled beards and with drawn, weeping eyes, looking, looking, not seeming to see much. She would like to have had a glimpse of one of her pupils, a boy named Philip who had sent her magazines and several books while she had been in prison. Getting sick at his stomach in his father's harvest field when the newspaper with her name in large letters had arrived—so she had thought of him ever since; it had been midsummer, a day as hot as this. At that time he had been the chum of the nephew of the man she had killed. Captain Fisher—unworthy, unlucky man. Bill. . . .

A woman sat down beside her and remodeled her mouth with a stick of rouge. Some one had given her rings, which had settled well into her plump fingers. The sort of woman he had preferred, she thought, perhaps one of the very ones. Her lawyer had offered in her defense proof of his immorality, most of it new to her; and had complained afterward of her cynical expression during this part of the testimony, which, he said, prejudiced the jury against her. Now she regarded humbly and even with admiration this woman, fleshy and at ease, who had known how to keep young, and wished she could begin a conversation.

To the left the courthouse steeple rose like a weapon toward the cool, round clouds. There she had been tried. Extra editions of the newspapers had been sold on the lawn for those who had not been able to get into the courtroom. The steps had been

crowded with reporters and women, women with mouths made firm by appeased love, successful jealousy, with fortunate bodies filled out by child-bearing.

The train got up speed; a hill had covered the steeple. Now both crime and punishment were behind her; little that meant. The young woman at her side licked the rouge off her lips and fell asleep. It took three hours more to get to Brussels.

There was Martha Colvin waiting beside a little automobile. She held Evelyn by the shoulders and studied her appearance. "You are not old," she said.

Evelyn knew that she was never going to be able to express her gratitude toward this impassive creature with strong, freckled hands, red-mouthed and sallow, in an untrimmed felt hat and a baggy suit.

They passed between fields of straw which made of the dusk something yellow and animated like candle-light. Indifferent to them, but struggling against wave after wave of other emotion and of weariness, Evelyn described leaving the penitentiary: the formalities and the good-byes; and how the warden's man of all work, a simple-minded negro serving time for rape, left alone with her in the office for a moment, had sung several bars of a spiritual, his loose joints keeping time—"Oh, some o' these mornin's bright and fair-air-air, I'm g'wan to lay down this weary load"—running out into the long corridors when the warden returned; and how she had seen no one whom she knew on her way through Belleville; and even how the warden had kissed her in the waiting room.

Upon hearing the last anecdote Martha's face darkened, as if her friend's troubles were beginning all over again. Evelyn did not know how to explain that she could not be susceptible to love anew, that she was safe. They decided upon a pseudonym and a false identity, lest the hired girl spread the news of her arrival about the neighborhood.

Martha's was a wooden house with piazzas and a lean-to summer kitchen, a grape-arbor and a stone creamery, under a pair of elms like two big shrouded harps. In the yard there were fine poultry and a sleeping cat, and hollyhocks with dry leaves and cheap-looking flowers, red and rose. Martha took her up to the spare bedroom and said, "Make yourself at home."

Any private dwelling would have seemed like a wooden snail-shell. Evelyn was afraid of the great Wisconsin thunder-storms, no longer shut outside quadruple walls, and for a long time could not sleep because of the sounds that there are in nights of liberty.

Martha said: "Now don't you worry about a thing. What I've got is yours as long as you need it. I hope something will turn up after a while, because we might get on each other's nerves—we should be a sorry couple of mean old widows, sitting here trying to outlive each other."

"I can never repay you. Anyway, who am I to think of such a thing? There was a time when I devoted my life to others—or thought I did. Now I'll just have to say thank you, and do nothing else in return." She was kept from weeping by the fact that it would have embarrassed Martha.

"Well, that doesn't matter in the least. But you ought to do something some day; for yourself alone, not in return. Something that will take a lot of energy and be of great interest. Your life is not over; it's not enough—to do wrong and be punished and get out and then to sit around and think back."

"You'd be surprised to know how little I think."

"So much the better."

Evelyn had never known any one in Brussels and was still too timid to meet strangers. In fact, she did not want to do anything. It seemed enough—to make friends with the country, the storms, the domestic animals. She had forgotten them, and they did not reflect upon her exceptional evil life as human beings would have done. The rain falling upon the just and the unjust alike. . . . She had indoor habits; needless to say there had not been a comfortable chair in the prison.

She went to see a doctor in Milwaukee, who told her that her lungs had begun to heal in the prison and would give her no more trouble if she led a quiet life; the tuberculosis had been only an internal scar of the bullet which, between five and ten minutes after her crime, she had directed against herself, which had torn away half of one breast and a fingertip.

The days were long in idleness. Every week or two Martha, accompanied by a man named Bolton who was her dearest friend, went hunting or fishing, according to season. The house

was full of firearms. One morning Martha said: "Wouldn't you like to come with us? It seems to me you used to be a good shot. Didn't some doctor once tell you to do it for your nerves?" Then she realized her blunder, turned scarlet, left the room, came back immediately. "Dear, my dear. What nonsense I talk! Please excuse me."

"Thank you for forgetting," Evelyn said.

The two women lived alone, without guests, for several months. At last John Bolton came to supper. He was an old bachelor doctor who owned some property in the town and had virtually given up his practice. Before Evelyn had come there to live, he had been in the habit of spending the evening with Martha at least every time they went hunting together. Therefore, uncertain whether or not she herself welcomed the distraction, she was happy about it for Martha's sake.

Martha introduced them. There followed an extremely nervous silence, from which Evelyn gathered that he knew who and what she was. They sat down to supper. Martha tried to talk about their last hunting, about the crops; the doctor seemed unable to pay attention. Evelyn determined that they were not going to spend the whole evening in this way. So she said: "I have been hungry for six years. Penitentiary cooks, as you may imagine, are not the best in the world. Everything tastes so good . . ."

The doctor felt obliged to smile, cheerlessly.

With desperate patience Evelyn told what they had had to eat, and then continued about the prisoners and the prison, speaking as if she loved them above all other people, other places. With desperate patience, in which panic rose between every two sentences, hard to put down. . . . If she had to stop, she thought, she would have to leave the room. The doctor resembled some one, the warden perhaps—perhaps because they were the only two men she had talked to in years. Suddenly she began to recover some of the joy of her lectures, her classes, her life as it ought to have been; two pupils, one of them hostile, the other tongue-tied with anxiety and compassion. . . .

Little by little the man's face relented; it grew less handsome and more like Martha's. He stopped holding himself away from the back of his chair. He began to eat heartily. He asked ques-

tions. Martha's eyes reddened; she smiled at them both as if it were she who had reason to be grateful. From the prison they turned to other subjects. There were two or three minutes at a time when Evelyn forgot that she had ever been a prisoner. The clock struck twelve before he thought of going home.

The next day Martha went to town, and Evelyn was restless. She had read and reread all the books in the house; she could not learn to enjoy sewing. She remembered Martha's having said that she would find a pile of old magazines in a certain clothes-closet. There they were, over Martha's half-dozen mannish dresses; large popular monthlies with rose-petal girls on the covers. Hall Caine, Phillips, new names—she smiled in anticipation, thinking how bad literature justifies itself by treating more important matters than good writers have the courage to touch upon: violent sentiments, adultery, ostracism, guilt, and redemption. She carried the dusty piles to a rug in the middle of the floor, sat down among them, began to turn over the pages.

One magazine was fat with a package of clippings, and opened of its own accord; the package fell out. It was the newspaper record of her crime and trial. What she felt was her idle smile hardening into a mere twist of flesh against her teeth. Shabby, yellow, carefully dated pages. . . . All during the trial she had wanted to be able to observe how it was going, how much of the inner truth was made clear—but as in a dream her mind had seemed to be floating, slow, cold, extraneous, and to understand any given moment she would have had to stop it in its flight, to give her attention time to thaw out. Now she was going to know everything, whether she wanted to or not.

There were the photographs of herself which had become good likenesses long afterward, in weird hats of that time. Photographs of her father, now dead, whom Martha had persuaded not to visit her in the jail. The settlement house, so discredited by her connection with it that soon after it had had to close its doors. The house in which she had lived in Belleville—it looked like a pile of match-boxes with a turret. The staircase and the hall with a large X printed on the carpet. Captain Fisher, Bill. . . .

That carpet had been red with intertwined violet flowers. There he had lain, in a shirt changing color, a coat getting wet;

large, blond, abominable. And loved. Less loved then than at any other time; it was her love that she had killed, too violently, too late, and he had died only by accident, died because, having good luck with love, he had bad luck with everything else—he had always said so.

Having told him a new reason for them to get married, having listened for she did not know how long to laughing abuse, she scarcely knew what—she had bounded up the stairs to a certain bureau drawer, driven by something beside anger, and darted down again, agile, senseless, her entire outstretched arm one weapon, stiff and tipped by the pistol. Then she had not looked at him but had telephoned the superintendent of schools to come at once. There had been two more bullets in the pistol—not enough. Shooting herself had been a means of getting the body out of her sight, the body abominable for two reasons: because it was good-looking, brutal, and frivolous (his fault), because it did not rise out of the dark pool in front of the door (her fault). The superintendent of schools had found her sitting on the stairs with the pistol pointed at him, a spot on her shirtwaist, waiting. Then growing tired of waiting, ordering him to look the other way, firing again, hurting her hand, missing again, fainting.

All this, she saw, had been in the newspapers; testimonial proof of it, comment, and illustrations. Her heart was like a churn; she was breathing out loud. It was not her guilt which she minded, guilt without premeditation; but for a doctor's advice she would never have possessed a pistol or any other weapon; a day's delirium, unpardonable—but after all, she had not been pardoned, not for six years. Unfortunately there was something more in the papers.

There were her love-letters. They had been printed serially, word for word. They were genuine; she remembered having written them; she had never seen them. Where had she been when they had been read in court? She heard, as clearly as if some one were standing beside her, over her, a famous man saying in an active dry voice like a grasshopper's, years before that, "You have remarkable literary talent, Miss Crowe, Miss Crowe, Miss . . ." She believed that if she had ever seen those letters she would have choked herself to death in the jail with her own hands, half a finger missing from the left hand. "Does he long

for his teeny-weeny"; love-nest and sick craving and bed-time; "Oh, how I miss you . . ." She had called him daddy, sugar, big bear; she had spelled out baby-talk; crosses for kisses.

She began to cry, but it was only a sort of rustling in what was left of her breasts, something like a fist clenched and pressing upon her tongue. She had forgiven the man; this was merely being unable to forgive herself what they had had in common, she told herself—but it did not help. What they had had in common was vulgarity. After years of waiting, in haste to be corrupted, how womanly; purity preserved until the day after her thirty-eighth birthday; a woman of a certain age; the age of reason; when love brings drunkenness. . . .

The crime had taken ten minutes; these letters stood for more than a year.

"I just thought I'd try old maid's love—see what *that* was like," he had said, just before the end. What it was like. . . . Misspelled, indecent, idiotic. "Old maid's love, old maid's love," she cried aloud. She pressed her face against the pages of the magazines, tore at the rug with her nails. Every one she would ever know had read those letters.

Having come thus far in her thought, she made another discovery. Her mind seemed to open; it was like pages opening of their own accord; love fell into sight. If she went on seeing John Bolton . . .

In her imagination shaken by sobs, dusky with tears, the doctor's face took on all the moving aspects of other faces, the dead man's beauty, the warden's authority; it even borrowed kindness from Martha's. Face flowering in her exhaustion . . . Suddenly the wild dream put her to sleep, and she lay, with her head on the magazines—in which, like any other reader but more than any other, she had found the history of her life, past and future—until it was dark, until Martha, sounding her horn in the lane, came home.

Evelyn sprang to her feet, put back the clippings and the magazines, threw herself on the bed to leave a hollow in it, and went downstairs to tell Martha that she had been taking a nap. If Martha learned what she had seen, what had happened, she would not forgive herself for having kept the clippings lying loosely about. Never, she must never, never by a slip of the

tongue . . . Perhaps that was the only thing she would ever have a chance to do out of gratitude.

For two or three weeks keeping the secret was not easy. Thus far she had been saved from shameful, even from regretful, introspection by the hardness of prison life and by the fact that, since nineteen years was a life-sentence, nothing mattered, and lately by the shock of freedom. Now, a free woman, but falling in love, she had to look at all her conduct clearly; love was a cruel brilliant light within herself, upon herself, focused as if by a magnifying glass, burning, fiber by fiber. A personal, portable hell. . . .

She pretended to be merely ill. Martha studied her, suspicious of vague sicknesses, and advised her to consult Dr. Bolton. All day long her rough-looking lips were restless with questions. Evelyn, yearning for a confidant, was afraid of them; at the first deft inquiry all the anguish might come out, with the least word she would be doing harm again—she had done enough. She discovered that by not trying to deny to herself her desire to talk to Martha, and putting it off from hour to hour, she could accomplish her end, and by hiding her newly awakened shame, little by little lose sight of it herself.

But she determined not to see the doctor again. The next time he came she stayed in her room. Martha said: "John thinks you don't like him. I don't see how you can help it—he is nearly perfect. Anyway, I didn't notice that you didn't, the other night."

"Oh, but I do, very much. Quite the contrary, I thought he didn't like me. A woman who has shot somebody must be prepared for that."

"Stop saying such things, I tell you," Martha answered, sharply. "I don't know what has possessed you the last few weeks."

So Evelyn persuaded herself that it was Martha who persuaded her to see the doctor. Old and hopeless though she was, the autumn after the first frost, the Indian summer, was like a rustic heaven—the part of heaven in which not all desires have been fulfilled—the forests blushing and rusting, all the hours full of hesitation, of waiting, of hope. John Bolton came often, and at last often when Martha was not there.

He said: "I like you because you can change. You grew old and now the last few weeks you have been growing younger. You have been a foolish woman and at other times you are wise. I suppose you had strong feelings but sometimes I wonder if you aren't cold all the way through—you think all the time. Then sometimes I notice the fiery way you speak. Perhaps that is because you were a teacher. Or perhaps because you were shut up there so long with only your ideas to see—you do talk of your ideas as if they were people. Now Martha and I have been the same every day for about thirty years."

She said: "I changed too much, one day, in a few minutes. Coming from the prison, as I passed through Belleville—that was where I—that was where it, happened—I looked up and down the station platform, to see if there was any one I remembered. There was nobody but an old soldier with whiskers. He was looking up and down the platform. His eyes were rather murky. I think I am like him in a way—he must have lost the past by losing his memory, at least the memory of what made him do what he did, and he was looking for a future to take its place, to fill the vacancy. No one spoke to him."

"Oh, no," he said, "they took you away to prison just at the age when women get old. Your hair is grayer than mine or Martha's, but you seem to me the youngest."

She said: "I am as good for nothing as if I were old. Martha wants me to get back my ambitions, my ideals. Indeed, I don't want to be dependent on her always. But the fact is I feel as if I should never want to lift a hand again as long as I live. You see, modern prisons are arranged for people who commit crime for profit, and out of laziness and cowardice. If hard labor gets to be a habit for them, maybe they will have the patience to earn a living honestly when they get out. This system made me lazy and a coward. For I feel that I did my share under lock and key, I mean of hard work—and I don't know what else but physical labor I should be allowed to do now. Don't forget that in the old days I was paid a salary for my character, my high moral standing. You can imagine how little there is left of that."

"More than you think. There is some kind of superiority about everything you say, everything you do, your eyes looking

straight at people, the way you lift your hands without touching anything. You are different."

She said: "I may seem to be, but I haven't been. I know. Because, not long ago, I saw some letters I wrote. As you see, I lose my voice when I try to speak of them. Sometimes I think I mind because they make me like everybody else, because I was proud of the exceptional aspects of my life, because pride is my besetting sin. Sometimes now I decide it would have been better if I had been, from the beginning, more like those letters, like other people, a little vulgar all the time instead of holding it back. Waiting, oh, complacently, for the dam to burst. Disastrous old maid . . ."

"Don't—" he said. "You know, you haven't been living in Wisconsin in late years, not right out in it. Or else you'd have more pride, by contrast. You can't imagine how stagnant we all get. We use the most miserable language and so we can't understand each other. But we are all alike just the same. We are all so countrified and disappointed, although everything succeeds. You must have traveled a lot when you were young. When we get to my age and have plenty of money, we'd go away, but we don't know where to go. . . ."

One night they were playing pinochle. Martha had gone to bed. The house cat lay purring on Evelyn's lap; in their hands the cards whispered; they were tired of talking. The out of doors, brought close to them by an uncurtained window, was bluish and cold. She shuffled and dealt. Suddenly John dropped his cards and took her wrists in his hands; her cards fell in disorder; how tired they were of playing!

The table was covered with a piece of buckskin, an entire hide with a bullet-hole under her elbow. The cards were pretty under the warm lamp. The ace of spades, Carmen's death—her sad old eyes hunted for it, and failed to find it; without meaning to, he had covered it up. *A dark man will come into your life. I see a long voyage.* . . . These were the rulers over this world, the powers: different denominations of power, spotted red and black, shuffled and thrown down under clasped hands; the calm red-yellow busts, bedizened, not smiling, each one with two faces, always right side up, always wrong side up—it did not matter which. She could not think of anything but what she

saw, and resolved to have, all her life, a pack of cards spread out where she could see them.

He held her hands for a long time in silence. Then he said, "Evelyn, wouldn't you like to marry me?"

Martha's cat sprang to the floor as she stood up. For no reason they hurried over to the window. He said: "We are both lonely. I can take better care of you than Martha can. I am fifty, you are almost as old. We'll go away. You'll be happier."

"Don't tell me reasons," she interrupted.

"Please. Please, Evelyn."

"Oh, oh, did you think I wouldn't?" she cried. "What am I—"

They had come across the room to the window, that is, to the one-sided, scarred wintry moon. It gazed at her for a long time like some soiled omnipotent face, now weakened by her weeping, now flashing with her emotion, now hidden by John's face. . . .

"Will you leave me now?" she asked finally. "I can't understand, with you near, how all is changed."

"You tell Martha," he said. She loved him the more for not being courageous at that moment. He went home, yielding her to her joy.

Her own courage was scarcely sufficient the next afternoon, though she was not aware of all they were doing to their friend. John was not coming until night. She and Martha sat together, well bundled up, in a patch of late-November sunshine, under the stripped arbor. "Martha, I love John. He has asked me to marry him."

Martha wept. She wrung her gloved hands and covered her face with them both.

All the one's hope being flooded away in the flood of the other's tears, all her joy crumpling up . . . "Then," Evelyn muttered, "you yourself, you too—"

"Don't mind me. It's all right. It's wonderful. You won't stay here, will you? It will be all right."

Evelyn spoke sternly. "First, tell me if you love him. You *have* loved him, all the time."

"Oh, of course I loved him. Who could help it? Fifteen years . . ."

Evelyn said: "Then I won't. I can't. It's very simple. I will

go away. You shouldn't have let it happen. If I weren't too old I'd take my miserable life now. Please, please forgive me now, Martha. And help me to get away soon."

"Nothing of the sort. You're going to marry John. That's that. And say no more about it. And you're going to live happily ever after."

"How odious! Wicked I've been, never as wicked as that. You came to my rescue twice. Oh, my shame! . . . Compare me with yourself. The murderess turned thief—"

"Stop! Evelyn, stop at once!"

They sat for a moment gazing at each other like strangers.

"Now I must explain," Martha began again, "why I've been kind, since that worries you. The misery of other people makes me miserable. I do what I can to stop it—for my own sake. That's all. I've had good luck, within limits. Because I've been prudent. Well, I hate prudence. But if I manage to do something for others, you, for instance—why, I don't have to be ashamed of myself. Pride is my besetting sin. That you must understand, that I am a thoroughly selfish woman."

Evelyn was thinking: two kinds of selfishness, Martha's and her own; Martha's was not likely to be rewarded on this earth. As for herself, she did harm unintentionally—but thoroughly—and when it was over, aroused sympathy and secured help. Which meant that her disastrous emotions were not so foolish as they seemed. She made use of them, as of a kind of unconscious cunning, to get her own way. She was the more feminine of the two; therefore hers was the winning side, the winning side. Nothing succeeds like success—odious. "No, no, no, no! This one thing I can't, won't do . . ."

Martha paid no attention to her. "Now about John. You know, at first he wouldn't come to see you. On account of—oh, well, you can imagine. I made him come. In order not to have to respect him less. Then it occurred to me that this might happen; I thought of what you told me about the warden. That's why I left you alone together—you see I always have my reasons—in order not to have to reproach myself for the jealousy I did feel. I hoped you were both too old to think of marrying, and then we'd stay here together, all three of us. Now of course you will travel. I always thought you should go abroad where

even you couldn't expect any one to remember the past. I thought of lending you money to go, but I couldn't afford to; the crops have been poor for several years and pork isn't worth anything any more—"

"I can't sit here and listen to you talk like this," Evelyn cried. "You are proving how much better you are than I am. Oh, better, better, I should think so—and you can't keep from making me feel it. You might have spared me that. I am ashamed enough. I can't endure it. Stop it for the love of God!"

"Evelyn," her friend said quietly, "we are too old to quarrel about a man."

Evelyn held her breath. This was the realm of violence—she recognized it, she had been there before. The territory of murder. And having come to it again, there was nothing there to drive her mad. There was nothing there at all, except pity and timidity; a wistful look on the woman-farmer's freckled face, as if she were asking a favor, a little of a certain kind of irony or mockery to hide the look. Life had no curse left. . . .

Patiently, Martha began again. "I can't remember when I didn't love him, and in all that time he never once asked me to marry him. He asked for—and received—other things. Oh, yes, he is fond of me, I know, I know. But there was nothing to keep us apart; there was also nothing to bring us closer together, nothing to provoke him. It was always quite all right as it was. For him, I mean. And since I always supposed this might happen some day, I realize that when you told me I behaved disgracefully."

Not by the words but by the tone in which they were spoken, the emotion with which they were heard, Evelyn knew that she could not be frustrated or defeated, could not defeat herself, even if she wanted to—could not want to. In the old days she had not known her rivals, unless that was one whom she had seen in the train, years after, coming away from the prison. This then was the rivalry of women, this, invincible love. Blessed are the hopeless and the guilty, for they . . .

Suddenly, to her amazement, she found herself rejoicing at the superiority of her life over her friend's: her friend's life in which there was every personal virtue, every lone self-sufficient virtue, somehow cut off, somehow condemned to renunciation; her own life grasping and surreptitious, without kindness, with-

out wisdom, but wedded to an old destiny, putty in its lover's-hands, vapor in its arms. Old, old as they all were. Her thought ran on to her own ends: John—an indulged and optimistic man—could she make him as happy being what she was—but never more an old maid.

"I bore him to death," Martha said. "I know it. I have always bored him. You don't. That is your reward for what happened to you, for having been—all that. He will live to be an old man now and be young to the end. He wouldn't have but for you; I know him, and shall bless you every day of my life. And I don't need him, I assure you I don't need him. You do. I've always been too proud to need anybody—it serves me right."

Evelyn tried to protest once more, half-heartedly. "I deserve nothing. I am a spoiled woman. Let me give him up, make me, let me be good at last."

"Listen to me. It doesn't matter whether you deserve it or not. The rain falls on the just and the unjust alike. And if I took him away from you I shouldn't be keeping him, for I've never had him—and what would you do? I don't want to be responsible, I don't want to interfere with what is one of the advantages of your destiny, I refuse to. We can't all of us do what we like."

Indeed, there was no choice at this parting of the ways. The unfortunate one of the two could not choose more misfortune, nor the fortunate one happiness. Evelyn could not expiate the evil she had done; Martha could not profit by her noble lifetime.

It was late and growing colder. The two aging women kissed one another. The scenery of their hearts was exactly like that of nature in the dusk—a violet hollow well-swept of clouds, the ashes of the year making the air strong, trodden autumnal paths leading infinitely apart and away. Their cheeks were very cold because they had been wet.

It was time to go indoors and make haste in the kitchen; whatever the circumstances, men had to be fed. John kept them waiting, and when at last they heard him in the lane, so much did Evelyn admire her friend that she was afraid and held her breath. He might have regretted the choice he had made between them; he might be coming to tell them that he had changed his mind.

THE VENUS[1]

By WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

(From *The Dial*)

WHAT then is it like, America?

It was Fräulein von J. talking.

They were on their way to take the train to Frascati, the three of them—she, her companion, and Evans.

In reply, he shook his head, laughing—and they hurried on to catch the car.

She could speak English well enough, her companion could not; Dev's German was spasmodic, coming in spurts for a moment or two but disappearing as suddenly, leaving him tongue-tied. So they spoke English and carried their lunch. A picnic. He was delighted.

This day it was hot. Fräulein von J. seemed very simple, very direct, and to his Roman mood miraculously beautiful. In her unstylish long-sleeved German clothes, her rough stockings and heavy walking-shoes, Evans found her, nevertheless, ethereally graceful. But the clear features, the high forehead, the brilliant perfect lips, the well-shaped nose, and best of all the shining mist-like palegold hair unaffectedly drawn back—frightened him. For himself he did not know where to begin. But she looked at him so steadily for some strange reason, as if she recognized him, that he was forced at last to answer her.

The tram was packed to the doors with passengers. Just before starting three treelike Englishwomen had come rushing up calling out distractedly in English that the tram must not go, that somebody was coming—Do you see her? Oh, what can have happened? She had the correct information, et cetera—until finally Clara arrived just in the moment of the tram's departure and clambered aboard desperately, not a minute too soon.

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So that now they stood in the aisles, the four of them, sweating and glowering at the Italian men, who oblivious to such violence had long since comfortably settled themselves in their seats.

Fräulein von J. was placed immediately before Evans looking at him absorbedly like a child. Not knowing what else to do or to say, he too looked (as the tram went through some bare vineyards) straight back into her clear blue eyes with his evasive dark ones. She lifted her head a little as if startled, flushed (he thought) just a trifle but did not change her gaze. So they continued, to look fixedly among the backs and across the coats of the Englishwomen in the aisle, who were jabbering away disturbedly about the threatening weather. She did not stir to look away but seemed to rest upon his look with mild curiosity and no nervousness at all. It was, as usual, his look which faltered.

Hearing the talk of the Villa this and the Villa that, about to be visited, Evans felt that he wished he could lose this crowd and was more than pleased when Fräulein von J. suggested that as soon as they should get to Frascati they head for the open country, delighted to find that her mood suited his own so well.

At the market place of Frascati, where a swarm of guides and carriages swooped down upon them, the three picnickers moved off at right angles to the direction taken by the rest, up a road that led between two walls around behind the town. They did not know where they were or indeed anything about the place or its beauties—they didn't care. Fräulein wanted to see the Italian springtime, that was the most definite of their spoken desires and Dev, sick of antiquities and architectural beauties, was more than willing to follow. The companion disliked Italian gardens anyway, lacking as they do the green profusion of the northern trees. With this they started, beginning at once to see violets along inside the fences, violets they could not reach. Following a brook which ran beside them, contrariwise down the hill, they tramped on, heading for open country.

What is it like, America? And so Dev began to tell her—Not like this—and all the time somehow he was thinking of his sister. Where is Bess? I wish she were here! till walking and talking, leaving the town behind them, they came quite out into the fields with a hill on the left and a little village off in the

distance across the valley before them. They were in a worn dirt gully high hedged on both sides with banks cut into narrow paths by goats' hoofs. Before them four absorbed children gathering violets rushed forward in the path by ones and twos rivalling each other in their efforts to pounce upon the finer groups of flowers.

The children paid no attention whatever to the three hikers, not even by so much as one glance. Running ahead with cries of delight, each racing to exceed the others, they soon disappeared through gaps in the hedge. Evans was over and over startled by the German girl's delicate colouration and hair and eyes. Also, her hands were lovely, her ankles, firm—like the Venus, thicker than the stage or dance-hall type, but active too —just suggestive enough of the peasant to be like a god's.

You have not told me yet, what it is like, America.

It is like, Dev began, something muffled—like a badly trained voice. It is a world where no man dare learn anything that concerns him intimately—but sorrow—for should we learn pleasure, it is instantly and violently torn from us as by a pack of hungry wolves so starved for it are we and so jealous of each of us is our world.

I think I know what you mean, she replied, it is that we are all good citizens on top and very much better than that inside. It makes me think of the *Johannesfeuer*. You know Sudermann's play?

America is a pathetic place where something stupefying must always happen for fear we wake up. Yes, I have read the play.

By this time they had come quite around behind Frascati hill. Here they had lunch in a diminutive, triangular grove of oaks where there was a grassy bank with a few daisies on it, and the tall trees bending overhead. Then climbing through a fence they took the road again up to the right around the hill climbing steeply now on a stony path. It was a hard walk this part of the way and before long they were tired, especially Frau M. who was glad to stop near the top and rest.

But after a few words in German which Dev missed, Fräulein von J. cried, Come on! and they two went on alone about two hundred yards ahead up to the woody summit, to a place from which they could see Frau M. below them lying under an ash-

tree. Here there were a few stones of some ancient construction almost gone under the wood soil and rotted chestnut leaves. It was a chestnut grove cut and counter cut by innumerable paths which led north over the brow of the hill—to Frascati, no doubt. But now at this early season, the place was deserted. The random, long, dart-shaped dry leaves covered the ground all about them, two foreigners resting on the old stones. Elsa waved to Frau M. from where she sat, then she turned again to Evans, Tell me what you are. You do not mind? I want to know everything. What is America? It is perhaps you?

No, Dev shook his head.

Is it something to study? What will it do? Shall we go there to learn? she asked in rapid succession.

Dev shook his head.

But you will return to it?

Yes.

Why?

Habit.

No, it is something.

It is that I may the better hide everything that is secretly valuable in myself, or have it defiled. So safety in crowds—

But that is nothing. That is the same as in Europe.

America seems less encumbered with its dead. I can see nothing else there. It gives less than Europe, far less of everything of value save more paper to write upon—nothing else. Why do you look at me so? Dev asked her.

Because I have seen no one like you in my life, few Americans, I have talked to none. I ask myself, are you an American?

And if I am—

Then it is interesting.

He said, To me it is a hard, barren life, where I am "alone" and unmolested (work as I do in the thick of it) though in constant danger lest some slip send me to perdition but which, being covetous not at all, I enjoy for the seclusion and primitive air of it. But that is all—unless I must add an attraction in all the inanimate associations of my youth, shapes, foliage, trees to which I am used—and a love of place and the characteristics of place—good or bad, rich or poor.

No, she continued, it is not that.

Evans felt at that moment, that there was very little in America. He wanted to be facetious but the girl's seriousness was not a thing to be fooled. It made him pensive and serious himself.

He could say—that it was just a place.

But you must not tell me that America is nothing, she anticipated him, for I see it is something, and she looked at him again with her little smile. You seem to me a man like I have not seen before. This is America?

I am a refugee, Dev continued, America is or was a beginning, to clean out the—

Then, she replied, it is as in Germany. I did not think so when I saw you.

And I, Dev answered, did not think so when I saw you.

Why am I in Rome, do you think? she queried next.

He did not know.

To become a nun.

And with a shock he remembered the German youths in their crimson gowns whom he had seen filing down the Quirinal, down the long steps; the Scotch youths playing soccer in the Borghese Gardens Sunday afternoon with their gowns tucked up, or doffed, garters showing and running like college athletes for the ball. He remembered too, the Americans with the blue edge to their gowns, the Spanish, the French.

Yes, she continued, that is it. I am in Rome to feel if the church will not offer me an answer. I was fourteen years old when the war ended. I have seen the two things—to throw myself away or to take hold again. I have seen the women running in the stadiums, I have seen them together. If we were peasants, we could be nearer—but we must lose it all, all that is good. I am a German, an East Prussian. My mother is dead. My father is a general—of course. What shall I do? I do not want anything—Tell me what is America. You must say. Is it just a place to work?

Dev nodded.

You see that I am young—I am young, of course. You come to me carrying a message. I do not know what to do. I believe you will tell me. I am not a fool—and I am not gifted either. There is nothing for me. Is there? I cannot walk about letting

my hair loose to surprise men because it is so yellow. You perhaps, yes, if you please—and she smiled—but not those whom I do not want. I cannot marry. It makes me sick to marry. But I want, I want. I do not care that I am a virgin or not. No. No. That is childish. I cannot remain as I am—but I must—until this (and she tapped her forehead) is satisfied. You have said something to me. What do I say to you?

Dev thought "running wild" that if they should do as he wished they would both end that night in the jail at Frascati hungry and very much disturbed—possibly—but no more than that. Fool.

They speak to me of my body. It is beautiful. For what? Of what use to me?

She talked quite coolly.

Within a few years I must lose this. Why not? and I have nothing else unless it is a mind to have, to have and nothing that I want. Not painting, not music, philosophy, tennis—for old men, for young men, for women? No. America, that seems something new.

You would find nothing in America, Evans quickly interposed. The girls there cannot go half a mile out of town for fear a negro might rape them, or their complexions be spoiled by the weather or the Japanese come too close or they be buried in snow or baked in summer; or they marry their business managers or secretaries and live together two or three in apartments. Their thoughts are like white grass so heavily have they been covered by their skins—and so heavily covered are they to protect them from the weather that when they are uncovered they do not exist. One must snatch another up quickly from the general supply, from a patent container.—Evans was ashamed of this speech of which as a fact Fräulein von J. understood not one word. But the few women he had admired were not pretty and the pretty ones he did not admire.—Never think of America, he concluded. The men are worse than the women.

Are you then one?

Evans had no reply.

When I saw you, I saw something unusual, I am never mistaken. I saw something different from what I see every day, neither throwing away nor taking hold to the old horrible handle,

all filthy—Is it America I asked, but you tell me nothing. It is because you will not do so.

America, he began again haltingly, is hard to know.

Yes, she answered, because she had made him serious so that he must speak his mind or say nothing.

I think it is useful to us, he continued, because it is near savagery. In Europe, you are so far from it that maybe you will have to die first before you will live again.—But Dev was not such a fool.—Europe, I do not know, he corrected himself. I am seeing a few superficial moments only.

But he had a quick pupil.—That is enough, replied Fräulein von J. I see now what I saw at the beginning. You are a savage, not quite civilized—you have America and we have not. You have that, yes, it is something.

It is very difficult, said Dev. I am not a typical American. We have a few natives left but they would not know me—

You are holding on to something, she said.

It is very difficult, Dev went on—something very likely to be lost, this is what—So he took out the flint arrowhead he had in his pocket and showed it to her.

She was impressed. She held it hard in her hand as if to keep its impression there, felt the point, the edge, tried it, turned it over.

Yes, she said, I have seen the same thing from our own fields, more finished work—but it is very far, very far. No one believes it is real. But this you carry in your coat? It is very strange. Where did you find it?

In a corn-field in Virginia, there are many of them there.

Are there many Americans who know this that you are saying?

Dev shook his head. I have seen but a few. There are pictures pressed into my mind, which have a great power of argument. Summer pictures mostly, of my part of the country, one of the old pioneer houses fast to the ground. There is nothing like them in Europe. They were not peasants, the people who built them, they were tragic men who wasted their wits on the ground—but made a hard history for me—not for me only, I think; they were like all the earlier peoples but it has been so quick and misplaced in America, this early phase, that it is lost or misinterpreted—its special significance.

You think then it might be useful to—me? Yes, that was what I saw in your eyes.—She looked again. Yes, it is so.

She shook her head gently from side to side in marvelling realization. Come, she said, I was right. What an America is that! Why then did you not look at me all this week? I was troubled. I wondered what was the matter with me.

Dev said he had been excited studying something he wanted among the antiquities.

But a feeling almost of terror, Dev thought, mixed with compassion perhaps, came now into her eyes as she continued to look at him.

It must be even more lonesome and frightening in America than in Germany, she said. She shook her head. She seemed as if looking off into a new country and to be feeling the lonesomeness of it.

America is marvellous, replied Dev, grossly prosperous—

She shuddered, No. So were we. So will we be soon again.—She was frightened.—How can you stay where you are? Why do you stay there? You make the church impossible—but you are alone. I will pray for you.

They started to get up quietly from their serious mood and were rather startled to find themselves still in the surroundings of this pagan grove. Not too sure were they that they knew each other as well as they had been feeling they did for the few moments of hard sympathetic understanding just past, projecting themselves out; each feeling, each trying hard, to get at the other's mood. They laughed, and Dev gave her his hand but she did not move away.

It is very difficult, she said, for us to support ourselves after we have passed the semi-consciousness of the peasant, and his instinct. We fall back, do we not? You are brave, she said, to want to find some other way—and one that is American. It seems curious to me.

Moving to rejoin Frau M. they saw that it was getting on into the afternoon and that they must be stepping along if they would be back in Rome by nightfall.

You believe in America like a church, mused Fräulein von J. almost to herself.

Dev did not think so.

Do you believe then that the church is an enemy to your belief?

Yes.

She looked away.

Oh, come on, said Dev, let's get out of this.

THE YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY
JULY, 1928, TO MAY, 1929

ABBREVIATIONS

I. PERIODICALS

A. L. ..... American Literature.
A. Merc. ..... American Mercury.
A. W. ..... All's Well.
Adv. ..... Adventure.
Am. ..... American Magazine
Am. B. ..... American Boy.
Am. H. ..... American Hebrew.
Am. St. ..... Amazing Stories.
Archive ..... Archive.
Arg. ..... Argosy All-Story Weekly.
Atl. ..... Atlantic Monthly.
Ave. ..... Ave Maria.
B. E. T. ..... Boston Evening Transcript.
Balt. ..... Baltimorean.
Blue Bk. ..... Blue Book Magazine
Blues ..... Blues.
Book. (N. Y.) ... Bookman. (New York.)
Books ..... Books. (New York Herald-Tribune.)
C. For. ..... Canadian Forum.
C. G. ..... Country Gentleman.
C. H. J. ..... Canadian Home Journal.
C. Her. ..... Christian Herald.
C. M. ..... Columbian Monthly.
C. Merc. ..... Canadian Mercury.
C. Nat. ..... Canadian Nation.
Can. ..... Canadian Magazine.
Cath. W. ..... Catholic World.
Cen. ..... Century Magazine.
Chat. ..... Chatelaine.
Chic. Trib. ..... Chicago Tribune. (Syndicate Service.)
Chil. ..... Children.
Col. ..... Collier's Weekly.
Colum. ..... Columbia.
Com. ..... Commonweal.
Cos. ..... Cosmopolitan.
Del. ..... Delineator.
Det. ..... Detective Story Magazine.
Dial ..... Dial.
Dub. M. ..... Dublin Magazine.
Elks ..... Elks Magazine.

Ev. ..... Everybody's Magazine.
For. ..... Forum.
Fortn. R. ..... Fortnightly Review.
Fr. St. ..... Frontier Stories.
Frontier ..... Frontier (Missoula, Montana.)
G. H. (N. Y.) .... Good Housekeeping. (New York.)
Gol. ..... Golden Book.
H. H. ..... Hound and Horn.
Harp. B. ..... Harper's Bazar.
Harp. M. ..... Harper's Magazine.
Hol. ..... Holland's Magazine.
House ..... Household Magazine.
Husk ..... Husk.
Hy. ..... Hygeia.
J. F. ..... Jewish Forum.
J. T. ..... Jewish Tribune.
L. H. J. ..... Ladies' Home Journal.
Liv. A. ..... Living Age.
Ly. ..... Liberty.
McC. ..... McClure's Magazine.
McCall ..... McCall's Magazine.
MacL. ..... MacLean's Magazine.
Men. J. ..... Menorah Journal.
Mid. ..... Midland.
Mod. P. ..... Modern Priscilla.
Mod. Q. ..... Modern Quarterly.
Mun. ..... Munsey's Magazine.
Mys. ..... Mystery Stories.
N. A. Rev. ..... North American Review.
N. Mass. ..... New Masses.
N. Rep. ..... New Republic.
N. Y. Sun ..... New York Sun.
N. Y. Times ..... New York Times Book Review.
Nat. (N. Y.) ..... Nation. (New York.)
Nea ..... Nea Service. (Syndicated Stories.)
New S. ..... New Statesman.
O. A. ..... Outdoor America.
Opp. ..... Opportunity.
Outl. (N. Y.) ... Outlook.
Outs. ..... Outsiders.
Over. ..... Overland Monthly.
P. T. ..... Plain Talk.
Pict. R. ..... Pictorial Review.
Pop. ..... Poland.
Pol. ..... Popular Magazine.
Post ..... New York Evening Post.
Pr. S. ..... Prairie Schooner.
Pub. W. ..... Publisher's Weekly.
Real ..... Real Detective Tales.
Red Bk. ..... Red Book Magazine.
Ref. ..... Reflex.
Rom. ..... Romance.
Rot. ..... Rotarian.

S. E. P. ..... Saturday Evening Post.
S. E. Q. ..... Saturday Evening Quill.
S. W. ..... Southwest Review.
Sal. ..... Salient.
Sat. R. (N. Y.) ... Saturday Review of Literature.
Scan. ..... American-Scandinavian Review.
Scr. ..... Scribner's Magazine.
Sh. St. ..... Short Stories.
St. Nich. ..... St. Nicholas.
Strat. ..... Stratford Magazine.
Sun. ..... Sunset Magazine.
T. P. ..... T. P.'s Weekly.
Tamb. ..... Tambour.
Tan. ..... Tanager.
Tor. ..... Toronto Star Weekly.
Transit. ..... Transition.
V. F. ..... Vanity Fair.
Va. ..... Virginia Quarterly Review.
W. H. C. ..... Woman's Home Companion.
W. T. ..... Weird Tales.
W. W. ..... Woman's World.
Westm. ..... Westminster Magazine.
World ..... New York World.
World M. ..... New York Sunday World Magazine.
Y. C. ..... Youth's Companion.
Y. I. ..... Young Israel.
Yale ..... Yale Review.
(161) ..... Page 161.
(2:161) ..... Volume 2, Page 161.

II. BOOKS

Aiken B. ..... Aiken. Costumes by Eros.
Anderson E. ..... Anderson. Hello Towns!
Armstrong B. .... Armstrong. Portrait of the Misses Harlowe. (English edition.)
Asbury ..... Asbury, *editor*. Not at Night!
Asquith C. ..... Asquith, *editor*. Funny Bone.
Austin F. ..... Austin. Saga of the Sword.
Austin G. ..... Austin. Saga of the Sea.
Austrian ..... Busch, *translator*. Selected Austrian Short Stories.
Azure ..... Kunitz, *editor*. Azure Cities.
Barnes ..... Barnes. Prevailing Winds.
Bates ..... Bates. Day's End. (English edition.)
Becker ..... Becker, *editor*.. Golden Tales of America.
Beerbohm ..... Beerbohm. Variety of Things.
Benson ..... Benson. Man Who Missed the 'Bus. (English edition.)
Bottome B. ..... Bottome. Strange Fruit.
Boyle ..... Boyle. Short Stories.
Brewster ..... Brewster, *editor*. Book of Modern Short Stories.
Bromfield ..... Bromfield. Awake and Rehearse.

Buchan D. .....Buchan. Runagates Club.
Burt C. .....Burt. They Could Not Sleep.
Byrne B. .....Byrne. Destiny Bay.
Callaghan .....Callaghan. Native Argosy.
Caravan B. .....Second American Caravan.
Cervantes B. .....Cervantes. Spanish Lady. (English edition.)
Chesnutt .....Chesnutt. Conjure Woman.
Chesterton E. ....Chesterton. Sword of Wood. (English edition.)
Clifford D. .....Clifford. Bushwhacking.
Cobb K. .....Cobb. Irvin Cobb at His Best.
Cobb L. .....Cobb. This Man's World.
Collins A. .....Collins, *editor*. Ghosts and Marvels.
Collins B. .....Collins, *editor*. More Ghosts and Marvels.
Coppard G. .....Coppard. Silver Circus.
Copy E .....Copy, 1929.
Cournos .....Cournos, *editor*. Fifteen Finest Short Stories.
Dane .....Dane. Babyons.
Denison .....Denison. Glimpses. (English edition.)
Denmark .....Larsen, *editor*. Denmark's Best Stories.
Dudeney B. .....Dudeney. Puff Paste. (English edition.)
Duranty .....Duranty. Curious Lottery.
Easter .....Van Buren *and* Bemis, *editors*. Easter in Modern Story.
Eaton J. .....Eaton, *editor*. Best European Short Stories of 1928.
Edwards B. .....Edwards. Persian Caravan.
Ervine .....Ervine. Mountain.
Ferris .....Ferris, *editor*. Adventure Waits.
Frank B. .....Frank. Persians Are Coming.
Fulcher .....Fulcher. Short Narratives.
Gallishaw .....Gallishaw. Only Two Ways to Write a Story.
Garnett B. .....Garnett. Old Dovecot. (English edition.)
Gilman .....Gilman. Headlines.
Gogol D. .....Gogol. Mirgorod.
Green A. .....Green. Wide Fields.
Green B. .....Green. Pilgrim on the Earth. (English edition.)
Hanson .....Hanson *and* Gross, *editors*. Short Stories of Today.
Hardy .....Hardy. Mrs. Chundle.
Harper B. .....Harper, *editor*. American Ghost Stories.
Harvey .....Harvey. Beast with Five Fingers.
Hogan .....Hogan. Challenge of the Sentry.
Hoult .....Hoult. Poor Women!
Hurst E. .....Hurst. Procession.
Hutchinson B. ....Hutchinson. Other Gate.
Jessup C. .....Jessup, *editor*. Representative Modern Short Stories.
Jolas .....Jolas *and* Sage, *editors*. Transition Stories.
Jordan .....Jordan. Few Friends.
Kaye-Smith B. ...Kaye-Smith. Wedding Morn. (English edition.)
Kennedy B. .....Kennedy. Dewdrops. (English edition.)
Kessel .....Kessel. Pure in Heart.
Kilbourne .....Kilbourne. Dot and Will.
Knickerbocker ....Knickerbocker. Notable Short Stories of Today.
Knister .....Knister, *editor*. Canadian Short Stories.

Laforgue .....Laforgue. Six Moral Tales.
Langbridge .....Langbridge. Green Banks of Shannon. (English edition.)
Lardner C. .....Lardner. Round Up.
Latimer .....Latimer. Nellie Bloom.
Lawrence E. .....Lawrence. Rawdon's Roof. (English edition.)
Le Rossignol .....Le Rossignol. Beauport Road.
Lea .....Lea. Wild-Goose Chase.
Lowndes .....Lowndes. Some Men and Women.
Mackail .....Mackail. Tales from Greenery Street.
Mackaness .....Mackaness, *editor*. Australian Short Stories. (English edition.)
Maginn .....Maginn. Story Without a Tail. (English edition.)
Manhood .....Manhood. Nightseed. (English edition.)
Marquis B. .....Marquis. When the Turtles Sing.
Marshall D. .....Marshall. Simple People.
Master .....Master Sea Stories.
Maurois .....Maurois. Voyage to the Land of the Articoles.
Melville C. .....Melville. Shorter Novels.
Mendès B. .....Mendès. Number 56. (English edition.)
Mercury B. .....Mercury Book: Second Series.
Mérimée B. .....Mérimée. Golden Tales.
Miller .....Miller. Prince Serves His Purpose.
Montague H. ....Montague. Action.
Moore B. .....Moore. Peronnik the Fool. (English edition.)
Mottram B. .....Mottram. Armistice.
Mottram C. .....Mottram. Apple Disdained. (English edition.)
Nason C. .....Nason. Top Kick.
Neale .....Neale, *editor*. Master Detective Stories.
Nichols B. .....Nichols. Under the Yew.
O'Brien U. .....O'Brien, *editor*. Best British Short Stories of 1928.
O'Brien V. .....O'Brien, *editor*. Best Short Stories of 1929.
O'Flaherty C. ....O'Flaherty. Mountain Tavern. (English edition.)
Onions B. .....Onions. Painted Face. (English edition.)
O'Shaughnessy B...O'Shaughnessy. Other Ways and Other Flesh.
Oxford B. .....Selected English Short Stories: Third Series. (World's Classics.)
Painter .....Haworth, *editor*. Elizabethan Story-Book.
Parnwell .....Parnwell, *editor*. Stories of the South Seas.
Pendleton .....Pendleton and Wilkins, *editors*. Recent Short Stories.
Perkins .....Perkins. Pinto Horse.
Phillpotts F. .....Phillpotts. It Happened Like That.
Plomer B. .....Plomer. Paper Houses.
Post F. .....Post. Bradmoor Murder.
Powys C. .....Powys. House with the Echo. (English edition.)
Powys D. .....Powys. Dewpond. (English edition.)
Prize K. .....O. Henry Memorial Award. Prize Stories of 1928.
Pushkin .....Pushkin. Queen of Spades. (English edition.)
Rawlence .....Rawlence. Passengers. (English edition.)
Rhys H. .....Rhys *and* Dawson Scott, *editors*. 26 Adventure Stories Old and New.
Roberts C. .....Roberts. White Mamaloi. (English edition.)
Royde-Smith .....Royde-Smith. Lover.

Russell C. .....Russell. Far Wandering Men.
Saki D. .....“Saki.” Reginald, and Reginald in Russia. (English edition.)
Saki E. .....“Saki.” Square Egg. (English edition.)
Salt .....Salt. Tiny Seed of Love.
Sayers .....Sayers, *editor*. Great Short Stories of Detection, Mystery and Horror. (English edition.)
Sigmund B. .....Sigmund. Merged Blood.
Smith E. .....Smith, *editor*. Short Stories for English Classes.
Sokoloff .....Sokoloff. Crime of Dr. Garine.
Southwest .....Greer, *editor*. Best Short Stories from the Southwest.
Stern .....Stern. Slower Judas.
Stevens .....Stevens. Homer in the Sagebrush.
Tarleton .....Tarleton. Bloody Ground.
Tolstoy C. .....Tolstoy. Forged Note.
Tolstoy D. .....Tolstoy. Hajji Murad.
Vanity .....Short Stories from Vanity Fair, 1926-1927.
Verga B. .....Verga. Cavalleria Rusticana.
Wakefield .....Wakefield. They Return at Evening.
Walpole B. .....Walpole. Silver Thorn.
Webb .....Webb. Armour Wherein He Trusted.
Wells E. .....Wells. Book of Catherine Wells.
Wells F. .....Wells. Short Stories.
Wescott .....Wescott. Good-Bye Wisconsin.
White B. .....White. Stratagems and Spoils.
Williams E. .....Williams, *editor*. Short Stories for College Classes.
World D. .....World's Best Short Stories of 1928.
Wren C. .....Wren. Good Gestes.

ADDRESSES OF MAGAZINES PUBLISHING SHORT STORIES

I. American and Canadian Magazines

Adventure, 223 Spring Street, New York City.
All's Well, c/o Mr. Charles J. Finger, Gayeta Lodge, Fayetteville, Ark.
Amazing Stories, 53 Park Place, New York City.
American Boy, 143 Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.
American Caravan, c/o Mr. Paul Rosenfeld, 77 Irving Place, New York City.
American Hebrew, 19 West 44th Street, New York City.
American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
American Mercury, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
American-Scandinavian Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.
Argosy All-Story Weekly, 280 Broadway, New York City.
Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.
Blue Book Magazine, 36 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.
Blues, 227 Gilmer Building, Columbus, Miss.
Bookman, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Canadian Forum, Aldine House, 224 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Canadian Home Journal, Richmond and Sheppard Streets, Toronto, 2, Ont., Canada.
Canadian Magazine, 345 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Canadian Mercury, 20 St. James Street E., Montreal, P. Q., Canada.
Catholic World, 401 West 59th Street, New York City.
Century Magazine, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Chatelaine, 143 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ont., Canada.
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
Children, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
Columbia, New Haven, Conn.
Commonweal, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City.
Cosmopolitan, 57th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City.
Country Gentleman, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Delineator, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City.
Detective Story Magazine, 79–89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Dial, 152 West 13th Street, New York City.
Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.
Everybody's Combined with Romance, 223 Spring Street, New York City.
Farm and Fireside, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
Forum, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
Frontier, c/o Mr. H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.
Frontier Stories, Doubleday, Doran and Company, Garden City, L. I., N. Y.
Golden Book, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Good Housekeeping, 57th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City.
Harper's Bazar, 57th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City.
Harper's Magazine, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City.
Holland's Magazine, Dallas, Texas.
Household Magazine, Topeka, Kansas.
Jewish Forum, 38 West 32nd Street, New York City.
Jewish Tribune, 570 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.
McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.
MacLean's Magazine, 143 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Menorah Journal, 63 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Midland, Box 457, Iowa City, Iowa.
Munsey's Magazine, 280 Broadway, New York City.
New Masses, 39 Union Square West, New York City.
New Republic, 431 West 21st Street, New York City.
North American Review, 9 East 37th Street, New York City.
Open Road, 284 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
Opportunity, 17 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Outdoor America, 549 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.
Outsiders, 616 East Lincoln Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Overland Monthly, 1024 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.
Pictorial Review, 216 West 39th Street, New York City.
Plain Talk, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Popular, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Prairie Schooner, Box 1232, Station "A," Lincoln, Neb.
Real Detective Tales, 1050 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.
Red Book Magazine, North American Building, Chicago, Ill.
Reflex, Suite 707, 8 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
St. Nicholas, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Salient, New School for Social Research, 465 West 23rd Street, New York City.
Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Short Stories, Doubleday, Doran and Company, Garden City, L. I., N. Y.
Southwest Review, Dallas, Texas.
Tambour, 3 Rue Berthollet, Paris (V), France.
Tanager, Box 66, Grinnell, Iowa.
Toronto Star Weekly, Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Transition, 40 Rue Fabert, Paris (VII), France.
Vanity Fair, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.
Virginia Quarterly Review, 8 West Lawn, University, Va.
Woman's Home Companion, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.
Woman's World, 107 South Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.
World Magazine, N. Y. Sunday World, World Building, New York City.
Yale Review, 125 High Street, New Haven, Conn.
Young's Magazine, 112 East 19th Street, New York City.
Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

II. British, Irish, and Colonial Magazines

All-Story Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
Argosy, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.

Bermondsey Book, 171 Bermondsey Street, London, S. E. 1.
Blackwood's Magazine, 45 George Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.
Blue Magazine, 13 Whitefriars Street, London, E. C. 4.
Blue Peter, 12 St. Mary Axe, London, E. C.
Britannia and Eve, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Bulletin, 214 George Street North, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.
Bystander, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
Cassell's Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Chambers' Journal, 38 Soho Square, London, W. C. 1.
Colour, 31 Craven Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Corner Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Cornhill Magazine, 50a Albemarle Street, London, W. 1.
Criterion, 24 Russell Square, London, W. C. 1.
Dublin Magazine, 2 Crow Street, Dublin, Irish Free State.
English Review, 4 Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S. W. 1.
Everyman, 318 Bank Chambers, 329 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1.
Experiment, 6a King's Parade, Cambridge.
Fortnightly Review, 11 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
G. K.'s Weekly, 22 Essex Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Good Housekeeping, 153 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. 4.
Grand Magazine, 8–11 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Graphic, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
Happy Magazine, 8 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Home Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
Hutchinson's Magazine, 34–36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
Hutchinson's Story Magazine, 34–36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
Illustrated London News, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
Irish Statesman, 84 Merrion Square, Dublin, Irish Free State.
John o' London's Weekly, 8 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Lady, 39–40 Bedford Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Lady's World, Lennox House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Life and Letters, 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W. C. 2.
London Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
London Mercury, 229 Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Manchester Guardian, 3 Cross Street, Manchester.
Nash's Magazine, 153 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. 4.
Nation and Athenæum, 38 Great James Street, Holborn, London, W. C. 1.
New Adelphi, 19–19a Cursitor Street, London, E. C. 4.
New Age, 70 High Holborn, London, W. C. 1.
New Magazine, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
New Statesman, 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W. C. 2.
Novel Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
Outspan, P. O. Box 245, Blœmfontein, Orange Free State, South Africa.
Outward Bound, Edinburgh House, 2 Eaton Gate, London, S. W. 1.
Pall Mall, 153 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C. 4.
Pearson's Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
Piccadilly, Carlyle House, 211 Piccadilly, London, W. 1.
Premier, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
Queen, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, London, E. C. 4.
Quiver, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Red Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
Romance, 3 Lancaster Place, Wellington Street, London, W. C. 2.
Royal Magazine, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.

Saturday Review, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2.
Scots Observer, 7 Royal Bank Place, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, C. 1, Scotland.
Sketch, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
Spectator, 99 Gower Street, London, W. C. 1.
Sphere, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
Story-Teller, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Strand Magazine, 8–11 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2.
Sydney Mail, 38 Hunter Street, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.
T. P.'s Weekly, La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 4.
Tatler, 6 Great New Street, London, E. C. 4.
Time and Tide, 32 Bloomsbury Street, London, W. C. 1.
Truth, Carteret Street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S. W. 1.
20-Story Magazine, 93 Long Acre, London, W. C. 2.
Violet Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
Windsor Magazine, Warwick House, Salisbury Square, London, E. C. 4.
Woman, 34–36 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. 4.
Woman's Journal, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.
Yellow Magazine, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E. C. 4.

ROLL OF HONOR

JULY 1, 1928, TO MAY 31, 1929

NOTE. *This list excludes reprints.*

I. AMERICAN AUTHORS

ADAMS, BILL.
Eye For an Eye.
Skivvy.

ADDINGTON, SARAH.
"Hound of Heaven."

AIKEN, CONRAD.
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!
Fish Supper.

ANDERSON, JOHN.
Pilgrimage.

ANDERSON, SHERWOOD.
Beauty.
Lost Novel.

ANDREWS, F. EMERSON.
Accursed Cross.

BARRETT, RICHMOND.
In Memoriam.

BEEDE, IVAN.
Country Doctor.

BENEFIELD, BARRY.
God's Old Fields.
Law Is a Jealous Mistress.

BENÉT, LAURA.
Goods and Chattels.

BENÉT, STEPHEN VINCENT.
Barefoot Saint.
Blossom and Fruit.
Two White Beans.

Bercovici, Konrad.
Black Soil.
Success: and How It Comes.
"There's Money in Poetry."

Björkman, Edwin.
Punishment of Manuel.

Brody, Catharine.
Simple Annals.

Bromfield, Louis.
Romantic Letter.
Skeleton at the Feast.

Brooks, George S.
Cassidy's Road to Rome.

Calmer, Edgar.
People from Across the Plain.

Cather, Willa.
Double Birthday.

Chapin, Eunice Spalding ("Louise Leonard").
Memorial.

Childs, Marquis W.
Good Dinner.

Cline, Leonard.
Jail Hill.

Coates, Grace Stone.
Horn.
Plaster of Paris.
Trees of Heaven.
Wild Plums.

Cobb, Irvin S.
Promised Land.

Colby, Merle.
Half-Quarter Section.

Cournos, John.
Literary Tragedy.

Crowell, Chester T.
Congratulations.

Dahlberg, Edward.
Dream Life of Mary Moody.

DAVIS, JOHN P.
Overcoat.
Ruth Trent Cries.

EDMONDS, WALTER D.
Death of Red Peril.
Ninety.

FARRELL, ANDREW.
Old Man.

FERBER, EDNA.
Nine to Five.

FINLEY-THOMAS, ELISABETH.
Valley of Silence.

FORD, COREY.
Tommy's Wife.

FREEDMAN, DAVID.
Lotke's Watch.

GEROULD, KATHARINE FULLERTON.
Cradle-Snatcher.
His Sunsets.
Idle Hands.

GLOVER, JAMES WEBBER.
First Oboe.

HALL, JAMES NORMAN.
Fame for Mr. Beatty.

HALPER, ALBERT.
Brothers Over a Grave.

HARE, AMORY.
Poor Devil.

HARRIS, ROBERT J.
Anna.

HARTWICK, HARRY.
Inquiry After Health.

HAYES, HOWARD.
Finale.

HAYS, H. R.
Necessary Dismissal.

HERALD, LEON SRABIAN.
Power of Horizon.

HILDER, JOHN CHAPMAN.
Affair of the Heart.

HOLT, FRANKLIN.
On the Dark Trail.

HOWARD, SIDNEY.
Homesick Ladies.

HUGHES, LLEWELLYN.
Was a Major.

HURLBUT, WILLIAM.
Blue Gentian.

HUYSMAN, STEVE J.
Absalom.

JENKINS, MACGREGOR.
Alcantara.

JOHNSTON, MARY.
Elephants Through the Country.
Mockingbird.

KERR, SOPHIE.
"Yes, Sir; Thank You, Sir."

LAMBERTSON, LOUISE.
Woman Who Never Was.

LATIMER, MARGERY.
Death of Mrs. Vanderwood.

LEECH, MARGARET.
Manicure.

"LEONARD, LOUISE." *See* CHAPIN, EUNICE SPALDING.

LOVECRAFT, H. P.
Dunwich Horror.

MCALMON, ROBERT.
Jack Rabbit Drive.
Potato Picking.

MCCARTY, WILSON.
His Friend the Pig.

MCKENNA, EDWARD L.
I Have Letters for Marjorie.

MARQUIS, DON.
Exit the King.

MERRYMAN, MILDRED PLEW.
Old Lady.

MONTAGUE, MARGARET PRESCOTT.
Pretty Gal.

MORAN, HELEN.
Elsie's Boy.

MUILENBURG, CORNELIUS MARION.
Crossroads.

MULHERN, ALICE WADE.
Bird's Nest.

MULLEN, ROBERT.
Light Without Heat.

MYGATT, TRACY D.
In Exchange for a Son.

O'SULLIVAN, VINCENT.
Next Room.

OUTERSON, WILLIAM.
Sea Boy.

PARKER, DOROTHY.
Big Blonde.

PATTERSON, PERNET.
"Cunjur."

POOLE, ERNEST.
Two Young Colonial Dames.

PORTER, KATHERINE ANNE.
Jilting of Granny Weatherall.

PORTOR, LAURA SPENCER.
Conspiracy.

ROBERTS, ELIZABETH MADOX.
Children of the Earth.

ROGERS, SAMUEL.
Count.

RYAN, STELLA.
Now That It's Spring.

SAMALMAN, ALEXANDER.
When Mendel Sings.

Scott, Evelyn.
Adversary.

Seaver, Edwin.
Desk.
Miss Grimm.

Sigmund, Jay G.
Bitter Herbs.

"Stait, Virginia."
In India Ink.

Steele, Wilbur Daniel.
"Satan Am a Snake."
Silver Sword.

Stevens, James.
Grip of Life.
Why Poker Was Invented.

Stevenson, Philip.
Joker.
Prelude to Murder.

Suckow, Ruth.
Mrs. Kemper.
Strong As a Man.

Surdez, Georges.
Turnstile.

Tetlow, Henry.
Light That Never Was.

Toksvig, Signe.
Violet Crown.

Toomer, Jean.
Mr. Costyve Duditch.

Trilling, Lionel.
Note on a Departure.

Tully, Jim.
Sapping Day.

Vance, John Frazier.
Business Trip.

Vandercook, John W.
No-Good Coaster.

Ward, Leo L.
Possession.

WARE, EDMUND.
Stronger Voice.

WATKINS, MAURINE.
Common Sense.
Doors.

WEBER, WILLIAM C.
Good Husband Remembers.

WESCOTT, GLENWAY.
Guilty Woman.

WEST, DOROTHY.
Prologue to a Life.

WHARTON, EDITH.
Dieu d'Amour.

WHITE, NELIA GARDNER.
Aunt Maria.

WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS.
Venus.

WILSON, FORREST.
Widow's Weeds.

WIMBERLY, LOWRY C.
Tall and Straight.

II. CANADIAN AUTHORS

BARNARD, LESLIE GORDON.
Killing Web.
Marching Feet.
Pagan.

BOWMAN, LOUISE MOREY.
Spinet.

CALLAGHAN, MORLEY.
Predicament.
Regret for Youth.
Soldier Harmon.

MURTHA, THOMAS.
Little Jew Card-Player.
Story from a Mill-Yard.

O'HIGGINS, HARVEY.
Murder at Moosetail.

III. British and Irish Authors

Benson, Stella.
Man Who Missed the Bus.

"Birmingham, George A."
Raid.

Dawson, Coningsby.
Life Everlasting.

Dearden, Harold.
Strange Case of Mrs. Arkwright.

Erskine, John Steuart.
Witch.

Eustace, C. J.
Obsession.

Galsworthy, John.
Bargain.
Dog at Timothy's.
Sad Affair.

Hardy, Thomas.
Old Mrs. Chundle.

Hughes, Richard.
High Wind in Jamaica.

Kaye-Smith, Sheila.
Trimmer's Painted Gate.

Kipling, Rudyard.
Woman in His Life.

Lawrence, D. H.
Blue Mocassins.
Things.

Mansfield, Katherine.
Mary.

Maugham, W. Somerset.
Derelict.
Four Dutchmen.

Montague, C. E.
In the Ways of His Heart.
Judith.
Wisdom of Mrs. Trevanna.

Moore, George.
Aphrodite in Aulis.

Mottram, R. H.
Old Man's Chair.

O'Byrne, Cathal.
Two Mothers.

O Faoláin, Seán
Fugue.

O'Leary, Margaret.
Mated.

Phillpotts, Eden.
Devil and the Deep Sea.

Strong, L. A. G.
Sick Man.

Walpole, Hugh.
Ecstasy.

Wetjen, Albert Richard.
Off Finisterre.

Wharton, Anthony.
Man Who Stood Still.

Williamson, Henry.
Bill Brock's Farewell.
Drama of the Needles.

Wylie, I. A. R.
Last Honour.

Young, F. Brett.
Shellis' Reef.

IV. Translations

Aanrud, Hans (*Norwegian*).
Winter Night.

Bang, Herman (*Danish*).
Last Evening.

Edschmid, Kasimir (*German*).
Humiliating Room.

Egge, Peter (*Norwegian*).
Time Did Not Hang Heavy.

Elgström, Anna Lenah (*Swedish*).
Outward Bound.

Kidde, Astrid Ehrencron (*Danish*).
Kolaryd Farm.

Novikov-Proboi, A. (*Russian*).
Beyond the City.

Opatoshu, J. (*Yiddish*).
Horse-Thief.

Prishvin, Michail (*Russian*).
Love on Air.

Reymont, Ladislas (*Polish*).
In Spite of All.
Mass in the Forest.
Sacred Bell.

Spong, Berit (*Swedish*).
Night-Piece.

Svevo, Italo (*Italian*).
Wine That Kindles.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

NOTE. *These notices refer only to American authors whose work appears in the Roll of Honor in this series for the first time. Biographical notices of other authors included in this year's Roll of Honor may be found, with one or two exceptions, in earlier volumes of the series.*

ADDINGTON, SARAH. Born in Cincinnati, April 6, 1891. Educated at Earlham College with postgraduate work at Columbia University, 1912–13. Engaged in newspaper, magazine, and publicity work until 1924. Married in 1917. Author of several juvenile books. Now devotes herself to short story-writing. Lives in New York City.

ANDERSON, JOHN. Born in Pensacola, Florida, October 18, 1896. Educated at University Military School, in Mobile, and at the University of Virginia. Joined staff of *New York Evening Post* in September, 1918. Was successively reporter, feature and editorial writer, columnist, and assistant dramatic reviewer. Succeeded J. Ranken Towse as dramatic critic in March, 1924. Critic for *New York Journal* since January, 1928. Instructor in dramatic criticism at New York University. Married. Lives in New York City.

ANDREWS, F. EMERSON. Born in Lancaster, Pa. Educated in the public schools there. Graduated from Franklin and Marshall College in 1923 with the handicap of first honors. Went to New York, and obtained a job in the packing department of a publishing house. After five years of well-rounded publishing experience he resigned and devoted himself to writing. Lives in New York City.

BARRETT, RICHMOND. His first short story was written while he was a Freshman at Yale, and during the next five years he wrote about fifty short stories and novelettes for *The Smart Set*. Author of "Rapture" and "The Enemy's Gates." Now devotes his time to writing travel articles. Lives in Newport, Rhode Island.

BENÉT, LAURA. Daughter of an army officer. Born at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, and has lived at army posts in many parts of the United States. Graduated from Vassar College, and spent several years in social work. Author of two volumes of poems: "Fairy Bread," 1921, and "Noah's Dove," 1929. Has been writing short stories for three years. Is now assistant to the Literary Editor of the *New York Sun*. Lives in New York City.

BJÖRKMAN, EDWIN. Born in Stockholm, Sweden, October 19, 1866. Came to America at the age of twenty-five, knowing little English. Spent three years with Swedish-American papers and ten years with

such American papers as the *New York Sun*, the *New York Times*, and the *New York Evening Post*. Broke away from journalism in 1907. Author of: "Is There Anything New Under the Sun?", 1911; "Gleams," 1912; "Voices of To-morrow," 1913; "The Soul of a Child," 1922; "Gates of Life," 1923; and "The Search for Atlantis," 1927. Has translated many plays from German and the Scandinavian languages. Editor of the book page of *The Asheville Times* since 1926. Lives in Asheville, North Carolina.

Bowman, Louise Morey. Born in Sherbrooke, P. Q., of English and New England ancestry. Educated privately and at Dana Hall. Author of two books of verse: "Moonlight and Common Day," 1922; and "Dream Tapestries," 1924. Received one of the Quebec Government literary prizes in 1924. Married. Lives in Montreal.

Brody, Catharine. Born in December, 1900. Educated in the New York City public schools. Has been reporter on *The New York Globe* and *The New York Morning World*. Special correspondent for *The Globe* in Paris in 1921. Did a cross-country tour for *The World*, working in factories, shops, offices, as a domestic servant, telephone operator, salesgirl, pork-trimmer, china-rubber, textile inspector, etc. Published the result of her experiences in a series of articles entitled "What Happens When a Girl Goes Job-hunting in a Strange City." Covered twenty cities. Author of "Babe Evanson." Lives in New York City.

Brooks, George S. Born in 1895 on a farm in Western New York. Educated in private schools and at the University of Rochester. Served in the U. S. Army on the Western Front and went to the University of Poitiers. Has been a newswriter on various papers, managing editor of *McClure's Magazine* and of *The Shrine*, and a play tinker along Broadway. Is co-author of "Spread Eagle" and "Celebrity." Is now in the scenario department of the Fox Studios working on movietone productions. Lives at Hollywood, California.

Calmer, Edgar. Born in Chicago in 1907. Educated in private schools and at the University of Virginia. Has traveled extensively in Europe, the Near East, and South America. Has been a European correspondent for *The Chicago Tribune* since 1927. Lives in Paris.

Chapin, Eunice Spalding ("Louise Leonard"). Has been associate and literary editor of *The Forum*, and is now on the editorial staff of *McCall's Magazine*. Lives in New York City.

Colby, Merle. Born in Wisconsin in 1902. Son of a clergyman. His boyhood was passed in various towns of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Illinois. Graduated from Harvard University in 1924. Since that time he has been manager of a Boston firm of dealers in rare books on Cornhill.

Coleman, Emily Holmes. Born in America in 1899. Reared in Episcopal boarding school, then Wellesley College. Strong reaction now being needed, married a psychologist in 1921 and came to France with an *enfant terrible*, determined to forsake forever (for romantic reasons) her native country. Found that France was (for practical rea-

sons) the only place in which she could write, and is now somewhat deracinated. Worked on Paris edition of *The Chicago Tribune* for a year and made a dramatic exit. Came under the influence of Joyce and Proust, having cared only for Milton, Keats, and Francis Thompson previously. Has just completed a novel. Is now Emma Goldman's secretary. Lives in Paris.

DAHLBERG, EDWARD. Born in Boston, July 22, 1900. Attended public school in Kansas City, Missouri. In 1912, he was sent to an orphanage in Cleveland, where he remained for five years. Was an enlisted private in the American army for a short time, and afterwards wandered over a great deal of the United States map by way of Acme freight and "side-door-pullman." A buss-boy in San Francisco, a spudpeeler in Sacramento, a dishwasher in Los Angeles, a longshoreman in San Pedro, and a student at the University of California in 1922. Graduate of Columbia University. Author of "Bottom Dogs." Lives in New York City.

DAVIS, JOHN PRESTON. Born in Washington, D. C., January 19, 1905. Educated in public schools, Bates College, and Harvard University (M.A.). Traveled in Europe and North Africa, 1925. Assistant editor of *The Crisis,* 1926. Director of Publicity, Fisk University, 1927–28. Now a student in the Harvard Law School.

FARRELL, ANDREW. Born at Paoli, Indiana, March 24, 1889. Graduate of Hanover College, 1911. Newspaper and magazine work, 1911–25. First Lieutenant and Captain, First U. S. Infantry, 1917–19. Married, 1917. Author of "John Cameron's Odyssey," 1928. Lives in Honolulu, Hawaii.

FORD, COREY. "Born in New York, 1902. Graduated from Columbia University, 1923. Business: writing. Preference: trout-fishing. Author of 'Three Rousing Cheers,' 'The Gazelle's Ears,' and 'Meaning No Offence'—the last being a collection of literary parodies from *Vanity Fair,* published under the *nom de plume* of John Riddell. Collaborator with Harriet Beecher Stowe on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which was later published under her own name. (On the other hand, Mrs. Stowe helped me with some of *my* books.) In addition to writing, have investigated a tribe of Head Hunters in Central Dutch Borneo (1926), also conducted expedition into Persia (1927). Live at present at Larchmont, New York. Drop in any time."

GLOVER, JAMES WEBBER. Born in Ann Arbor, Michigan, September 16, 1901. Brought up there in a university family. Graduated from the University of Michigan in 1922. Has done postgraduate work in English at Harvard University, spent a year in Europe, and organized a repertory theatre in Ann Arbor. For the past four years has been engaged in editorial work in New York City.

GREEN, PAUL. Born on a farm near Lillington, North Carolina, March 17, 1894. Farmed in the spring and summer and went to country school a few months in the winter. Later went to Buie's Creek Academy from which he was graduated in 1914. Taught country school two years. En-

tered the University of North Carolina in 1916. Enlisted in the army in 1917. Served as private, corporal, sergeant and sergeant-major with the 105th Engineers, 30th Division. Later as Second Lieutenant with the Chief of Engineers at Paris. Served four months on the Western Front. Graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1921. Did graduate work there and at Cornell University. Now Assistant Professor in Philosophy at the University of North Carolina. Author of: "Trifles of Thought," 1917; "Surrender to the Enemy," 1917; "The Last of the Lowries," 1920; "Old Wash Lucas," 1920; "The Long Night," 1920; "The Old Man of Edenton," 1920; "Wrack P'int," 1921; "Granny Boling," 1921; "Sam Tucker," 1921; "Fixin's" (in collaboration with Erma Greene), 1924; "The Lord's Will and Other Carolina Plays," 1925; "Lonesome Road," 1926; "The Field God and In Abraham's Bosom," 1927; "In the Valley and Other Carolina Plays," 1928; "Wide Fields," 1928; etc.

HALPER, ALBERT. Born in Chicago in 1904. Attended Northwestern University for two years as a special student. Has been a factory hand, an office worker, and a postal sorter. Lives in Chicago.

HAYES, HOWARD. Born in Detroit, August 19, 1903. Brought up in Detroit, Oregon, and a small town in Michigan. Went to Detroit at the age of eighteen and made his college studies at night. Has been an electrician for a telephone company and has sold classified advertising for automobiles. Sailed on the Great Lakes. Has been sales correspondent and later head of the sales department of a large industrial firm. "The life of a rising young business executive left me cold and with a supreme disgust. I quit and went to the Atlantic seaboard where I hired out on various ships going to Mexico and Germany." Has since engaged in publicity work, real estate advertising, and freelancing. Is now a reporter on *The Detroit Free Press.*

HERALD, LEON SRABIAN, is about thirty-four years of age. "In the fall of 1912 I arrived in Detroit from Armenia, to educate myself. But soon I found my feet lost on the way of job seeking and my head lost in factory smokes, and soon after I realized that I had *insaned* myself rather than educated; for that's what the officers of the United States Army told me." He is the author of a volume of poems published in 1926, and is now writing a novel. Lives in New York City.

HILDER, JOHN CHAPMAN. Born in London, England, August 11, 1892, of English and Dutch parentage. Attended schools in England and France, and was brought to New York at the age of thirteen. Educated at DeWitt Clinton High School and at the School of Architecture of Columbia University. As a result of failing in most of his subjects he was requested to leave. He entered magazine work as secretary to an editor, and has been associated with *Vanity Fair, Harper's Weekly, Motor Life,* and *The Independent.* Formerly editor of *Harper's Bazar,* he has been Managing Editor of *The Elks Magazine* since 1922. Lives in New York City.

HOFFMAN, LEIGH, is a journalist employed on the European edition of an American newspaper in Paris. Born at Decatur, Illinois, July 19,

1896. Spent his youth there and has lived since in Detroit and New York City, working as a newspaper man and a freelance. He has worked his way around the world twice, and about two years ago took up his permanent residence in Paris.

HURLBUT, WILLIAM. Born at Belvidere, Illinois. Educated at art schools to be an illustrator, but soon gave this up and wrote plays. Author of "The Fighting Hope," "The Writing on the Wall," "The Strange Woman," "Lilies of the Field," "Bride of the Lamb," and "Virgin City" (in collaboration with David Belasco). Lives in New York City.

HUYSMAN, STEVE J. Born in 1896 of Dutch parentage in Rock Valley, Iowa, a small settlement of Dutch emigrants. In 1900, his parents were lured to Yakima, Washington, by cheap raw land and greater religious isolation. Spent boyhood there and saw the swift transformation from an arid waste to high productivity. Managed to spend three years in high school. Tired of life in the settlement and tackled subsequently most of the roughneck jobs in the West—dock-hand, deep-sea fisherman, lumberjack, packer, dude wrangler. Cantonment service during war. Short term in Western Mining School. Mining and construction for the last eight years from Alaska to Mexico. Now lives in Butte, Montana.

JENKINS, MACGREGOR. Born in Amherst, Massachusetts, in 1869. Graduated from Williams College in 1890. Was for eighteen years connected with Houghton Mifflin and Company, for most of the time as publisher of *The Atlantic Monthly*. In 1908, upon the organization of The Atlantic Monthly Company, he became its Treasurer, and for twenty years was publisher of *The Atlantic Monthly* and associated periodicals. He retired from active business in July, 1929, to devote his time to writing and travel. Lives in Boston.

LAMBERTSON, LOUISE. Born in Belding, Michigan, October 25, 1901. Graduated from the University of Michigan in 1923. (Phi Beta Kappa.) After graduation, she taught history in the High School of Mount Pleasant, Michigan, for a year. Since then, she has been employed as teller in the Belding Savings Bank.

MERRYMAN, MILDRED PLEW. Born in Chicago in 1892 and has lived there most of her life. Author of three books for children. Has written a great deal of verse. Married. Graduate of Vassar College. Lives at Valparaiso, Florida.

MUILENBURG, CORNELIUS M. Born in Orange City, Michigan, in 1901. Graduated from the University of Nebraska in 1924 and McCormick Theological Seminary in 1927. Is now pastor of a Presbyterian church in Manistique, Michigan.

MULHERN, ALICE WADE, is twenty-eight years of age, a widow, and a college graduate (A.M.). Was Literary Editor of *The Medical Review of Reviews* for two years. In 1927, she went with William Beebe on his expedition to Hayti. There she helped in the cataloguing of the fish specimens, and when it was possible, she tore off into Port au

Prince or up among the hills at Furcy to cram into her head all the folklore of the natives that she could possibly get hold of. More than half her life has been spent with the nuns or at Convent schools. Author of "The History of Playing Cards." Is now Program Director of The American Woman's Association. Lives in New York City.

MULLEN, ROBERT. Born in Ohio of Irish parents in 1905. Educated at Oberlin College and at the University of Rome. Returned to America from Italy in 1928. Now engaged in editorial work in New York City.

MURTHA, THOMAS. Born near Lindsay, Ontario, December 27, 1902. His parents were farmers of Irish descent. Educated at St. Michael's College, University of Toronto. Graduated from the College of Education at that University in 1926. Now a high school teacher at Wiarton, Ontario.

OUTERSON, WILLIAM. Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, April 21, 1875. Early education at Newington Academy. Went to sea at fourteen. First voyage to India. Returned and worked six months in lawyer's office in Edinburgh. Next voyage to San Francisco round the Horn. Spent a year in San Francisco, round the Horn again to Liverpool, from Leith to New York. Visited World's Fair in Chicago, 1893. Reporter on *The Daily Era,* Murphysboro, Illinois. Entered Marietta Academy, Ohio, 1896. Volunteered as seaman in U. S. Navy in Spanish-American War. Cruising in the Caribbean Sea. Returned to Marietta College and was graduated in 1902, A.B. Reporter on two papers during college years, later editor of *Marietta Daily Journal.* Went to Seattle, Nome, returned to Seattle, reported on *Post-Intelligencer.* Shipped as quartermaster on army transport *Dix* to Manila. Appointed to Philippines Customs Service. Returned to Nevada, New York, Scotland. Entered Edinburgh University. Studied science for one year. Wrote a novel, and received through the University a commission in the Black Watch, April 9, 1915. Sent to India. Resigned commission as captain in 1920. Returned to Edinburgh, went to Hollywood, California. Worked at various things, trying to write, still trying. Lives at Hollywood, California.

PATTERSON, PERNET. "Born on a plantation near Richmond, Virginia, during the adjustment period of the 80's, when the Southern Negro and White were just beginning to find themselves after the chaotic decades close-following the Civil War. Ancestry, French-Scotch-English. Father, a country doctor, plantation-owner, and after 1865 a manufacturer of tobacco. From the coming of the first immigrant ancestor to Virginia in 1700, love of the soil has been a predominant characteristic in the family. Denied the companionship of white boys by the very nature of my early environment, and brought into intimate contact with the Negro from the hour of my birth, I naturally absorbed—almost as my very own—their beliefs, religion and superstitions. And—as far as it is ever opened to white men—their obscure, sometimes mystic, viewpoints, unfolded to me as quite logical ones. Educated at home till eleven years old, then the District log-schoolhouse, then a private school in Richmond. To college at Virginia Military Institute, and Stevens Institute of Technology. Lived in

New York a year. Varied experience as engineer in tobacco factories, the West Virginian coal fields, West Indies, timber cruising in Florida Everglades and North Woods. Several years as owner and manager of large farm in remote section of Virginia." Lives in Richmond, Virginia.

ROGERS, SAMUEL. Born at Newport, Rhode Island, 1894. Graduated from Brown University, 1915. Drove an ambulance in American Field Service, May to September, 1917; then continued ambulance service in U. S. Army till end of war. Has taught French at the University of Wisconsin since then, except for two years in France as Field Service Fellow. Has also been associated for the past two years with Mr. Meiklejohn's Experimental College. Author of "The Sombre Flame," 1927, and "Less Than Kind," 1928. Lives at Madison, Wisconsin.

SAMALMAN, ALEXANDER. Born in New York City, January 9, 1904, and has seldom been outside the city line. Educated at New Utrecht High School. Was on the staff of *The New Pearson's* and later of *The Fourth Estate*. Has had much journalistic and advertising experience. Lives in Brooklyn, New York.

SIGMUND, JAY G. Born December 11, 1885, near the village of Waubeek, Iowa. Educated in county schools and Central City High School. Came to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, at the age of nineteen, and entered a wholesale grocery. Later entered the life insurance business. Author of four volumes of poems: "Frescoes," "Pinions," "Land o' Maize Folk," and "Drowsy Ones"; two volumes of short stories: "Wapsipinicon Tales," 1926, and "Merged Blood," 1929; and of a play: "Barabbas Released." Vice-President of the Cedar Rapids Life Insurance Company. Lives in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

"STAIT, VIRGINIA" (WINIFRED RUSSELL.) She began to write poetry at the time of the World War. Author of "Sanctuary." Member of various literary organizations. Lives at Gordonsville, Virginia.

STEVENSON, PHILIP. Born in New York City in 1896. Educated in Eastern schools. Left Harvard after less than two years intending to finish after the war, but returned from France with R.L.S.'s complaint; first short story published in 1920—too much luck; "cured" and began to teach, broke down again; continued writing; has lived in Santa Fé, New Mexico, since 1922. Author of "The Edge of the Nest," 1929.

SURDEZ, GEORGES ARTHUR. Born June 28, 1900, at Bienne, Switzerland. Attended French and American public schools till 1916. Two years with Powder Bureau of French High Commission to the United States. Three years travelling for American firms in West Africa, the Soudan, and North Africa. Author of "Swords of the Soudan" and "The Demon Caravan." Lives at Oran, Algeria.

TETLOW, HENRY. Born in Germantown, Philadelphia, July 12, 1893. Educated at the Chestnut Hill Academy and Yale College. Graduated 1914. Since then he has been manager of the family perfumery and

cosmetics business founded by his great-grandfather. First Lieutenant of Infantry, U. S. Army, 1917–19. Wound stripe. Was graduated a Division Instructor in automatic rifles from the Infantry School of Arms at Fort Sill. Lives in Philadelphia.

TOKSVIG, SIGNE. Born in Denmark in 1891. Educated in Denmark and at Cornell University. Assistant editor of *The New Republic*, 1916–20. Married to an Irishman. Author of "The Last Devil." Lives near Waterford, Ireland.

VANCE, JOHN FRAZIER. Born in Aspinwall, Pennsylvania, April 27, 1901. Educated at Augustana College and Princeton University. Graduated in 1922. Has divided his time between newspaper work and book publishing. Has written short stories and verse. Married. Lives in New York City.

VANDERCOOK, JOHN W. Born in London, England, April 22, 1902, of American parents. Educated at St. Paul's School and at Yale College. Spent two years as an unsuccessful actor. Has been reporter and editorial writer on *The Columbus Citizen*, feature writer on *The Washington News*, dramatic critic and literary editor of *The Baltimore Post*, assistant editor of the Macfadden Publications, and feature editor of *The New York Graphic*. Has made exploration trips in the interior of Dutch Guiana and in Liberia, and an extended trip on foot across the northern Cameroun plateau of Equatorial Africa. Author of "Tom-Tom," 1925; "Black Majesty," 1928; and "The Fools' Parade," 1929. Married Margaret Metzger, sculptor, 1923. Lives in New York City.

WARD, LEO L. Born at Otterbein, Indiana, in 1898. Lived and worked on a farm while going to public grade and high schools. Graduated from University of Notre Dame, 1920. Ordained Catholic Priest, 1927. Instructor in English, University of Notre Dame, since 1927. Lives at Notre Dame, Indiana.

WEBBER, WILLIAM C. Born in Pennsylvania in 1893. Educated at public schools and privately. Spent fifteen years in all departments of newspaper work on the *Philadelphia North American* and *The Philadelphia Record*. Since 1927, he has been in charge of general book advertising and promotion for Charles Scribner's Sons. Lives in New York City.

WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS. Born at Rutherford, New Jersey, September 17, 1883. Educated in public schools, Château de Lancy, Geneva, Horace Mann High School, New York, and the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. Graduated 1906. Interne at French Hospital, New York City, and the New York Infant Asylum till 1909. Spent a year studying medicine at Leipzig in 1910. Married in 1912. Entered practice of medicine at Rutherford, New Jersey. Still practising medicine in order to write. Author of "The Tempers," "Al Que Quiere," "Kora in Hell: Improvisations," "Sour Grapes," "The Great American Novel," "Spring and All," "In the American Grain," "A Voyage to Pagany," "New Poems, 1914–29," and "Prose, 1914–29." Lives in Rutherford, New Jersey.

WIMBERLY, LOWRY CHARLES. "I was born in Plaquemine, Louisiana, December 25, 1890. With my father, a Methodist preacher, we moved about here and there, pretty well covering the 'Louisiana Purchase.' Came to the blizzards and grasshoppers of western Nebraska a year or so before Czolgosz made Roosevelt president. Educated in the public schools of Nebraska and Iowa. In 1925, I received my Ph.D. from the University of Nebraska where I have been teaching English for some ten years. Author of a number of academic articles and reviews, two monographs on the popular ballads, and 'Folklore in the English and Scottish Ballads,' 1928, an exhaustive analysis of those ballad beliefs that center about primitive religion and magic. One of the founders, and editor-in-chief of *The Prairie Schooner.*" Lives in Lincoln, Nebraska.

THE BEST BOOKS OF SHORT STORIES OF 1929

I. American and Canadian Authors

1. Adams. Nigger to Nigger. Scribner.
2. Aiken. Costumes by Eros. Scribner.
3. Bromfield. Awake and Rehearse. Stokes.
4. Callaghan. Native Argosy. Scribner.
5. Chesnutt. Conjure Woman. Houghton Mifflin.
6. Jessup, *editor*. Representative Modern Short Stories. Macmillan.
7. Knister, *editor*. Canadian Short Stories. Macmillan.
8. Lardner. Round Up. Scribner.
9. Latimer. Nellie Bloom. Sears.
10. Le Rossignol. Beauport Road. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.
11. Melville. Shorter Novels. Liveright.
12. O'Shaughnessy. Other Ways and Other Flesh. Harcourt, Brace.
13. Second American Caravan. Macaulay.
14. Sigmund. Merged Blood. Des Moines, Iowa: The Maizeland Press.
15. Stevens. Homer in the Sagebrush. Knopf.
16. Tarleton. Bloody Ground. Dial Press.
17. Transition Stories. McKee.
18. Wescott. Good-bye Wisconsin. Harper.

II. British and Irish Authors

19. Bates. Day's End. Viking Press.
20. Beerbohm. Variety of Things. Knopf.
21. Buchan. Runagates Club. Houghton Mifflin.
22. Clifford. Bush-Whacking. Harper.
23. Coppard. Silver Circus. Knopf.
24. Dane. Babyons. Doubleday, Doran.
25. Edwards. Persian Caravan. Harper.
26. Ervine. Mountain. Macmillan.
27. Hoult. Poor Women! Harper.
28. Hutchinson. Other Gate. Knopf.
29. Manhood. Nightseed. Viking Press.
30. Mottram. Armistice and Other Memories. Dial Press.
31. Nichols. Under the Yew. Covici-Friede.
32. O'Flaherty. Mountain Tavern. Harcourt, Brace.
33. Plomer. Paper Houses. Coward-McCann.
34. Powys. House With the Echo. Viking Press.
35. Royde-Smith. Lover. Harper.
36. "Saki." Reginald, and Reginald in Russia. Viking Press.
37. "Saki." Square Egg. Viking Press.
38. Salt. Tiny Seed of Love. Payson and Clarke.

39. Walpole. Silver Thorn. Doubleday, Doran.
40. Webb. Armour Wherein He Trusted. Dutton.
41. Wells. Book of Catherine Wells. Doubleday, Doran.
42. Wells. Short Stories. Doubleday, Doran.

III. Translations

43. Azure Cities.—Stories of New Russia. International.
44. Cournos, *editor*. Fifteen Finest Short Stories. Dodd, Mead.
45. Denmark's Best Stories. Norton.
46. Frank. Persians Are Coming. Knopf.
47. Gogol. Mirgorod. Knopf.
48. Kessel. Pure in Heart. Dodd, Mead.
49. Laforgue. Six Moral Tales. Liveright.
50. Maurois. Voyage to the Island of the Articoles. Appleton.
51. Mérimée. Golden Tales from Mérimée. Dodd, Mead.
52. Morand. Black Magic. Viking Press.
53. Verga. Cavalleria Rusticana. Dial Press.

VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

JULY, 1928, TO MAY, 1929

NOTE. *An asterisk before a title indicates distinction.*

I. AMERICAN AND CANADIAN AUTHORS

ABBOTT, ELEANOR HALLOWELL. But Once a Year. Appleton.
ADAMS, EDWARD C. L. *Nigger to Nigger. Scribner.
AIKEN, CONRAD. *Costumes by Eros. Scribner.
ALFINO, ANGELO RALPH. Stella Balarina. Boston: Christopher Publishing House.
ANDERSON, SHERWOOD. *Hello Towns! Liveright.
ASBURY, HERBERT, *editor*. Not at Night! Macy-Macius.
BEACHLEY, ELIZABETH. Ring of the Swamis. San Diego, Cal.: Canterbury Co.
BECKER, MAY LAMBERTON, *editor*. Golden Tales of Our America. Dodd, Mead.
BREWSTER, DOROTHY, *editor*. *Book of Modern Short Stories. Macmillan.
BROMFIELD, LOUIS. *Awake and Rehearse. Stokes.
BYRNE, DONN. Destiny Bay. Little, Brown.
CABELL, JAMES BRANCH. *White Robe. McBride.
CALLAGHAN, MORLEY. *Native Argosy. Scribner.
CHESNUTT, CHARLES W. *Conjure Woman. Houghton Mifflin.
COBB, IRVIN S. *All Aboard. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. Irvin Cobb at His Best. Doubleday, Doran. *This Man's World. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.
CONOVER, RICHARD GROVER. As True as Sea Serpents. Knickerbocker Press.
Copy, 1929. Appleton.
DAVID, K. White Madness. Vinal.
DELMAR, VIÑA. Loose Ladies. Harcourt, Brace.
DIMICK, JULIA MCLEMORE. Plantation Belle. Boston: Christopher Publishing House.
DURANTY, WALTER. Curious Lottery. Coward-McCann.
FAULKNER, GEORGENE. Little Peachling. Joliet, Ill.: Volland.
FERRIS, HELEN JOSEPHINE, *editor*. Adventure Waits. Harcourt, Brace.
FITZGERALD, MAURICE O'REGAN. Mystery of the Haunted Wing. Stratford.
FOOTNER, HULBERT. Velvet Hand. Doubleday, Doran.
FULCHER, PAUL M., *editor*. Short Narratives. Century.
FUTRELLE, JACQUES. Problem of Cell 13. Dodd, Mead.
GALLISHAW, JOHN, *editor*. Only Two Ways to Write a Story. Putnam.

GILMAN, MILDRED. Headlines. Liveright.
GOLD, MICHAEL. 120 Million. International.
GREER, HILTON R., *editor*. *Best Short Stories from the Southwest. Dallas, Texas: Southwest Press.
GREY, ZANE. Don, the Story of a Lion Dog. Harper.
HALL, MANLY P. Shadow Forms. Los Angeles: Hall.
HARPER, C. ARMITAGE, *editor*. American Ghost Stories. Houghton Mifflin.
*O. Henry Memorial Award. Prize Stories of 1928. Doubleday, Doran.
HOPE, EDWARD. Manhattan Cocktail. Dial Press.
HURST, FANNIE. *Procession. Harper.
JESSUP, ALEXANDER, *editor*. *Representative Modern Short Stories. Macmillan.
KEARNEY, LAKE SHORE. Hodag. Milwaukee: Author, 1422 State Street.
KILBOURNE, FANNIE. Dot and Will. Dodd, Mead.
KNICKERBOCKER, EDWIN VAN BERGHEN, *editor*. Notable Short Stories of Today. Harper.
KNISTER, RAYMOND, *editor*. *Canadian Short Stories. Macmillan.
KYNE, PETER B. Parson of Panamint. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.
LARDNER, RING W. *Round Up. Scribner.
LATIMER, MARGERY. *Nellie Bloom. Sears.
LAZELL, BATHSHEBA A. Happy Christmas. Columbus, O.: Inskeep Printing Company.
LE ROSSIGNOL, J. E. *Beauport Road. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.
LEA, FANNY HEASLIP. Wild Goose Chase. Dodd, Mead.
MCKEEHAN, IRENE P., *editor*. American Short Stories. Oklahoma City: Harlow Publishing Company.
MARQUIS, DON. *When the Turtles Sing. Doubleday, Doran.
Master Sea Stories. Clode.
MELVILLE, HERMAN. *Shorter Novels. Liveright.
MERCEIN, ELEANOR. Book of Bette. Century.
MERCER, HENRY CHAPMAN. November Night Tales. Neale.
MILLER, ALICE DUER. Prince Serves His Purpose. Dodd, Mead.
MITCHELL, GRACE THERESE. Kingdom of Content. San Francisco: Kohnke.
NASON, LEONARD H. Top Kick. Doubleday, Doran.
NEALE, ARTHUR, *editor*. Master Detective Tales. Clode.
O'BRIEN, EDWARD J., *editor*. Best Short Stories of 1928. Dodd, Mead.
ORVIS, MARY BURCHARD, *editor*. Short Story Writing. Ronald Press.
O'SHAUGHNESSY, EDITH. *Other Ways and Other Flesh. Harcourt, Brace.
PALMER, HENRIETTA RAYMER, *editor*. Rhode Island Tales. Purdy Press.
PALMER, PAUL, *editor*. "World's" Best Short Stories of 1928. Minton, Balch.
PEATTIE, DONALD *and* LOUISE. Down Wind. Appleton.
PENDLETON, MARGARET, *and* WILKINS, DAVID SCHERMERHORN, *editors*. Recent Short Stories. Appleton.
PORTER, ELEANOR H. Fortunate Mary. Doubleday, Doran.
PORTERFIELD, WILLIAM HEMPSTEAD. Adventure in Pyramids. Boni.
POST, MELVILLE DAVISSON. Bradmoor Murder. Sears.
REUTER, JULIUS. Old Trails on Fire. Cleveland: Odin Publishing Company.

Rose, Emma Loomis. Better Mouse Trap. Badger.
Russell, John. *Far Wandering Men. Norton.
*Second American Caravan. Macaulay.
*Short Stories from Vanity Fair. Liveright.
Sigmund, Jay G. *Merged Blood. Des Moines, Iowa: The Maizeland Press.
Smith, George Hoyt. High Tide. Boston: Christopher Publishing House.
Smith, Lewis W., *editor*. Short Stories for English Classes. Lippincott.
Springs, Elliott White. Above the Bright Blue Sky. Doubleday, Doran.
Stevens, James. *Homer in the Sagebrush. Knopf.
Tarleton, Fiswoode. *Bloody Ground. Dial Press.
*Transition Stories. McKee.
Van Buren, Maud, *and* Bemis, Katharine Isabel, *editors*. Easter in Modern Story. Century.
Wescott, Glenway. *Good-bye Wisconsin. Harper.
White, William Allen. *Stratagems and Spoils. Macmillan.
Williams, Blanche Colton, *editor*. Short Stories for College Classes. Appleton.

II. British and Irish Authors

Asquith, Lady Cynthia, *editor*. Funny Bone. Scribner.
Austin, Frederick Britten. Saga of the Sea. Macmillan. Saga of the Sword, Macmillan.
Bates, H. E. *Day's End. Viking Press.
Beerbohm, Max. *Variety of Things. Knopf.
Bottome, Phyllis. *Strange Fruit. Houghton Mifflin.
Buchan, John. *Runagates Club. Houghton Mifflin.
Clifford, Sir Hugh. *Bush-Whacking. Harper.
Coppard, A. E. *Silver Circus. Knopf.
Dane, Clemence. *Babyons. 4 vols. Doubleday, Doran.
Dawson, Coningsby. Unknown Soldier. Doubleday, Doran.
Edwards, A. Cecil. *Persian Caravan. Harper.
Ervine, St John G. *Mountain. Macmillan.
Hardy, Thomas. *Old Mrs. Chundle. Crosby Gaige.
Harvey, W. F. *Beast with Five Fingers. Dutton.
Hogan, David. *Challenge of the Sentry. Irish Industries Depot.
Hoult, Norah. *Poor Women! Harper.
Hutchinson, Vere. *Other Gate. Knopf.
Lowndes, Mrs. Belloc. Some Men and Women. Doubleday, Doran.
Manhood, H. A. *Nightseed. Viking Press.
Marshall, Archibald. Simple People. Brentano's.
*Mercury Book, 2nd Series. McKee.
Mottram, R. H. *Armistice and Other Memories. Dial Press.
Nichols, Robert. *Under the Yew. Covici-Friede.
O'Brien, Edward J., *editor*. Best British Short Stories of 1928. Dodd, Mead.
O'Flaherty, Liam. *Mountain Tavern. Harcourt, Brace.
Oppenheim, E. Phillips. Mr. Billingham, the Marquis and Madelon. Little, Brown.
Orczy, Baroness. Skin o' My Tooth. Doubleday, Doran.

PERTWEE, ROLAND. Fish are Such Liars! Houghton Mifflin.
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN. *It Happened Like That. Macmillan.
PLOMER, WILLIAM. *Paper Houses. Coward-McCann.
POWYS, T. F. *House With the Echo. Viking Press.
RHYS, ERNEST, *and* SCOTT, C. A. DAWSON, *editors.* Twenty-six Adventure Stories Old and New. Appleton.
"ROHMER, SAX." Book of Fu-Manchu. McBride.
ROYDE-SMITH, NAOMI. *Lover. Harper.
"SAKI." (H. H. Munro.) *Reginald, and Reginald in Russia. Viking Press. *Square Egg. Viking Press.
SALT, SARAH. *A Tiny Seed of Love. Payson and Clarke.
SEABY, ALLEN W. Exmoor Lass. Macmillan.
SMITH, CEDRIC ELLSWORTH, *editor.* *Yellow Book: A Selection. Hartford: Mitchell.
STERN, G. B. *Slower Judas. Knopf.
WAKEFIELD, H. R. They Return at Evening. Appleton.
WALLACE, EDGAR. Murder Book of J. G. Reeder. Doubleday, Doran.
WALPOLE, HUGH. *Silver Thorn. Doubleday, Doran.
WEBB, MARY. *Armour Wherein He Trusted. Dutton.
WELLS, CATHERINE. *Book of Catherine Wells. Doubleday, Doran.
WELLS, H. G. *Short Stories. Doubleday, Doran.
WODEHOUSE, P. G. Man With Two Left Feet. Doubleday, Doran.
WREN, PERCIVAL C. Good Gestes. Stokes.

III. TRANSLATIONS

*Azure Cities.—Stories of New Russia. (*Russian.*) International.
CHEKHOV, ANTON. (*Russian.*) *Short Stories. Macmillan.
COURNOS, JOHN, *editor.* *Fifteen Finest Short Stories. Dodd, Mead.
*Denmark's Best Stories. (*Danish.*) Norton.
EATON, RICHARD, *editor.* *Best European Short Stories of 1928. Dodd, Mead
FRANK, BRUNO. (*German.*) *Persians Are Coming. Knopf.
GOGOL, NIKOLAY. (*Russian.*) *Mirgorod. Knopf.
KESSEL, J. (*French.*) *Pure in Heart. Dodd, Mead.
KOMROFF, MANUEL, *editor.* *Great Fables. Dial Press.
LAFORGUE, JULES. (*French.*) *Six Moral Tales. Liveright.
MAUROIS, ANDRÉ. (*French.*) Voyage to the Island of the Articoles. Appleton.
MÉRIMÉE, PROSPER. (*French.*) *Golden Tales from Mérimée. Dodd, Mead.
MORAND, PAUL. (*French.*) *Black Magic. Viking Press.
SOKOLOFF, BORIS. (*Russian.*) Crime of Dr. Garine. Covici-Friede.
VERGA, GIOVANNI. (*Italian.*) Cavalleria Rusticana. Dial Press.

ARTICLES ON THE SHORT STORY IN AMERICAN PERIODICALS

JULY, 1928, TO MAY, 1929

NOTE. *For articles in British and Irish periodicals, see "The Best British Short Stories of 1929."*

A

Abbott, Eleanor Hallowell.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 2, '28. (9.)
Adams, E. C. L.
Anonymous. Dial. Apr., '29. (86:345.)
By Herschel Brickell. N. Y. Sun. Nov. 24, '28. (11.)
By M. P. L. N. Rep. Jan. 23, '29. (57:280.)
By George S. Schuyler. Opp. Dec., '28. (6:380.)
Adventure Story.
By Edwin Seaver. Post. Feb. 9, '29. (8 M.)
By Bernard Smith. World. Feb. 10, '29. (11 M.)
Aiken, Conrad.
Anonymous. Dial. Jan., '29. (86:76.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 7, '28. (6.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Oct. 24, '28. (127:432.)
By R. N. Linscott. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 13, '28. (5:212.)
By Eugene Lohrke. Books. Sept. 30, '28. (30.)
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. Nov. 21, '28. (57:24.)
By Ben Wasson. Outl. (N. Y.) Nov. 21, '28. (150:1212.)
American Short Story.
By Juana Allraum. Books. Mar. 10, '29. (12.)
Anonymous. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 6, '28. (5:190.) May 25, '29 (5:1046.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 24, '29. (9.)
By William Rose Benét. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 21, '28. (4:1051.)
By Basil Davenport. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 16, '29. (5:776.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Feb. 27, '29. (128:259.) Post. Nov. 24, '28. (8 M.)
By Eugene Gordon. S. E. Q. 1929. (16.)
By Bray Hammond. N. Y. Sun. Sept. 15, '28. (7.)
By Fannie Hurst. Pub. W. Jan. 26, '29. (115:401.)
By Louis Kronenberger. N. Y. Times. Dec. 9, '28. (2.)
By Edward J. O'Brien. B. E. T. Oct. 20, '28.
By John Riddell. V. F. Apr., '29. (95.)
By N. L. Rothman. N. Y. Sun. Jan. 26, '29. (23.)
By Edwin Seaver. Post. Feb. 9, '29. (8 M.) Post. Apr. 20, '29. (10 M.)

By Johan J. Smertenko. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 6, '28. (5:190.)
By Bernard Smith. N. Mass. Apr., '29. (16.)
By Charles E. Walker. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '28. (68:305.)
By Blanche Colton Williams. N. Y. Times. Jan. 6, '29. (20.) Anderson, Sherwood.
By Cleveland Chase. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 20, '29. (12.)
By Joseph Freeman. N. Mass. Feb., '29. (6.)
By Lewis Gannett. Books. May 5, '29. (3.)
By Sara Haardt. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 4, '29. (5:974.)
By Geoffrey T. Hellman. N. Rep. May 15, '29. (58:365.)
By Percy Hutchison. N. Y. Times. Apr. 28, '29. (1.)

Andreev, Leonid.
By Maxim Gorky. Ref. Apr., '29. (39.)

Austin, F. Britten.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 5, '29. (7.)

B

Babel, I.
By Alexander Kaun. Men. J. Nov., '28. (15:400.)
By Nadja Pavlov. N. Mass. Oct., '28. (11.)

Balzac, Honoré de.
By Samuel Putnam. Post. Mar. 9, '29. (11 M.)
By Edith Valerio. N. Y. Times. Jul. 29, '28. (10.)

Barnes, Margaret Ayer.
Anonymous. Dial. Apr., '29. (86:345.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Feb. 2, '29. (25.)
By Robert Morss Lovett. N. Rep. Jan. 9, '29. (57:224.)

Bates, H. E.
Anonymous. Books. Sept. 30, '28. (41.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 14, '28. (28.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Oct. 10, '28. (127:377.)
By Robert Morss Lovett. N. Rep. Jan. 9, '29. (57:224.)
By Margery Mansfield. World. Dec. 2, '28. (11 M.)
By Helen Pearce. N. Y. Sun. Sept. 29, '28. (7.)

Beerbohm, Max.
By Henry Hazlitt. N. Y. Sun. Sept. 29, '28. (7.)
By Edgar Johnson. Post. Nov. 3, '28. (8.)
By Louis Kronenberger. N. Y. Times. Sept. 30, '28. (2.)
By Philip Littell. Book. (N. Y.) Dec., '28. (68:487.)
By Helen McAfee. Yale. Mar., '29. (18:609.)
By Compton Mackenzie. V. F. Apr., '29. (86.)
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. Nov. 7, '28. (56:334.)
By John Cowper Powys. Dial. Feb., '29. (86:155.)
By Rebecca West. Books. Oct. 14, '28. (1.)

Bennett, Arnold.
By Wilbur Cross. Yale. Dec., '28. (18:302.)

Bercovici, Konrad.
By Shaemas O'Sheel. Post. Jul. 14, '28. (5.)

Bierce, Ambrose.
By Ernest Boyd. Outl. (N. Y.) Mar. 20, '29. (151:470.)
By Van Wyck Brooks. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 30, '29. (23.)
By Adolphe de Castro. N. Y. Times. Apr. 21, '29. (21.)

By Wilson Follett. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '28. (68:284.)
By Herbert Gorman. N. Y. Times. Mar. 24, '29. (4.)
By Harry Hansen. World. Mar. 17, '29. (10 M.)
By Carey McWilliams. A. Merc. Feb., '29. (16:215.) Post. Mar. 9, '29. (10 M.) Mar. 30, '29. (10 M.)
By Lewis Mumford. Books. Mar. 24, '29. (1.)
By Napier Wilt. N. Rep. May 8, '29. (58:338.)

Bottome, Phyllis.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Nov. 10, '28. (18.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 16, '28. (7.)
By E. G. N. Rep. Dec. 19, '28. (57:148.)
By Gladys Graham. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 6, '29. (5:853.)

Bourget, Paul.
By Paul Souday. N. Y. Times. Aug. 5, '28. (8.)

Bove, Emmanuel.
By Jenny S. Bradley. Books. Sept. 16, '28. (9.)

Bradford, Roark.
By Samuel A. Kaufman. N. Y. Sun. Jul. 7, '28. (6.)
By Harry Salpeter. World. Feb. 17, '29. (10 M.)
By G. W. Harris. Post. Sept. 29, '28. (9.)

British Short Story.
Anonymous. Dial. Dec., '28. (85:537.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 30, '28. (13.)
By Libbian Benedict. N. Y. Sun. Jan. 19, '29. (8.)
By Louis Kronenberger. Books. Dec. 16, '28. (14.) N. Y. Times. Dec. 9, '28. (2.)
By Johan J. Smertenko. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 6, '28. (5:190.)
By Robert Strunsky. N. Y. Sun. Jan. 5, '29. (10.)

Bromfield, Louis.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 5, '29. (6.)
By Lloyd Morris. Books. Apr. 28, '29. (3.)
By N. L. Rothman. N. Y. Sun. May 4, '29. (15.)

Buchan, John.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Aug. 5, '28. (12.)

Bulgarian Short Story.
By Stoyan Christowe. Dial. Jan., '29. (86:59.)

Burstein, Abraham.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jul. 1, '28. (7.)

Byrne, Donn.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Sept. 16, '28. (6.)
By Herschel Brickell. Books. Sept. 9, '28. (5.)
By Christine Diemer. World. Oct. 21, '28. (11 M.)
By Thurston Macauley. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Sept. 22, '28. (5:141.) Book (N. Y.) Apr., '29. (69:152.)
By Katherine Simons. Tan. Mar., '29. (4:117.)

C

Cabell, James Branch.
By Harry Hansen. World. Mar. 31, '29. (10 M.)
By H. L. Mencken. A. Merc. Apr., '29. (16:508.)
By Carl Van Doren. Books. Jan. 6, '29. (3.)

Cable, George W.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Jan. 19, '29. (9.)
By Florence Finch Kelly. N. Y. Times. Jan. 6, '29. (7.)
By Grant C. Knight. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '29. (69:205.)
By F. K. Mitchell. A. L. May, '29. (1:217.)
By Allan Nevins. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 2, '29. (5:637.)
By Edmund Wilson. N. Rep. Feb. 13, '29. (57:352.)
By George S. Wykoff. A. L. May, '29. (1:183.)
Callaghan, Morley.
By John Chamberlain. N. Y. Times. Mar. 24, '29. (9.)
By Basil Davenport. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 20, '29. (5:909.)
By Clifton D. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) May 29, '29. (128:654.)
By R. N. Linscott. Books. Apr. 7, '29. (7.)
By Frances Lamont Robbins. Outl. (N. Y.) Apr. 3, '29. (151:548.)
By N. L. Rothman. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 30, '29. (23.)
By Harry Salpeter. World. Oct. 14, '28. (10 M.)
Canadian Short Story.
By Ruth Suckow. World. Dec. 9, '28. (11 M.)
Carleton, William.
By Charles Hooper. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 20, '29. (5:932.)
Cather, Willa.
By Martha Fiegenbaum. Pr. S. Winter, '29. (3:65.)
Chekhov, Anton.
By John Cournos. Dial. Sept., '28. (85:261.)
Chesnutt, Charles W.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 3, '29. (9.)
By Eugene Gordon. S. E. Q. 1929. (16.)
Clark, Emily.
By Allen W. Porterfield, Va. Jul., '28. (4:434.)
Clifford, Sir Hugh.
By Winfield Shiras. Sat. R. (N. Y.) May 25, '29. (5:1044.)
Cobb, Irvin S.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Aug. 12, '28. (6.) Mar. 24, '29. (24.)
Colum, Padraic.
By Harry Salpeter. World. May 12, '29. (10 M.)
Conrad, Joseph.
Letters to Stephen and Cora Crane. Book. (N. Y.) May, '29. (69:225.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Nov. 4, '28. (2.)
By Carl Bohnenberger and Norman Mitchell Hill. Book. (N. Y.) May, '29. (69:225.)
By Van Wyck Brooks. N. Y. Sun. Dec. 1, '28.
By Mary Ellen Chase. Com. Jan. 9, '29. (9:295.)
By Wilbur Cross. Yale. Mar., '29. (18:580.)
By Richard Curle. Books. Sept. 30, '28. (1.)
By Ernest Dawson. Liv. A. Oct., '28. (335:132.)
By Wilson Follett. Book. (N. Y.) Aug., '28. (67:640.)
By Ford Madox Ford. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '28. (68:217.)
By Harry Hansen. World. Oct. 28, '28. (8 E.)
By Robert Littell. Book. (N. Y.) Jul., '28. (xxii.)
By William McFee. Books. Nov. 4, '28. (4.)
By Christopher Martin. Cath. W. Nov., '28. (128:247.)

By Gilbert Seldes. Dial. Sept., '28. (85:249.)
By Homer S. Shannon. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '28. (68:216.)

Coppard, A. E.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 10, '29. (8.)
By Margery Latimer. Books. Feb. 10, '29. (4.)
By Lawrence S. Morris. Book. (N. Y.) Mar., '29. (69:95.)
By Bernard Smith. World. Feb. 10, '29. (11 M.)

Corrie, Joe.
By Sergey Dinamov. N. Mass. May, '29. (17.)

Crane, Stephen.
By Irving Bacheller. Cen. Aug., '28. (116:480.)
By Carl Bohnenberger and Norman Mitchell Hill. Book. (N. Y.) May, '29. (69:225.)
By Wilson Follett. Book. (N. Y.) Jan. '29. (68:532.)

D

Dane, Clemence.
By Grace Frank. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 6, '28. (5:184.)
By Percy Hutchison. N. Y. Times. Sept. 16, '28. (5.)
By R. M. L. N. Rep. Oct. 24, '28. (56:281.)
By Isabel Paterson. Books. Sept. 30, '28. (4.)
By Ruth Suckow. World. Nov. 18, '28. (11 M.)

Danish Short Story.
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Apr. 17, '29. (128:480.)
By Eugene Lohrke. Books. Feb. 3, '29. (17.)
By Alma Luise Olsen. N. Y. Times. Dec. 30, '28. (15.)
By Bernard Smith. World. Feb. 10, '29. (11 M.)

Delmar, Viña.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 26, '29. (8.)
By Florence Haxton. Books. May 26, '29. (7.)
By Grace Robinson. Ly. Aug. 11, '28. (17.)

Denison, Corrie.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 30, '28. (12.)

Dostoevsky, Fyodor.
By Conrad Aiken. Dial. Dec., '28. (85:517.)
By Ernest Boyd. Outl. (N. Y.) Jan. 9, '29. (151:73.)
By H. W. Boynton. N. Y. Sun. Dec. 22, '28. (8.)
By Van Wyck Brooks. N. Y. Sun. Nov. 10, '28. (18.)
By Malcolm Cowley. Books. Dec. 30, '28. (1.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Post. Aug. 18, '28. (5.) Dec. 15, '28. (9.)
By Henry James Forman. N. Y. Times. Oct. 21, '28. (5.)
By Manya Gordon. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 2, '29. (5:639.)
By Harry Hansen. World. Dec. 30, '28. (10 M.)
By T. S. Matthews. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '28. (68:228.)
By Norah Meade. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '29. (69:200.)
By Harry Salpeter. World. Aug. 12, '28. (7 M.)
By A. Steinberg. Ref. Oct., '28. (19.)
By Edmund Wilson. N. Rep. Oct. 24, '28. (56:274.) Jan. 30, '29. (57:302.)
By Avrahm Yarmolinsky, N. Rep. Oct. 17, '28. (56:254.)

Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan.
By Irving Bacheller. Cen. Aug., '28. (116:480.)
Dunbar, Paul Laurence.
By Eugene Gordon. S. E. Q. 1929. (16.)
Duranty, Walter.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 24, '29. (5.)
By Dorothy Brewster. Books. Apr. 7, '29. (4.)
By Edwin Clark. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 13, '29. (25.)
By Louis Fischer. Nat. (N. Y.) May 1, '29. (128:538.)
By Lawrence S. Morris. N. Rep. May 15, '29. (58:364.)
By Bernard Smith. Post. Apr. 13, '29. (10 M.)
Duun, Olav.
By Phillips Dean Carleton. Scan. Dec., '28. (16:741.)

E

Edwards, A. Cecil.
By Amy Loveman. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Feb. 23, '29. (5:703.)
By L. H. Titterton. World. Apr. 14, '29. (11 M.)
Ervine, St. John G.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Sept. 23, '28. (8.)
By Robert Morss Lovett. N. Rep. Jan. 9, '29. (57:224.)

F

Finger, Charles J.
By Charles Morrow Wilson. Nat. (N. Y.) Sept. 5, '28. (127:219.)
Hol. Dec., '28. (6.)
Forster, E. M.
By Dorothy Bacon Woolsey. N. Rep. Aug. 29, '28. 56:54.)
France, Anatole.
By John Chamberlain. N. Y. Times. Feb. 17, '29. (9.)
Frank, Bruno.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 17, '29. (2.)
By Edwin H. Blanchard. N. Y. Sun. Feb. 23, '29. (10.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '29. (69:192.)
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. Apr. 24, '29. (58:285.)

G

Galsworthy, John.
By Percy Hutchison. N. Y. Times. Jul. 15, '28. (1.)
By Ben Ray Redman. Books. Oct. 21, '28. (10.)
Gilman, Mildred.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Jan. 19, '29. (9.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Oct. 28, '28. (7.)
Glasgow, Ellen.
By Emily Clark. Va. Apr., '29. (5:182.)
By Sara Haardt. Book (N. Y.) Apr., '29. (69:133.)
Gogol, Nikolay.
By Dorothy Brewster. Books. May 5, '29. (7.)
Gold, Michael.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Feb. 23, '29. (11.)
By Louis Berg. Men. J. May, '29. (16:474.)

By John Dos Passos. N. Mass. Mar., '29. (23.)
By Melvin P. Levy. N. Rep. Mar. 6, '29. (58:79.)
By Dorothy Van Doren. Books. Apr. 21, '29. (18.)

Golding, Louis.
By Nettie Marcus. Am. H. Apr. 26, '29. (124:927.)

Gorky, Maxim.
By John Cournos. Dial. Sept., '28. (85:261.)

Green, Paul.
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Jul. 4, '28. (127:22.)
By Howard Mumford Jones. S. W. Autumn, '28. (14:1.)
By Mayer Portner. Opp. Oct., '28. (6:310.)

Guzman, Martin Luis.
By William Spratling. Books. Mar. 24, '29. (9.)

H

Hardy, Thomas.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 6, '29. (12.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Nov. 11, '28. (3.)
By Ernest Boyd. Outl. (N. Y.) Dec. 5, '28. (150:1293.)
By Samuel C. Chew. Books. Dec. 2, '28. (3.)
By Wilbur Cross. Yale. Mar., '29. (18:580.)
By Paul Crowley. Com. Feb. 6, '29. (9:406.)
By Barker Fairley. C. For. Jan., '29. (9:130.)
By John Freeman. Liv. A. May, '29. (336:192.)
By Robert Morss Lovett. Book. (N. Y.) Mar., '29. (69:96.)
By Desmond MacCarthy. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 1, '28. (5:421.)
By William Lyon Phelps. Scr. Feb., '29. (85:221.)
By Joseph J. Reilly. Cath. W. Jan., '29. (128:407.)
By Harris Russell. Post. Dec. 1, '28. (8 M)
By Charles K. Trueblood. Dial. Feb., '29. (86:150.)
By Mark Van Doren. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 12, '28. (127:662.)
By Virginia Woolf. N. Rep. Dec. 5, '28. (57:70.)

Harris, Frank.
By Harry Salpeter. World. Jan. 20, '29. (10 M.)

Harte, Francis Bret.
By Henry Meade Bland. Over. Jul., '28. (86:239.) Oct., '28. (86:354.)
By Lelia Ayer Mitchell. Over. Jul., '28. (86:215.)
By Albert Jay Nock. Book (N. Y.) May, '29. (69:244.)
By George R. Stewart, Jr. Univ. of California Chronicle. Jul., '28. A. L. Mar., '29. (1:78.)

Hawthorne, Nathaniel.
By Newton Arvin. Books. Sept. 30, '28. (36.)
By Herbert Gorman. N. Y. Times. Apr. 21, '29. (2.)
By Harry Hansen. World. Oct. 14, '28. (10 M.)
By Randall Stewart. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 27, '29. (5:967.)
By Raymond Weaver. Books. Sept. 16, '28. (1.)
By Stanley T. Williams. A. L. May, '29. (1:219.)

"Henry, O."
By Cliff Sandahl. Pr. S. Winter, '29. (3:54.)

Hergesheimer, Joseph.
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Jul. 4, '28. (127:23.)

Hogan, David.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 23, '28. (12.)
Hollander, Walther von.
By Gabriele Reuter. N. Y. Times. Mar. 31, '29. (7.)
Hope, Edward.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 21, '29. (9.)
Hoult, Norah.
By Gertrude Diamant. Post. May 25, '29. (8 M.)
By Louis Kronenberger. N. Y. Times. May 19, '29. (9.)
Hurst, Fannie.
By Juana Allraum. Books. Feb. 24, '29. (17.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 27, '29. (8.)
Anonymous. World. Feb. 3, '29. (11 M.)
By Gladys Graham. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 6, '29. (5:853.)
By T. S. Matthews. Book. (N. Y.) Feb., '29. (68:687.)
By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Book. (N. Y.) May, '29. (69:258.)
By Tess Slesinger. Post. Jan. 19, '29. (9 M.)
Hutchinson, Vere.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 9, '28. (7.)
By Robert Morss Lovett. N. Rep. Jan. 9, '29. (57:224.)
By Margery Mansfield. Books. Jan. 13, '29. (23.)

I

Irving, Washington.
By A. H. Espenshade. St. Nich. Oct., '28. (55:958.)

J

Jesse, F. Tennyson.
By Rex Hunter. Post. Jul. 7, '28. (9.)
Jewett, Sarah Orne.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 12, '29. (23.)
By H. W. Boynton, N. Y. Sun. May 18, '29. (12.)
By C. Hartley Grattan. World. Apr. 21, '29. (10 M.) Book. (N. Y.) May, '29. (69:296.)
By Edwin Seaver. Post. Apr. 20, '29. (10 M.)
By Theodore Spencer. N. Rep. May 22, '29. (59:48.)
By Dorothy Van Doren. Books. Apr. 14, '29. (4.)
Joyce, James.
By Rebecca West. Book. (N. Y.) Sept., '28. (68:9.)

K

Karaliitcheff, Anghel.
By Stoyan Christowe. Dial. Jan., '29. (86:59.)
Kessel, J.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Aug. 5, '28. (7.)
By Malcolm Cowley. Books. Aug. 26, '28. (4.)
By Grace Frank. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Sept. 8, '28. (5:100.)
Kipling, Rudyard.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jul. 1, '28. (2.)
By Irving Bacheller. Cen. Aug., '28. (116:480.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Liv. A. Aug., '28. (334:1217.)

L

Laforgue, Jules.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Dec. 23, '28. (12.)
By Hansell Baugh. Book. (N. Y.) Feb., '29. (68:711.)
By Richard Lockridge. N. Y. Sun. Dec. 15, '28. (23.)
Lagerlöf, Selma.
By Velma Swanston Howard. Scan. Dec., '28. (20:745.)
By Henry Goddard Leach. Scan. Dec., '28. (20:747.)
Lardner, Ring.
By H. W. Boynton. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 6, '29. (13.)
By John Chamberlain. N. Y. Times. Apr. 7, '29. (2.)
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. May 22, '29. (59:35.)
By Lewis Mumford. Books. Apr. 14, '29. (5.)
By Harry Salpeter. World. Mar. 31, '29. (10 M.)
Latimer, Margery.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 19, '29. (8.)
By Florence Haxton. Books. May 12, '29. (5.)
Lawrence, D. H.
Anonymous. Dial. Aug., '28. (85:172.)
By H. J. Davis. C. For. Sept., '28. (8:783.)
By Robert H. Davis. N. Y. Times. Dec. 23, '28. (5.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Jul. 4, '28. (127:22.)
By William McFee. Book. (N. Y.) Jul., '28. (67:568.)
By Ruth Suckow. Outl. (N. Y.) Aug. 29, '28. (149:713.)
By Dorothy Bacon Woolsey. N. Rep. Aug. 29, '28. (56:54.)
By C. Hartley Grattan. Book. (N. Y.) Aug., '28. (67:625.)
Lea, Fanny Heaslip.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 3, '29. (9.)
By Vincent McHugh. Post. Mar. 16, '29. (10 M.)
Lewis, Wyndham.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jul. 1, '28. (13.)
By Robert R. Hall. Com. Aug. 1, '28. (8:335.)
Lhevinne, Isadore.
By Joseph Alexander. J. T. Jul. 27, '28. (9.)
London, Jack.
By C. Hartley Grattan. Book. (N. Y.) Feb., '29. (68:667.)
By Martin Russak. N. Mass. Jan., '29. (13.)
Lowndes, Mrs. Belloc.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 20, '29. (24.)

M

Mackail, Denis.
Anonymous. Books. Sept. 16, '28. (10.)
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Sept. 2, '28. (16.)
Malaczewski, Eugeniusz.
By K. Zuk-Skarszewska. Pol. Aug., '28. (9:479.)
Manhood, H. A.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Sept. 23, '28. (9.)
Anonymous. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 8, '28. (5:454.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Oct. 24, '28. (127:431.)
By Robert Morss Lovett. N. Rep. Jan. 9, '29. (57:224.)

By Lawrence S. Morris. Book. (N. Y.) Dec., '28. (68:460.)
By Bernard Smith. World. Nov. 18, '28. (11 M.)

Mann, Thomas.
By Conrad Aiken. Dial. Jul., '28. (85:59.)
By Christine Diemer. World. Aug. 26, '28. (7 M.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman, Nat. (N. Y.) Jul. 4, '28. (127:22.)
By Rose Lee. Book. (N. Y.) Aug., '28. (67:709.)
By Theodore Spencer. N. Rep. Jul. 18, '28. (55:231.)
By Ruth Suckow. Outl. (N. Y.) Aug. 29, '28. (149:713.)

Mansfield, Katherine.
By Dorothy Brewster. Post. Mar. 2, '29. (10 M.)
By Van Wyck Brooks. Outl. (N. Y.) Feb. 20, '29. (151:311.)
By Jean Dow. Com. Mar. 27, '29. (9:603.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. N. Y. Sun. Feb. 16, '29. (25.)
By Louis Kronenberger. N. Y. Times. Feb. 24, '29. (5.)
By Margery Latimer. World. Mar. 17, '29. (11 M.)
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. Mar. 20, '29. (58:147.)
By S. E. Vaughan. C. For. Mar., '29. (9:208.)
By Edith H. Walton. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '29. (69:207.)
By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Books. Feb. 24, '29. (1.)

Marquis, Don.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Sept. 23, '28. (9.)

Marshall, Archibald.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 12, '29. (9.)

Maugham, W. Somerset.
By Harry Salpeter. World. Nov. 11, '28. (10 M.)

Maupassant, Guy de.
By Llewelyn Powys. Dial. Mar., '29. (86:255.)

Maurois, André.
By Henry Hazlitt. N. Y. Sun. Jan. 19, '29. (8.)
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. Feb. 20, '29. (58:23.)

Melville, Herman.
By Newton Arvin. Books. Sept. 30, '28. (36.)
By Thomas Beer. Books. Mar. 10, '29. (1.)
By Herschel Brickell. N. Rep. Apr. 3, '29. (58:205.)
By Paul Crowley. Com. Apr. 17, '29. (9:687.)
By Herbert Gorman. N. Y. Times. Mar. 10, '29. (1.)
By C. Hartley Grattan. World. Dec. 16, '28. (10 M.) Mar. 10, '29. (10 M.)
By Henry Hazlitt. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 9, '29. (10.) Cen. May, '29. (118:122.)
By Matthew Josephson. Outl. (N. Y.) Mar. 20, '29. (151:467.)
By Joseph Wood Krutch. Nat. (N. Y.) May 8, '29. (128:561.)
By Archibald MacLeish. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '29. (69:183.)
By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 27, '29. (5:945.)
By John Brooks Moore. A. L. May, '29. (1:215.)
By Lawrence S. Morris. For. May, '29. (xiv.)
By Bernard Smith. N. Mass. May, '29. (16.)
By Randall Stewart. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 27, '29. (5:967.)
By Carl Van Doren. Nat. (N. Y.) Dec. 5, '28. (127:622.)
By Raymond Weaver. Books. Sept. 16, '28. (1.) Post. Mar. 9, '29. (11 M.)

Mendés, Catulle.
By Heyman Zimel. J. T. Dec. 7, '28. (38.)
Mercein, Eleanor.
By Louise Maunsell Field. N. Y. Sun. May 11, '29. (13.)
By Myra Waterman. N. Y. Times. May 12, '29. (9.)
Merrick, Leonard.
By Rose Heylbut Wollstein. N. A. Rev. Aug., '28. (226:215.)
Miller, Alice Duer.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 6, '29. (10.)
Mitchell, Grace Therese.
By Frona Eunice Wait Colburn. Over. Apr., '29. (87:121.)
Mitchison, Naomi.
By Libbian Benedict. N. Y. Sun. Jul. 7, '28. (6.)
By Elmer Davis. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 21, '28. (4:1045.)
By Rosella Kramer. Com. Aug. 8, '28. (8:356.)
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. Aug. 8, '28. (55:313.)
By Frederick P. Mayer. Yale. Oct., '28. (4:595.)
By Ruth Suckow. World. Sept. 9, '28. (7 M.)
Montague, C. E.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Feb. 24, '29. (8.)
By H. W. Boynton. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 2, '29. (10.)
By Herschel Brickell. Books. Mar. 3, '29. (7.)
By Elmer Davis. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Mar. 2, '29. (5:725.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Apr. 17, '29. (128:480.)
By Edwin Seaver. Post. Feb. 23, '29. (10 M.)
Montague, Margaret Prescott.
By Richard Linn Edsall. Com. Aug. 22, '28. (8:395.)
By Mary Johnston. Va. Jul., '28. (4:431.)
Moore, George.
By John Eglinton. Dial. Apr., '29. (86:339.)
By William Lyon Phelps. Yale. Mar., '29. (18:558.)
Morand, Paul.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 28, '29. (5.)
By André Maurois. N. Y. Sun. Aug. 4, '28. (20.)
By Henri de Regnier. Liv. A. Oct., '28. (335:154.)
By Harry Salpeter. World. Jan. 27, '29. (10 M.)
By W. B. Seabrook. Books. Apr. 21, '29. (5.)
By Paul Souday. N. Y. Times. Jul. 29, '28. (8.)
Mottram, R. H.
By Herschel Brickell. Books. Jan. 27, '29. (7.)
By C. G. Poore. N. Y. Times. Mar. 3, '29. (9.)
Muñoz, Rafael.
By Carleton Beals. Book. (N. Y.) May, '29. (69:280.)
Munro, H. H. *See* "Saki."

N

Nason, Leonard H.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Sept. 16, '28. (22.)
Nichols, Robert.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jan. 6, '29. (8.)
By Gorham B. Munson. Book (N. Y.) Jan., '29. (68:573.)
By Harriet Sampson. Post. Dec. 8, '28. (10 M.)

Norwegian Short Story.
By Phillips D. Carleton. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Jul. 7, '28. (4:1017.)
By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Apr. 17, '29. (128:480.)
By Eugene Lohrke. Books. Aug. 12, '28. (13.)
By Alma Luise Olson. N. Y. Times. Jul. 29, '28. (8.)

O

O'Flaherty, Liam.
By John Chamberlain. N. Y. Times. May 19, '29. (2.)
By Edwin Clark. N. Y. Times. Aug. 12, '28. (7.)
By N. L. Rothman. N. Y. Sun. Nov. 10, '28. (18.)
By Elizabeth Sanderson. N. Y. Sun. May 18, '29. (13.)
By William Troy. Book. (N. Y.) Mar., '29. (69:7.)
Oppenheim, E. Phillips.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. May 26, '29. (19.)
O'Shaughnessy, Edith.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Mar. 10, '29. (18.)
By Helen Walker Homan. Com. Apr. 3, '29. (9:632.)
By N. L. Rothman. N. Y. Sun. Feb. 16, '29. (24.)
By Anna McClure Sholl. Cath. W. Apr., '29. (129:115.)

P

Pertwee, Roland.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Sept. 2, '28. (18.)
Phillpotts, Eden.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Jul. 29, '28. (7.)
Anonymous. World. Oct. 21, '28. (11 M.)
Poe, Edgar Allan.
Anonymous. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 6, '29. (10.)
By Killis Campbell. A. L. Mar., '29. (1:103.)
By Malcolm Cowley. Outl. (N. Y.) Jul. 25, '28. (149:497.)
By Earl Leslie Griggs. A. L. May, '29. (1:196.)
By Thomas Ollive Mabbott. A. L. Mar., '29. (1:104.)
By John T. Winterich. Pub. W. Feb. 2, '29. (115:559.)
Powys, T. F.
Anonymous. Dial. Dec., '28. (85:537.)
By Margery Latimer. Books. Sept. 23, '28. (4.)
By Ruth Lechlitner. Post. Oct. 13, '28. (11.)
By Richard Lockridge. N. Y. Sun. Sept. 1, '28. (9.)
By T. S. Matthews. N. Rep. Oct. 3, '28. (56:184.)
By Theodore Purdy, Jr. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Dec. 8, '28. (5:458.)

R

Royde-Smith, Naomi.
Anonymous. N. Y. Times. Apr. 7, '29. (6.)
By N. L. Rothman. N. Y. Sun. Mar. 16, '29. (10.)
Russell, John.
By C. A. Chapman. Book. (N. Y.) May, '29. (69:312.)
By Percy Hutchison. N. Y. Times. May 5, '29. (7.)
By Louis Sherwin. Post. May 25, '29. (9 M.)

Russian Short Story.
By Dorothy Brewster. Books. Apr. 7, '29. (4.)
By Edwin Clark. N. Y. Sun. Apr. 13, '29. (25.)
By Bernard Smith. Post. Apr. 13, '29. (10 M.)

S

"Saki." (H. H. Munro.)
By Elmer Davis. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Oct. 13, '28. (5:212.) Apr. 6, '29. (5:854.)
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By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Books. Mar. 3, '29. (1.)
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By Margaret Bassett. N. Y. Sun. May 25, '29. (13.)
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By Ben Ray Redman. Books. May 26, '29. (10.)
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By Bray Hammond. N. Y. Sun. Jan. 5, '29. (11.)
By Norah Meade. N. Rep. Apr. 3, '29. (58:207.)
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By Clifton P. Fadiman. Nat. (N. Y.) Apr. 17, '29. (128:480.)
By Eugene Lohrke. Books. Aug. 12, '28. (13.)
By Alma Luise Olson. N. Y. Times. Jul. 29, '28. (8.)

T

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MAGAZINE AVERAGES

JULY, 1928, TO MAY, 1929

The following table includes the averages of distinctive stories in thirty-six American periodicals. One, two, and three asterisks are employed to indicate relative distinction. "Three-asterisk stories" are considered worth reprinting in book form. The list excludes reprints.

Periodicals	No. of Stories Published	No. of Distinctive Stories Published			Percentage of Distinctive Stories Published		
		*	**	***	*	**	***
American Magazine	46	10	1	1	22	2	2
American Mercury	16	11	7	5	69	44	31
Atlantic Monthly	20	16	11	6	80	55	30
Bookman (N. Y.)	13	13	7	4	100	54	31
Canadian Home Journal	32	4	1	0	13	3	0
Canadian Magazine	48	11	2	0	23	4	0
Catholic World	26	8	1	1	31	4	4
Century Magazine	36	27	14	7	75	39	20
Chatelaine	24	5	0	0	21	0	0
Chicago Tribune (Syndicate Service)	48	12	6	4	25	13	8
Collier's Weekly	202	35	6	1	18	3	1
Columbia	38	9	1	1	24	3	3
Cosmopolitan	138	52	19	9	38	14	7
Country Gentleman	41	12	2	1	29	5	3
Delineator	45	8	4	3	18	9	7
Dial	17	17	15	10	100	88	60
Forum	19	18	12	9	95	63	47
Frontier	24	22	13	4	92	54	17
Good Housekeeping (N. Y.)	56	17	4	1	30	7	2
Harper's Bazar	36	16	8	5	44	22	14
Harper's Magazine	34	33	23	16	97	68	47
Ladies' Home Journal	76	14	5	4	18	7	5
Liberty	147	12	2	0	8	2	0
McCall's Magazine	40	8	3	1	20	8	3
MacLean's Magazine	95	21	3	0	22	3	0
Menorah Journal	15	13	11	4	87	73	27
Midland	25	24	12	8	96	48	32
Pictorial Review	49	24	11	8	48	22	16
Plain Talk	21	14	4	2	67	19	10
Prairie Schooner	17	10	8	2	59	47	12
Red Book Magazine	101	9	4	1	9	4	1
Saturday Evening Post	315	50	8	3	16	3	1
Scribner's Magazine	47	35	20	12	74	43	25
Transition	15	14	11	8	93	73	53
Vanity Fair	36	14	6	1	39	17	3
Woman's Home Companion	59	10	2	1	17	3	2

The following tables indicate the rank, by number and percentage, of distinctive short stories published, of fourteen periodicals coming within

the scope of my examination which have published an average of 50 per cent or more of distinctive stories. The lists exclude reprints, but not translations.

BY PERCENTAGE

1.	Dial	100%
2.	Bookman (N. Y.)	100%
3.	Harper's Magazine	97%
4.	Midland	96%
5.	Forum	95%
6.	Transition	93%
7.	Frontier	92%
8.	Menorah Journal	87%
9.	Atlantic Monthly	80%
10.	Century Magazine	75%
11.	Scribner's Magazine	74%
12.	American Mercury	69%
13.	Plain Talk	67%
14.	Prairie Schooner	59%

BY NUMBER

1.	Scribner's Magazine	35
2.	Harper's Magazine	33
3.	Century Magazine	27
4.	Midland	24
5.	Frontier	22
6.	Forum	18
7.	Dial	17
8.	Atlantic Monthly	16
9.	Transition	14
10	Plain Talk	14
11.	Bookman (N. Y.)	13
12.	Menorah Journal	13
13.	American Mercury	11
14.	Prairie Schooner	10

The following periodicals have published during the same period ten or more "two-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not translations.

1.	Harper's Magazine	23
2.	Scribner's Magazine	20
3.	Cosmopolitan	19
4.	Dial	15
5	Century Magazine	14
6.	Frontier	13
7.	Midland	12
8.	Forum	12
9.	Transition	11
10.	Menorah Journal	11
11.	Atlantic Monthly	11
12.	Pictorial Review	11

The following periodicals have published during the same period five or more "three-asterisk stories." The list excludes reprints, but not translations.

1.	Harper's Magazine	16
2.	Scribner's Magazine	12
3.	Dial	10
4.	Forum	9
5.	Cosmopolitan	9
6.	Midland	8
7.	Transition	8
8.	Pictorial Review	8
9.	Century Magazine	7
10.	Atlantic Monthly	6
11.	American Mercury	5
12.	Harper's Bazar	5

Ties in the above lists have been decided by taking relative rank in other lists into account.

INDEX OF SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES

JULY 1, 1928, TO MAY 31, 1929

All short stories published in the following magazines are indexed:

American Magazine
American Mercury
American-Scandinavian Review
Atlantic Monthly
Blues
Bookman (New York)
Canadian Forum (except April and May)
Canadian Home Journal
Canadian Magazine
Canadian Mercury
Canadian Nation
Catholic World
Century
Chatelaine
Chicago Tribune (Syndicate Service)
Collier's Weekly
Columbia
Commonweal
Cosmopolitan
Country Gentleman
Delineator
Dial
Forum
Frontier
Golden Book
Good Housekeeping
Harper's Bazar
Harper's Magazine
Hound and Horn
Ladies' Home Journal
Liberty
McCall's Magazine
MacLean's Magazine
Menorah Journal
Midland
New Masses
New Republic
North American Review
Opportunity
Outsiders
Pictorial Review
Plain Talk
Poland
Prairie Schooner
Red Book Magazine
Salient
Saturday Evening Post
Saturday Evening Quill
Saturday Review of Literature
Scribner's Magazine
Southwest Review
Stratford Magazine
Sunset Magazine
Tambour
Tanager
Transition
Vanity Fair
Virginia Quarterly Review
Woman's Home Companion
Yale Review

Short stories of distinction only, published in the following magazines during the same period are indexed. The list includes four British periodicals in which American stories were published which did not appear elsewhere.

Adventure
Amazing Stories
American Boy
American Hebrew
Archive
Argosy All-Story Weekly

Ave Maria
Baltimorean
Children
Christian Herald
Columbian Monthly
Detective Story Magazine
Dublin Magazine
Elks Magazine
Everybody's Magazine
Fortnightly Review
Holland's Magazine
Household Magazine
Husk
Hygeia
Jewish Forum
Jewish Tribune
McClure's Magazine
Modern Priscilla
Munsey's Magazine
Nea Service (Syndicated Stories)
New Statesman
Outdoor America
Popular
Real Detective Tales
Reflex
Romance
Rotarian
St. Nicholas
Short Stories
T. P.'s Weekly
Toronto Weekly Star
Weird Tales
Westminster Magazine
World Magazine (N. Y. World.)
Youth's Companion.

I have considered many other magazines without finding any stories of distinction. One, two, or three asterisks are prefixed to the titles of stories to indicate distinction. Three asterisks prefixed to a title indicate the fact that the story is listed in the "Roll of Honor." The figures in parentheses after the title of a story refer to the volume and page number of the magazine. In cases where successive numbers of a magazine are not paged consecutively, the page number only is given in this index.

While every endeavor has been made to indicate the nationality of authors correctly, I assume no personal responsibility for the accuracy of my classification in this or in other lists.

I. American Authors

A

Abbott, Eleanor Hallowell.
"Old Men Sitting in the Sun." Am. Sept., '28. (34.)
Penny Eyes. W. H. C. Jul., '28. (24.)
Thinking of My Soldier. W. H. C. Nov., '28. (15.)
Two Wives and Three Husbands. W. H. C. May, '29. (17.)

Abdullah, Achmed.
Breckinridge Necklace. Ly. Mar. 2, '29. (7.)
Dancer of Samarkand. Del. May, '29. (20.)
Fear. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '29. (9:31.)
*Home Wind. G. H. (N. Y.) Jan., '29. (28.)
Honorable Fools. Col. Mar. 16, '29. (14.)
*Jewel in the Lotus. G. H. Sept., '28. (34.)
Long Road, the Far Road. Red Bk. Jul., '28. (46.)
*Strong Man. Elks. Jul., '28. (6.)
This Red-Haired Girl. Ly. Mar. 30, '29. (59.)
*Woman Who Is Mine! Red Bk. Dec., '28. (68.)

Adams, Bill.
***Eye for an Eye. Adv. Feb. 1, '29. (25.)
*Hoodoo of the "Midnight." Sh. St. Jul. 25, '28. (51.)
*Last of the 'Horns. Adv. Apr. 15, '29. (56.)
*Sea Baptism. Adv. Dec. 1, '28. (141.)
***Skivvy. Adv. Nov. 1, '28. (20.)
**Stewardess. Rom. Nov., '28. (110.)

Adams, D. E.
***"Truth Is Stranger—." (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '28. (8:149.)

Adams, E. C. L.
See Adams, Ned.

ADAMS, FRANK R.
"Alright, Let's Try." Ly. Sept. 1, '28. (9.)
Come-On Play. Ly. Jan. 5, '29. (13.)
Drive-Away. Red Bk. Apr., '29. (36.)
Moon and Muffins. Red Bk. May, '29. (50.)
Song Is Ended. Chic. Trib. May 5, '29.

ADAMS, LUCY WILCOX.
**Revolution. Atl. Jul., '28. (142:35.)

ADAMS, NED.
*Bur Rabbit in Red Hill Churchyard. Scr. Jul., '28. (84:17.)
*Damn Nigger. Scr. Jul., '28. (84:13.)
**Nigger to Nigger. Scr. Aug., '28. (83:207.)
*Old Mammy. Scr. Jul., '28. (84:15.)

ADAMS, SAMUEL HOPKINS.
Swim, Roman, Swim. Chic. Trib. Sept. 16, '28.

ADDINGTON, SARAH.
Enchantment. Del. May, '29. (7.)
Gay Fellow. Del. Dec., '28. (40.)
***"Hound of Heaven." For. Mar., '29. (81:137.)
It's June in Miami. W. H. C. Nov., '28. (13.)
Little Frog, Big Puddle. L. H. J. Apr., '29. (12.)
Soul of a Housekeeper. Del. Sept., '28. (16.)
That Game Called Bridge. Del. Jan., '29. (12.)
*These Pioneers. G. H. (N. Y.) Apr., '29. (40.)

ADDIS, HENDY.
*Cheerful Liar. For. Oct., '28. (80:616.)

ADE, GEORGE.
On His Uppers. Cos. Jul., '28. (56.)

ADLER, BEN H.
*Kabbalah. J. F. Jul., '28. (11:347.)

AIKEN, CONRAD.
***Farewell! Farewell! Farewell! Scr. Aug., '28. (84:194.)
***Fish Supper. Scr. Dec., '28. (84:637.)

AKERS, ARTHUR K.
"Don't Mess Wid No Lions!" Red Bk. Mar., '29. (90.)
He Knows Women. Red Bk. Sept., '28. (94.)
It's Hard to Explain to Ladies. Red Bk. Nov., '28. (77.)
Mr. Tuxedo Junction. Red Bk. Jul., '28. (74.)
"Step on Dem Eggs!" Red Bk. Apr., '29. (94.)
"Where You Loafs and Fishes." Red Bk. Jan., '29. (86.)
"You've Lied Yo'r Last Lie!" Red Bk. Aug., '28. (92.)

ALDERMAN, CLIFFORD L.
**Retirement of Captain Miller. For. May, '29. (81:302.)

ALDRICH, BESS STREETER.
**Man Who Caught the Weather. Cen. Jul., '28. (116:304.)
Romance in G Minor. Del. Feb., '29. (11.)

ALEXANDER, SANDRA.
*Warp of the Years. Cath. W. Nov., '28. (128:195.)

ALEY, MAXWELL.
Lilies. Col. May 18, '29. (36.)
**One Day in Autumn. McCall. Nov., '28. (20.)
Watch, Chain and Charm. Del. Nov., '28. (21.)

ALTIMUS, HENRY.
Coward. Col. Aug. 4, '28. (8.)

ANDERSON, FREDERICK IRVING.
Beyond All Conjecture. S. E. P. Sept. 29, '28. (12.)
Hangman's Tower. S. E. P. Sept. 1, '28. (12.)
News Reel. Red Bk. Jul., '28. (78.)
Recoil. S. E. P. Mar. 23, '29. (14.)
Vivace—Ma Non Troppo. S. E. P. Mar. 16, '29. (10.)

ANDERSON, JOHN.
***Pilgrimage. Harp. B. Jan., '29. (68.)

ANDERSON, SHERWOOD.
***Beauty. Harp. B. Jan., '29. (78.)
**In a Box Car. V. F. Oct., '28. (76.)
***Lost Novel. Scr. Sept., '28. (84:255.)
*Man at the Filling Station. V. F. Aug., '28. (53.)
*Small Town Notes. V. F. Apr., '29. (72.)
**Why They Got Married. V. F. Mar., '29. (74.)

ANDREWS, F. EMERSON.
***Accursed Cross. Dial. Mar., '29. (86:191.)

ANDREWS, MARY R. S.
Nothing Fried. Scr. Dec., '28. (84:654.)
ANGELL, PAULINE K.
'Mid Pleasures and Palaces. Pict. R. Feb., '29. (16.)
Turn About. McCall. Apr., '29. (28.)
ANNIXTER, PAUL.
Enemy Allies. Am. Aug., '28. (44.)
Flounder, Flounder in the Sea. Col. Dec. 8, '28. (20.)
Puck. Ly. Sept. 29, '28. (41.)
Trumpeter of the Air Lanes. Col. Aug. 11, '28. (22.)
ARMSTRONG, JOHN.
Gate-Crashers. A. Merc. Oct., '28. (15:215.)
Grande Dame. A. Merc. Feb., '29. (16:168.)
ASBURY, HERBERT.
Infernal Feminine. Red Bk. Mar., '29. (66.)
ATWATER, ADELINE L.
Men Don't Want Brains. Red Bk. Oct., '28. (81.)
AVERY, STEPHEN MOREHOUSE.
Age of Indiscretion. Col. Feb. 9, '29. (5.)
Door Into Eden. Col. Apr. 6, '29. (28.)
Dunholland's Affair. McCall. May, '29. (20.)
Lady Who Laughs. Col. Mar. 23, '29. (5.)
Turn of a Card. Col. Feb. 2, '29. (20.)
Two of a Kind. Col. Oct. 20, '28. (5.)

B

BACON, JOSEPHINE DASKAM.
Heartless Imp. Cen. Mar., '29. (117:531.)
BALDWIN, FAITH.
Call the Doctor. Cos. Oct., '28. (90.)
BALLOU, ROBERT O.
Her Secret from Him. Red Bk. Mar., '29. (62.)
BANNING, MARGARET CULKIN.
Accepted Without Pleasure. Am. Jul., '28. (59.)
Christmas Lists. G. H. (N. Y.) Dec., '28. (22.)
Dinner Guests. Del. Apr., '29. (14.)
*In Line for Something. Harp. M. May, '29. (158:708.)
Noël. Am. Nov., '28. (48.)
Robe de Style. S. E. P. Feb. 2, '29. (18.)
Round the World. Del. Aug., '28. (12.)
Shore Road. Am. Aug., '28. (64.)
We Can't Afford It. L. H. J. Oct., '28. (3.)
Wedding March. L. H. J. Nov., '28. (12.)
BARI, VALESKA.
Eyes of Loaiza. Cath. W. Sept., '28. (127:651.)
BARKER, ELSA.
**Game. Cen. Oct., '28. (116:699.)
Not Good Enough. Col. Nov. 17, '28. (20.)
Rider of the Storm. Harp. B. Jul., '28. (83.)
BARNES, MARGARET AYER.
Dinner Party. Pict. R. Aug., '28. (16.)
*Feather Beds. Pict. R. Sept., '28. (22.)
*Perpetual Care. Pict. R. Oct., '28. (22.)
BARR, MARK.
Sporting Chance. Col. Apr. 13, '29. (16.)
BARRETT, RICHMOND.
***In Memoriam. A. Merc. Sept., '28. (15:40.)
BARTLETT, VIRGINIA STIVERS.
Old Timer. Sun. Oct., '28. (16.)
BASS, BASIL.
"Suck in Your Neck." Scr. Apr., '29. (85:445.)
BEACH, REX.
Cat Man. Ly. May 18, '29. (7.)
Half-Caste. Cos. May, '29. (58.)
Lie Doctor. Ly. Feb. 9, '29. (7.)
BEEDE, IVAN.
***Country Doctor. Transit. Feb., '29. (65.)
BEER, THOMAS.
Americanus Sum. S. E. P. Nov. 17, '28. (12.)
Faith. S. E. P. Apr. 6, '29. (10.)
Honor. S. E. P. Jan. 5, '29. (16.)
Love. S. E. P. Dec. 15, '28. (8.)
Midnight Blues. S. E. P. Jul. 14, '28. (22.)
Mother Eglantine. S. E. P. Aug. 25, '28. (12.)

BEER, THOMAS. (*Cont.*)
Wotan's Child. S. E. P. Aug. 4, '28. (12.)
BELLAH, JAMES WARNER.
*Aftermath. S. E. P. Oct. 27, '28. (24.)
Brothers in the Bond. S. E. P. Apr. 13, '29. (16.)
"Coup du Sot." S. E. P. Jul. 21, '28. (14.)
Jolly Old High Seize. Col. Sept. 8, '28. (10.)
Jonah. S. E. P. Nov. 10, '28. (30.)
Man Who Beat Lupo. S. E. P. Jul. 7, '28. (16.)
"Panama—3000 Miles Away." S. E. P. Sept. 15, '28. (8.)
Shark. S. E. P. Nov. 3, '28. (20.)
Tuber. S. E. P. Nov. 24, '28. (8.)
Upwood Bobie, Adventurer. S. E. P. Dec. 22, '28. (10.)
War Heroes. S. E. P. Jan. 5, '29. (58.)
What Am I—Fish? S. E. P. Mar. 9, '29. (16.)
BENEDICT, LIBBIAN.
**Caprice Viennois. Men. J. Mar. '29. (16:216.)
BENEFIELD, BARRY.
*Coming Home. Col. Nov. 10, '28. (22.)
***God's Old Fields. G. H. (N. Y.) Dec., '28. (44.)
***Law Is a Jealous Mistress. W. H. C. Dec., '28. (17.)
Once There Was a Little Boy. W. H. C. Apr., '29. (7.)
*Song in the Dark. Ly. Mar. 2, '29. (24.)
BENET, LAURA.
***Goods and Chattels. For. Dec., '28. (80:890.)
BENET, STEPHEN VINCENT.
***Barefoot Saint. Sat. R. (N. Y.) Apr. 20, '29. (5:906.)
***Blossom and Fruit. Harp. M. Nov., '28. (157:713.)
**Candleshine. Red Bk. Sept., '28. (46.)
Fiona and the Unknown Santa Claus. L. H. J. Oct., '28. (20.)
*Green Christmas. L. H. J. Dec., '28. (10.)
**King of the Cats. Harp. B. Feb., '29. (104.)
Long Distance. L. H. J. Jul., '28. (14.)
*Story About the Ant-Eater. Cen. Oct., '28. (116:751.)
***Two White Beans. C. G. Oct., '28. (22.)
Wish-Horse. Del. Sept., '28. (42.)
BENNETT, JAMES W.
*Behind the Spirit Screen. World M. Nov. 4, '28.
BENNETT, JAMES W., *and* KWEN-LING, SOONG.
*Mercy of Kuan Yin. Adv. May 15, '29. (73.)
*Obliterated Budda. Adv. May 1, '29. (44.)
BERCOVICI, KONRAD.
***Black Soil. Del. Feb., '29. (14.)
*Height. Del. Sept., '28. (20.)
**Luca. McCall. Oct., '28. (16.)
***Success: And How It Comes. Harp. M. Feb., '29. (158:331.)
***"There's Money in Poetry." Harp. M. Oct., '28. (157:541.)
**Vlad's Son. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '29. (107.)
BETTS, THOMAS JEFFRIES.
*Face. Mun. Dec., '28. (95:437.)
BEVERLEY-GIDDINGS, A. R.
*Wooing of Aristide Tournillon. C. G. Jan., '29. (10.)
BIANCO, MARGERY.
*Boy in the Brook. G. H. (N. Y.) Jul., '28. (56.)
BIGGERS, EARL DERR.
Nina and the Blemish. S. E. P. Aug. 18, '28. (6.)
BJORKMAN, EDWIN.
***Punishment of Manuel. Cath. W. May, '29. (129:136.)
BLUE, CECIL.
*"Flyer." Opp. Jul., '28. (6:202.)
BORLAND, HAL.
Silver Dawn. Chic. Trib. Mar. 24, '29.
BOTT, LEO P., JR.
All Is Not Alimony That Glitters. Ly. Dec. 29, '28. (39.)
BOYCE, BURKE.
*Outcast. Ev. Oct., '28. (1.)
BOYD, THOMAS.
*Argonne. C. G. Nov., '28. (6.)
*One Hour to Go. Chic. Trib. Nov. 11, '28.
**When a Princess Commands. Scr. Sept., '28. (84:334.)
BOYLE, KAY.
*Vacation-Time. Transit. Fall, '28. (143.)
BRACE, BLANCHE.
Spite Site. Del. Feb., '29. (17.)

BRACKETT, CHARLES.
Ever Bright and Fair. S. E. P. Oct. 13, '28. (8.)
Mrs. Eldridge. S. E. P. Feb. 23, '29. (16.)
R. S. E. P. May 4, '29. (20.)
Stormy Passage. S. E. P. Oct. 27, '28. (6.)

BRADFORD, ROARK.
**Cold Death. Harp. M. Jul., '28. (157:208.)
*Final Run of Hopper Joe Wiley. S. E. P. Jan. 5, '29. (48.)
**Gree Gree Girl. Col. Jan. 12, '29. (10.)
Ha'nt Hound. Col. Apr. 6, '29. (10.)
**Let the Band Play Dixie. For. Jul., '28. (80:15.)
*Music Got to Moan. Col. Mar. 16, '29. (10.)
*Other Men's Poison. Col. Dec. 15, '28. (10.)
Poor May Liza. Col. Sept. 22, '28. (18.)
Somebody Man. Col. Apr. 27, '29. (14.)

BRADLEY, MARY HASTINGS.
*Custom of His Country. Red Bk. Oct., '28. (60.)
Drums in the Dark. Red Bk. Feb., '29. (28.)
Lions! Red Bk. Jan., '29. (34.)
Poachers. Red Bk. May, '29. (54.)
With Clean Hands. Red Bk. Nov., '28. (34.)

BRADY, MARIEL.
"All the King's Horses—." G. H. (N. Y.) Apr., '29. (60.)
With Patrick Henry's Aid. G. H. Nov., '28. (22.)

BRAINERD, ELEANOR HOYT.
Disappearance of Mrs. Jennings. Ly. Sept. 22, '28. (53.)

BREEN, ROBERT.
**Shadows to the Stars. Opp. Feb., '29. (7:42.)

BRENNAN, FREDERICK HAZLITT.
Amateurs Are Gentlemen. S. E. P. Apr. 13, '29. (12.)
Cupid Has a Pie Face. S. E. P. Dec. 1, '28. (8.)
Dear Alma Mater. S. E. P. May 4, '29. (16.)
Flirt. Red Bk. Dec., '28. (34.)
Forty-Fives Don't Roar. Red Bk. Jan., '29. (76.)
Incorrigible. Ly. Sept. 8, '28. (47.)
It Was This Way, Sheriff. Ly. Mar. 16, '29. (45.)
Oliver's Book. S. E. P. Aug. 11, '28. (10.)
Soulful Southworth. S. E. P. Sept. 22, '28. (10.)
*Terror. S. E. P. Oct. 6, '28. (14.)
They Never Reform. Ly. Jul. 14, '28. (11.)
Too Many Crooks. Red Bk. Mar., '29. (39.)
Total Disability. Ly. Oct. 20, '28. (45.)
Waxen Saint. Ly. Nov. 10, '28. (49.)

BRETHERTON, VIVIEN R.
Bird Girl. G. H. (N. Y.) Mar., '29. (18.)
Heart of Don Juan. McCall. Feb., '29. (20.)
One Little Turkey—For Sale. G. H. (N. Y.) Nov., '28. (16.)

BRIGG, NICHOLAS.
*In the Ice. Col. Mar. 9, '29. (18.)

BRODY, CATHARINE.
***Simple Annals. A. Merc. Dec., '28. (15:458.)

BROMFIELD, LOUIS.
***Romantic Letter. Harp. B. Mar., '29. (106.)
***Skeleton at the Feast. Cos. Oct., '28. (58.)

BROOKS, GEORGE S.
**Boy Friend of Broadway. Scr. Jan., '29. (85:55.)
***Cassidy's Road to Rome. Scr. May, '29. (85:543.)
Very Petty Larceny. S. E. P. Jan. 5, '29. (10.)
When the Court Leaked. N. A. Rev. Oct., '28. (226:399.)
Widow's Mite. N. A. Rev. Jan., '29. (227:102.)
Writer's Cramp. Col. Dec. 1, '28. (18.)

BROWN, BERNICE.
Fanny's First Fling. Col. Apr. 20, '29. (10.)
Illegal Entry. Col. Mar. 2, '29. (26.)
"Open Season." L. H. J. Mar., '29. (7.)
Phyllis Steps Out. L. H. J. Oct., '28. (14.)

BROWN, KATHARINE HOLLAND.
Cloth of Silver. McCall. May, '29. (21.)

BROWN, KATHARINE HOLLAND. (*Cont.*)
Pay Your Money and Take Your Choice. W. H. C. Jan., '29. (9.)
Star Picker. W. H. C. Apr., '29. (33.)
BROWN, PHYLLIS WYATT.
Purple Muffler. W. H. C. Sept., '28. (22.)
BROWN, ROYAL.
Absolutely No "It." Cos. Nov., '28. (75.)
Bobbed Bank Bandit. Cos. Jul., '28. (76.)
Love—With a Dash of Whisky. Ly. Jan. 19, '29. (30.)
Most Men Are. Cos. Oct., '28. (82.)
No Trouble at All. McCall. Aug., '28. (17.)
Paddle Your Own Canoe. Cos. Feb., '29. (34.) [(88.)
Red Heads. Cos. Apr., '29.
Who Was Your Grandmother? Cos. Sept., '28. (92.)
BRUBAKER, HOWARD.
Barbarous Barbara. Am. Apr., '29. (30.)
Late American Lowboy. Am. Jul., '28. (18.)
Laughing Matter. C. G. Feb., '29. (16.)
BRUSH, KATHERINE.
Glamorous Lady. Col. Jul. 21, '28. (16.)
**Him and Her. Col. Mar. 16, '29. (26.)
BRYSON, LYMAN.
Too Perfect. Del. Aug., '28. (14.)
BUCKLEY, F. R.
Buzz-Saw. Col. Feb. 2, '29. (22.)
BULGER, BOZEMAN.
High Hat. Col. May 25, '29. (10.)
BUNNER, H. C.
Tenor. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '28. (8:457.)
BURLINGAME, ROGER.
Island of St. George. For. Apr., '29. (81:216.)
BURNET, DANA.
After Three Years. Col. Mar. 23, '29. (21.)
Just What She Wanted. Col. Dec. 22, '28. (22.)
Loud American. Col. Feb. 23, '29. (30.)
Third Accident. Col. Jan. 12, '29. (16.)
BURT, KATHARINE NEWLIN.
Listener. Chic. Trib. Mar. 3, '29.
Little Lucy. S. E. P. Jan. 19, '29. (10.)
Roaming Cowboy. Cos. Mar., '29. (50.)
Waiting Mountains. Chic. Trib. Oct. 7, '28.
Winged Man. Am. Sept., '28. (40.)
BURT, STRUTHERS.
***Each in His Generation. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '29. (9:68.)
Honeysuckle. S. E. P. Mar. 9, '29. (20.) [(8.)
Respect. S. E. P. Apr. 20, '29.
Wild Swan. S. E. P. Jul. 28, '28. (8.)
BUTLER, ELLIS PARKER.
*Big Noise. W. H. C. Sept., '28. (7.)
Egbert the First. Am. Jan., '29. (16.)
*Gnat. Am. Feb., '29. (28.)
Half Hour About Four. W. H. C. Feb., '29. (17.)
Perfection Plus. W. H. C. Aug., '28. (18.)
*Wanted: A Burglar. W. H. C. Jan., '29. (7.)

C

CAHN, DOROTHY ROSE.
*Emancipation of Emily. Outs. May, '29. (2:94.)
CALMER, EDGAR.
***People from Across the Plain. Transit. Fall, '28. (131.)
CAMERON, ANNE.
Rolling Stones Don't Like Moss, Anyhow. S. E. P. May 11, '29. (14.)
CAMERON, WILLIAM BLEASDELL.
*Stone Cree. Tor. Mar. 30, '29. (2.)
CAMPBELL, EVELYN.
Back Sea. C. G. Mar., '29. (18.)
Raw Material. Chic. Trib. Aug. 5, '28.
Trapeze. G. H. (N. Y.) Oct., '28. (34.)
CAMPBELL, KENNETH.
*Record Run. P. T. Jul., '28. (3:61.)
CANFIELD, DOROTHY.
Godfather from the Machine. W. H. C. Sept., '28. (18.)
**Not a Pennyworth to Choose. Del. Jul., '28. (12.)

CARFRAE, ELIZABETH.
Lilac Jacket. Ly. Dec. 15, '28. (47.)
CARMAN, DOROTHY WALWORTH.
One Golden Apple. W. H. C. Aug., '28. (10.)
CARRINGTON, ELAINE STERNE.
**Chosen of the Lord. Pict. R. May, '29. (26.)
Neighbors. Pict. R. Nov., '28. (20.)
Relatively Speaking. Pict. R. Jul., '28. (14.)
Rossiter Child. Pict. R. Dec., '28. (12.)
CARROLL, RICHARD.
Boob. Ly. Jan. 26, '29. (56.)
Week-End. Ly. Mar. 23, '29. (49.)
CARSE, ROBERT.
Dancer of San Gorge. Col. Jul. 14, '28. (16.)
CARTER, ISABEL HOPESTILL.
*Runaway Horses. W. H. C. Apr., '29. (11.)
CARTWRIGHT, ZACK.
Fancy Pack. C. G. Feb., '29. (20.)
River Bartletts. C. G. Apr., '29. (18.)
CARY, LUCIAN.
Fifty Dollars for Norah. S. E. P. Mar. 2, '29. (14.)
How You Get to be a Duke. S. E. P. Apr. 27, '29. (20.)
In the Land of Guile. S. E. P. Apr. 6, '29. (22.)
No Lady. Col. Oct. 20, '28. (26.)
Not the Girl of His Dreams. S. E. P. May 11, '29. (20.)
"Too Collegiate." Col. Dec. 15, '28. (14.)
CASSIDY, JANE.
Surprise! Surprise! Del. Oct., '28. (15.)
CASTLE, EVERETT RHODES.
All in a Day's Dictation. S. E. P. Jan. 19, '29. (22.)
Millions Now Living Are Already Dead. S. E. P. Nov. 24, '28. (14.)
CATHER, WILLA.
***Double Birthday. For. Feb., '29. (81:78.)
CAULFIELD, HESTER.
Little Sardine. G. H. (N. Y.) Jul., '28. (34.)
CAUTELA, GIUSEPPE.
Fur Coat. P. T. May, '29. (4:594.)
Miracle. P. T. Mar., '29. (4:309.)
CHAMBERS, CANBY.
$100,000—and 3 Cents. Ly. Apr. 6, '29. (30.)
CHAMBERS, ROBERT W.
Black Ivory. Ly. Nov. 3, '28. (59.)
Black Joke. Ly. Nov. 17, '28. (64.)
Cat-and-Kittens. Ly. Nov. 10, '28. (77.)
**Demoiselle d'Ys. (*R.*) W. T. Aug., '28. (12:268.)
Honey Moon. Ly. Oct. 20, '28. (73.)
Jill's Hundred. Ly. Nov. 24, '28. (71.)
Lazy Lass. Ly. Oct. 6, '28. (64.)
Lion's Blood. Ly. Dec. 8, '28. (74.)
Love Dove. Ly. Oct. 27, '28. (68.)
Middle Passage. Ly. Oct. 13, '28. (75.)
Toad-Face. Ly. Dec. 1, '28. (59.)
CHAPIN, EUNICE SPALDING ("LOUISE LEONARD").
***Memorial. For. Jul., '28. (80:121.)
CHAPMAN, ARTHUR.
Wolf and the Fold. Ly. Oct. 13, '28. (37.)
CHAPMAN, MARISTAN.
**Sib to We'uns. Cen. Nov., '28. (117:20.)
**Treat You Clever. S. E. P. Mar. 30, '29. (39.)
CHEAVENS, DAVE A.
"I Nevuh Done It." P. T. Feb. '29. (4:179.)
CHILD, RICHARD WASHBURN.
President Appoints. S. E. P. Apr. 13, '29. (44.)
CHILDS, MARQUIS W.
***Good Dinner. Mid. Jul.–Aug., '28. (16:186.)
CHRISTENSEN, F. L.
*Maitre Perrin. Pr. S. Spring, '29. (3:104.)
CHURCHILL, MARLBOROUGH.
In the Hands of the Sergeant. Col. Aug. 18, '28. (17.)
CLARK, VALMA.
Beloved Wife. Scr. Aug., '28. (84:175.)

CLARK, VALMA. (*Cont.*)
First Lady of Northrup. Del. Jul., '28. (17.)
On Schedule. Del. Apr., '29. (12.)
CLARKE, FLORENCE STANDISH.
Two Impostors. Cath. W. Mar. '29. (128:705.)
CLARKE, MABEL MCELLIOTT.
Cinderella De Luxe. Ly. Sept. 8, '28. (35.)
Cream Rose Necklace. Ly. Aug. 11, '28. (40.)
Second-Hand Dress. Ly. May 25, '29. (52.)
So Mote It Be. Ly. Jan. 12, '29. (38.)
CLAUSEN, CARL.
Illegal Tender. Col. Jan. 12, '29. (22.)
Wings of Song. Chic. Trib. Jan. 27, '29.
CLEMENTS, COLIN. *See* RYERSON, FLORENCE, *and* CLEMENTS, COLIN.
CLINE, LEONARD.
***Jail Hill. P. T. Nov., '28. (3:536.)
COATES, GRACE STONE.
***Horn. Frontier. Nov., '28. (9:23.)
***Plaster of Paris. Frontier. Jan., '29. (9:106.)
***Trees of Heaven. Frontier. May, '29. (9:309.)
***Wild Plums. Frontier. Mar., '29. (9:215.)
COBB, IRVIN S.
*At the Feet of the Enemy. Harp. B. Feb., '29. (62.)
*Crime at Queer Street. Cos. Feb., '29. (52.)
*Haste Makes Waste. Cos. Oct., '28. (72.)
**Hell and High Water. Cos. Aug., '28. (86.)
*Injun Duel. Cos. Jul., '28. (98.)
*One of the Thirty. Cos. Nov., '28. (80.)
***Promised Land. Cos. Sept., '28. (110.)
*Red Is Red. Cos. Jan., '29. (50.)
COE, CHARLES FRANCIS.
Fair Exchange. S. E. P. Apr. 27, '29. (5.)
COHEN, OCTAVUS ROY.
After the Football Was Over. S. E. P. Feb. 23, '29. (12.)
As the Twig Is Bent. Am. Nov., '28. (50.)
Ball One—Strike One. S. E. P. Sept. 15, '28. (26.)
Bearly Possible. S. E. P. Aug. 11, '28. (16.)
Big Time. Del. Aug., '28. (16.)
Brooch of Contract. S. E. P. Jul. 14, '28. (16.)
*Cabaret. Col. Dec. 15, '28. (19.)
Dark and Dreary. S. E. P. Apr. 27, '29. (22.)
Fast and Curious. Chic. Trib. May 19, '29.
Five Aces and a Kicker. C. G. Mar., '29. (10.)
*Haven. Rom. Jan., '29. (154.)
Man-Eater. Col. Sept. 1, '28. (7.)
Middle Play. S. E. P. Oct. 13, '28. (43.)
New Deal. Col. Oct. 13, '28. (17.)
Requital. Col. Jul. 28, '28. (27.)
Stop-Watchman. C. H. J. Nov., '28. (8.)
Up from the Roof. Del. Mar., '29. (14.)
Violent Ray. S. E. P. Dec. 15, '28. (16.)
White Gold. Col. Jan. 5, '29. (18.)
COLBY, MERLE.
***Half-Quarter Section. Atl. May, '29. (143:315.)
COLBY, NATHALIE SEDGWICK.
Just a Boy. Pict. R. Apr., '29. (26.)
Second Honeymoon. Pict. R. Jul., '28. (13.)
COLCORD, LINCOLN.
*Captain's Son. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '28. (8:530.)
***Measure of a Man. (*R.*) Gol. Jul., '28. (8:69.)
COLEMAN, ALTA MAY.
Love Conquers All. Chic. Trib. Aug. 12, '28.
Mistakes Will Happen. Chic. Trib. Oct. 21, '28.
COMFORT, WILL LEVINGTON.
Len Vittie, Descanso. S. E. P. Oct. 20, '28. (12.)
Stone Floor. Ly. Aug. 25, '28. (11.)
CONDON, FRANK.
Flash Back. Col. Sept. 8, '28. (5.)

CONDON, FRANK. (*Cont.*)
Hole in One! Col. Dec. 22, '28. (16.)
Magic Spade. Col. May 18, '29. (5.)
Man at Work. Col. Jan. 12, '29. (5.)
Repeater. S. E. P. Oct. 20, '28. (22.)
Rivets. S. E. P. Sept. 22, '28. (45.)
Singapore Kid. S. E. P. Nov. 3, '28. (12.)
Trip Number Ten. Col. Apr. 13, '29. (5.)
Twosome in Trouble. S. E. P. Feb. 2, '29. (35.)

CONNELL, CATHARINE.
Real Thing. W. H. C. May, '29. (31.)

CONNELL, RICHARD.
All in the Day's Work. Cos. Apr., '29. (40.)
Beau Pest. Pict. R. Jan., '29. (19.)
Cross-Eyed South-Paw. Col. Feb. 2, '29. (5.)
Diamond Ring. S. E. P. Mar. 9, '29. (22.)
Kitski. S. E. P. Nov. 10, '28. (16.)
Love Shy. Chic. Trib. Jul. 8, '28.
Material. S. E. P. Nov. 24, '28. (35.)
One Hundred Dollars. Cos. Aug., '28. (98.)
*Pat and Mike. Cos. Jan., '29. (80.)
Solid Gold Article. Col. May 11, '29. (5.)
Sting of the Wasp. Am. Aug., '28. (18.)
Why Boys Leave Home. S. E. P. Nov. 17, '28. (5.)

CONNOLLY, JAMES B.
*No Odds Too Great. McC. Aug., '28. (58.)

COOLEY, OSCAR.
One Day. Sal. Apr., '29. (3.)

COONAN, FRED W.
Sir Humphrey Grins. Colum. Mar., '29. (12.)

COOPER, COURTNEY RYLEY.
*Monarch. S. E. P. Apr. 27, '29. (16.)
*Punk Boss. S. E. P. Dec. 15, '28. (14.)
*Scratch 'im Cow-Punch! C. G. Sept., '28. (9.)
*Swamp Angel. Elks. Jan., '29. (6.)
*Weary River. Col. Aug. 11, '28. (5.)

COOPER, MARY LISPENARD.
**Vestal. Harp. M. Sept., '28. (157:501.)

CORBETT, ELIZABETH.
Eighteenth Hole. McCall. Sept., '28. (30.)
*Scenery. Cen. Oct., '28. (116:654.)

CORBETT, LAURENCE.
Next Door to Heaven. Colum. Jul., '28. (19.)

CORLEY, DONALD.
*Eyes of India. Pict. R. Aug., '28. (9.)

CORT, DAVID.
Mr. Blimsop's Fatal Passion. V. F. Mar., '29. (69.)
Refugee. V. F. May, '29. (84.)
Tragedy at a Society Revel. V. F. Mar., '29. (69.)

COURNOS, JOHN.
***Literary Tragedy. T. P. Mar. 30, '29. (11:681.)

COURTNEY, W. B.
Relief. Col. Mar. 9, '29. (12.)

CRAIGIE, HAMILTON.
Strength of Ten. Colum. May, '29. (6.)

CRAM, MILDRED.
Birthday. S. E. P. Sept. 15, '28. (16.)

CRANSTON, CLAUDIA.
**Chandelier Gazers. G. H. (N. Y.) Jul., '28. (28.)
Marriage, Monsieur! Without Love? McCall. Jan., '29. (13.)
*Stars and Bars. G. H. (N. Y.) Aug., '28. (60.)

CRAW, NINA.
*Death in Summer. Frontier. May, '29. (9:294.)

CROSBY, JANE.
Unholy Martyr. P. T. Mar., '29. (4:357.)

CROSBY, PERCY.
Skippy. L. H. J. Sept., '28. (20.)
Skippy and Barrelhead. L. H. J. Feb., '29. (22.)
Skippy and Sooky. L. H. J. Oct., '28. (34.)
Skippy Falls in Love. L. H. J. Jan., '29. (18.)
Skippy Sings a Requiem. L. H. J. Mar., '29. (24.)
"S'long, Skippy!" L. H. J. Apr., '29. (29.)

CROSBY, PERCY. (*Cont.*)
What's the Matter With Christmas? Skippy Asks. L. H. J. Dec., '28. (25.)
CROSS, RUTH.
Substitute for Golf. Ly. Oct. 6, '28. (23.)
CROWELL, CHESTER T.
***Congratulations. Col. Oct. 13, '28. (10.)
*Sam Knowed a Genius. S. E. P. Apr. 6, '29. (39.)
*Suppressed Story of Mrs. Jackson. Am. Nov., '28. (18.)
Yank by Any Name. Col. Jul. 14, '28. (9.)
CROY, HOMER.
Honeymoon. Cen. Jul., '28. (116:341.)
*Martyr Maker. Mun. Feb., '29. (96:44.)
CUNNINGHAM, BILL.
Beauty and the Brutes. Colum. Nov., '28. (5.)
CURTISS, PHILIP.
Guest in the House. Pict. R. Oct., '28. (18.)

D

DAHLBERG, D'ARCY.
*Going to School. Frontier. May, '29. (9:339.)
DAHLBERG, EDWARD.
***Dream Life of Mary Moody. Fortn. R. Apr., '29. (571.)
DALE, VIRGINIA.
Girl Who Was Too Beautiful. Red Bk. Dec., '28. (52.)
Husbands Are Born. Red Bk. Apr., '29. (60.)
Selling Sally. Red Bk. Aug., '28. (80.)
DARROW, CLARENCE.
*Black Sheep. Ly. Nov. 3, '28. (17.)
DAVENPORT, WALTER.
Modest Man. Col. Jan. 19, '29. (13.)
DAVIES, OMA ALMONA.
Livestocks and Laughingstocks. S. E. P. May 18, '29. (12.)
Patient Hears Mockerbird. S. E. P. Aug. 18, '28. (16.)
What Rhymes With Love? Sun. Oct., '28. (26.)
*Worms Can Turn Yet. S. E. P. Oct. 20, '28. (36.)
DAVIS, BOB.
*Legacy of Lead. Arg. Aug. 11, '28. (197:112.)
DAVIS, ELMER.
Good-by Broadway! Col. Apr. 27, '29. (10.)
Job for the Handy Man. Col. Dec. 29, '28. (22.)
Lion's Skin. Col. Jul. 14, '28. (12.)
Pride of the Family. Ly. Apr. 13, '29. (69.)
DAVIS, H. L.
**Old Man Isbell's Wife. A. Merc. Feb., '29. (16:142.)
DAVIS, JOHN P.
***Overcoat. Opp. Dec., '28. (6:366.)
***Ruth Trent Cries. Opp. Jan., '29. (7:19.)
DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING.
***Gallegher: A Newspaper Story. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '29. (45.)
DAY, CASPAR.
*Greenhorn's Wedding. (*R.*) Gol. May, '29. (69.)
DEBORD, LOUIS A.
*Old Man Jones. Yale. Apr., '29. (18:567.)
DE VOTO, BERNARD.
*Afternoon of a Biologist. Harp. M. Sept., '28. (157:408.)
College Angel. Red Bk. Dec., '28. (72.)
Exit Robin Hood. S. E. P. Dec. 29, '28. (14.)
Gaily the Troubadour. Red Bk. Nov., '28. (68.)
Maddest of All Follies. Red Bk. Jan., '29. (54.)
Our Local Guelphs. S. E. P. Apr. 27, '29. (10.)
Popular Proverbs of Baron O-No. S. E. P. Oct. 27, '28. (12.)
Teamwork. Red Bk. Oct., '28. (66.)
DEAN, AGNES LOUISE.
Crown Roast. C. G. May, '29. (17.)
DELANO, EDITH BARNARD.
*Birds in Their Little Nests. C. G. Jan., '29. (13.)
Four Sides to a Triangle. L. H. J. Sept., '28. (8.)
*Good Home. Am. Nov., '28. (36.)
Heart That Has Truly Lov'd. L. H. J. Jan., '29. (6.)
DELMAR, VINA.
Blind Date. Red Bk. Jan., '29. (38.)
Da Capo. Ly. Jul. 28, '28. (9.)

DELMAR, VINA. (*Cont.*)
Daily Tabloid. Ly. Nov. 10, '28. (9.)
Daily Tabloid. Ly. Dec. 8, '28. (9.)
Daily Tabloid. Ly. Jan. 19, '29. (45.)
Daily Tabloid. Ly. Feb. 16, '29. (7.)
Dance Hall. Ly. Mar. 16, '29. (7.)
*Grandmother. Ly. Sept. 15, '28. (13.)
Hard as Nails. Red Bk. Aug., '28. (58.)
Little Theater. Ly. Oct. 13, '28. (11.)
Pick-Up. Red Bk. Nov., '28. (38.)
*Sheba. Red Bk. Feb., '29. (34.)
*Surprise Party. Book. (N. Y.) Jul., '28. (67:506.)
Uptown Sheik. Red Bk. Oct., '28. (32.)
Uptown Woman. Red Bk. Jul., '28. (50.)

DERIEUX, SAMUEL A.
Sheriff. Am. Oct., '28. (54.)

DESSAUER, HENRY.
*Antique Besomin Box. Ref. May, '29. (11.)

DETZER, KARL W.
**Come-Along Lady. Cen. Sept., '28. (116:574.)

DEWING, E. B.
This Family. Cen. Aug., '28. (116:398.)

DEXTER, BYRON.
Gösta Berling: Surburban Model. Scr. Feb., '29. (85:195.)

DICKSON, HARRIS.
Fishhook Lawyer. S. E. P. Oct. 20, '28. (18.)
Limping Stranger. C. G. Mar., '29. (22.)
*Odyssey of 'Nias. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '28. (8:155.)
*Town Folks and Quality. C. G. Jan., '29. (19.)

DIEFENTHALER, ANDRA.
**Silences. Dial. Aug., '28. (85:99.)

DIXON, B.
*God and the Rabbit. Frontier. May, '29. (9:296.)

DONAHUE, JOHN.
Three Cents to Heaven. Colum. Dec., '28. (25.)

D'ORSAY, LAWRENCE.
He Stoops to Conquer. W. H. C. Sept., '28. (15.)

DOUGLAS, MARJORY STONEMAN.
*Second Marriage. Chic. Trib. Jan. 6, '29.

DOUGLAS, WILLIAM W.
Everybody Steps On It! Red Bk. Dec., '28. (65.)
Everybody's Elevated. Red Bk. May, '29. (85.)
Everybody's Free and Brave. Red Bk. Jul., '28. (98.)

DRAPER, EDYTHE SQUIER.
*Fruit at Singapore. Mid. Nov.–Dec., '28. (14:273.)

DRISCOLL, CHARLES B.
Eve Leads the Elephant. Cath. W. Jan., '29. (128:431.)

DU BOIS, THEODORA.
Gold Horns and Sandals. Cen. Nov., '28. (117:99.)

DU POISE, ELLEN.
*Dante of the Barns. Harp. M. Dec., '28. (158:81.)

DUGANNE, PHYLLIS.
Around the Triangle. Col. Dec. 8, '28. (10.)
Bridge. Ly. Sept. 15, '28. (35.)
Doorknobs. Col. Nov. 10, '28. (10.)
For the Good of the Garden. Ly. Dec. 8, '28. (47.)
Here Comes a Sailor. Cos. May, '29. (74.)
Opportunist. Ly. Feb. 9, '29. (24.)

DUNN, VIOLETTE KIMBALL.
What Could You Expect? Harp. B. May, '29. (94.)

DURANTY, WALTER.
**Miracle. Red Bk. May, '29. (77.)

DUTTON, LOUISE.
Mary Is Dead. G. H. (N. Y.) Sept., '28. (28.)

DWYER, JAMES FRANCIS.
Courts of Love. W. H. C. Feb., '29. (22.)
Elephants o' Hannibal. W. H. C. Jul., '28. (12.)
*Golden Star of Carolina. McCall. Jul., '28. (18.)
*Mother Who Forgot. McCall. Jan., '29. (18.)

DYER, LOUISA A.
Salvaged. Cath. W. Oct., '28. (128:10.)

E

EARLY, ELEANOR.
*Murder at Bloody Gutty. Nea. Sept. 16, '28.

EARP, JAMES W.
**Wild Oats. Mun. Dec., '28. (95:512.)
EASTMAN, REBECCA HOOPER.
Gentleman Janitor. G. H. (N. Y.) Jan., '29. (44.)
Young Mrs. Dobson. L. H. J. Aug., '28. (21.)
EDGAR, DAY.
Achilles' Unlit Lamp. S. E. P. Jul. 14, '28. (10.)
Beauty Irresistible. S. E. P. Dec. 1, '28. (12.)
Blind Date. S. E. P. May 11, '29. (8.)
In the Public Eye. S. E. P. Jan. 26, '29. (5.)
This Above All. S. E. P. Sept. 15, '28. (10.)
EDHOLM, CHARLTON LAWRENCE.
**Golden Thief of T'orh. World M. Feb. 17, '29.
*Rose Window. W. T. Aug., '28. (12:187.)
**Sky Line House. N. A. Rev. Mar., '29. (227:293.)
EDMONDS, WALTER D.
***Death of Red Peril. Atl. Nov., '28. (142:673.)
**Honest Deal. Atl. Mar., '29. (143:300.)
***Ninety. Atl. Aug., '28. (142:157.)
EDMUNDS, FREDERICA.
Journey. Cath. W. Jul., '28. (127:444.)
EDSON, CHARLES L.
Iron Mother. Pict. R. Feb., '29. (13.)
ELDRIDGE, PAUL.
Golden Apple. Strat. Aug., '28. (5.)
ELLERBE, ALMA, *and* PAUL.
*Especially Dance Hall Women. Adv. Jul. 1, '28. (97.)
First Aid to Adam's Off Ox. McCall. Mar., '29. (15.)
Good Safe Name. Col. Nov. 24, '28. (20.)
Greasewood and Greasepaint. W. H. C. Mar., '29. (27.)
One Summer's Night. Del. Jul., '28. (14.)
*Rawhide. Ly. Mar. 9, '29. (56.)
ELLERBE, ROSE L.
*Sacred Corner. Cath. W. Jul., '28. (127:404.)
EMORY, WILLIAM CLOSSON.
Miner Away. Blues. Apr., '29. (1:53.)
ENDORE, S. GUY.
*Conqueror. Book. (N. Y.) Jan., '29. (68:525.)
*Sleeping Beauty. Book. (N. Y.) Jan., '29. (68:523.)
ERDMAN, FLORENCE WARING.
*Wings. Hol. Apr., '29. (6.)
ERSKINE, JOHN.
Afterthoughts of Lady Godiva. Cos. Mar., '29. (30.)
Beauty and the Beast. Cos. May, '29. (42.)
Minor Poetry. Cos. Dec., '28. (50.)
Peter Kills the Bear. Col. Dec. 1, '28. (53.)
Wooden Horse. Cos. Nov., '28. (52.)
ERSKINE, LAURIE YORK.
Air Command. Col. Jan. 26, '29. (5.)
Errand for Ladybird. Col. Nov. 17, '28. (5.)
Lady Luck. Col. May 4, '29. (10.)
*Mr. Thruppy Assaults the Mole. Col. Mar. 2, '29. (5.)
Pryde's Fall. Col. Jul. 21, '28. (24.)
Yankee Musketeers. Col. Oct. 13, '28. (5.)
EVANS, IDA M.
Ancient Fire. Chic. Trib. Nov. 25, '28.
Beauty's Barber. C. G. Jul., '28. (6.)
Night Club Hostess. Red Bk. Apr., '29. (90.)
Royalty from Rotogravuria. Chic. Trib. Mar. 17, '29.
EVARTS, HAL G.
Post Office at Dry Fork. S. E. P. Nov. 3, '28. (5.)
Sage. S. E. P. Dec. 1, '28. (18.)
Ride and Tie. S. E. P. May 25, '29. (22.)
Trout Meadow. S. E. P. Mar. 16, '29. (18.)

F

FABER, ROBERT.
*Seder Night. J. T. Apr. 19, '29. (12.)
FARRELL, ANDREW.
***Old Man. Pict. R. Aug., '28. (26.)
FAUSET, ARTHUR HUFF.
*Safe in the Arms of Jesus. Opp. Apr., '29. (7:124.)

FEARING, KENNETH F.
Mapleton Welcomes the Stranger. Men. J. Nov., '28. (15:468.)

FERBER, EDNA.
***Nine to Five. Cos. Aug., '28. (40.)

FERNALD, CHESTER BAILEY.
*Clarence at the Ball. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '28. (8:763.)

FIELD, MILDRED FOWLER.
**Vessel of Life. Mid. Jul.–Aug., '28. (16:200.)

FIELD, WRIGHT.
*Emancipation. Cath. W. Aug., '28. (127:554.)

FINGER, CHARLES J.
**Barthema the Bold. St. Nich. Oct., '28. (55:979.)

FINLEY-THOMAS, ELISABETH.
*Erda. Harp. B. Jan., '29. (108.)
***Valley of Silence. Cen. Nov., '28. (117:67.)

FINNEGAN, EDWARD.
*Death Hobbs and the Sky. Colum. Sept., '28. (22.)
Jonah-Man, Jonah-Man! Colum. Feb., '29. (5.)
McKenna. Colum. Nov., '28, (10.)
Neily and the Lady. Colum. Dec., '28. (5.)

FISHER, PEARL.
*High Falutin? Opp. Oct., '28. (6:301.)

FITZGERALD, BRASSIL.
Blue Silk Kimono. Colum. Dec., '28. (12.)
Fast Ball McLeash. Colum. Mar., '29. (5.)
*He Had a Dog. Colum. Feb., '29. (22.)
**Late Victorian. Frontier. May, '29. (9:301.)
*Love Is Queer. Colum. Aug., '28. (10.)
Murder at Black Cove. Colum. Nov., '28. (20.)

FITZGERALD, EDITH.
Curtain! S. E. P. Feb. 9, '29. (14.)
Flash. S. E. P. Jan. 12, '29. (14.)
Honey Jackson—In Person. S. E. P. May 4, '29. (8.)
Poor Old Sam. S. E. P. Nov. 3, '28. (14.)
Two-a-Day. S. E. P. Mar. 30, '29. (16.)
Yester Thoughts. S. E. P. Apr. 27, '29. (30.)

FITZGERALD, F. SCOTT.
Basil and Cleopatra. S. E. P. Apr. 27, '29. (14.)
Captured Shadow. S. E. P. Dec. 29, '28. (12.)
Forging Ahead. S. E. P. Mar. 30, '29. (12.)
*Freshest Boy. S. E. P. Jul. 28, '28. (6.)
*He Thinks He's Wonderful. S. E. P. Sept. 29, '28. (6.)
Last of the Belles. S. E. P. Mar. 2, '29. (18.)
*Night at the Fair. S. E. P. Jul. 21, '28. (8.)
*One of My Oldest Friends. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '29. (33.)
*Outside the Cabinet-Maker's. Cen. Dec., '28. (117:241.)
Perfect Life. S. E. P. Jan. 5, '29. (8.)

FLANAGAN, DOROTHY BELLE.
*Brave Guy. Mid. Sept.–Oct., '28. (14:225.)

FLOOD, JANET M.
Jungle. Pr. S. Winter, '29. (3:57.)

FLYNN, T. T.
Man Who Judged. Chic. Trib. May 12, '29.

FOLLETT, WILSON.
**Oak. Cen. Jan., '29. (117:313.)

FOOTNER, HULBERT.
Stains in the Snow Chic. Trib. Feb. 17, '29.

FORBES, JOHN.
*Half-Shell Blues. Col. Jan. 19, '29. (20.)

FORD, CHARLES HENRI.
Room. Blues. Apr., '29. (1:75.)

FORD, COREY.
**Finger-Tips. Harp. B. May, '29. (91.)
For There Was No Room in the Inn. V. F. Dec., '28. (85.)
Queen of St. Nick's. S. E. P. Jan. 12, '29. (8.) [(22.)
*Switchboard. Col. Mar. 9, '29.
***Tommy's Wife. Scr. Jan., '29. (85:29.)

FORD, SEWELL.
As to the Newcomb Chin. W. H. C. Jan., '29. (22.)
Don't Be So Sure. W. H. C. Mar., '29. (20.)
Egbert, Hath-Wroughter. S. E. P. Sept. 22, '28. (20.)
Kitty and the Two-a-Day. W. H. C. Feb., '29. (27.)
Poet and Plumber. Col. Sept. 1, '28. (10.)

FOSTER, MAXIMILIAN.
May Corn. S. E. P. Jul. 21, '28. (16.)
FRASER, FERRIN L.
All Our Life Like That! Col. Mar. 2, '29. (22.)
FREEDMAN, DAVID.
*Applesauce and Buttermilk. Pict. R. Aug., '28. (21.)
***Lotke's Watch. Pict. R. Nov., '28. (27.)
FREEHOF, FANNY EVELYN.
*Almost a Story. J. T. Aug. 3, '28. (3.)
FREUND, J. LOUIS.
**Dears—Plural. Balt. Dec., '28. (7.)
FULLERTON, HUGH.
Judgment Crow. Am. Sept., '28. (55.)

G

GAER, JOSEPH.
*Roots. Dial. Jul., '28. (85:35.)
GALE, ZONA.
And Then Things Will Be As They Used To Be. Cos. Nov., '28. (40.)
*Something Beautiful. Col. Feb. 16, '29. (17.) [(60.)
**Tattie Marsh. Cos. Mar., '29.
GALLISHAW, JOHN.
Gentleman Joe. Col. Apr. 20, '29. (34.)
GARLAND, HAMLIN.
***William Bacon's Man. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '29. (72.)
GATLIN, DANA.
Enter the Prince. Red Bk. May, '29. (62.)
GELZER, JAY.
Apron Strings. Col. Nov. 17, '28. (10.)
Beggar's Choice. L. H. J. May, '29. (22.)
Broadway Musketeers. G. H. (N. Y.) Oct., '28. (18.)
Forgotten Melody. G. H. (N. Y.) Aug., '28. (42.)
Solid Ground. G. H. (N. Y.) Dec., '28. (28.)
GEROULD, GORDON HALL.
*How It Was. Scr. Oct., '28. (84:446.)
GEROULD, KATHARINE FULLERTON.
***Cradle-Snatcher. Pict. R. Mar., '29. (22.)
***His Sunsets. Harp. M. Mar., '29. (158:452.)
***Idle Hands. Harp. M. Dec., '28. (158:18.)
GILBERT, KENNETH.
Outcast. Ly. Jul. 14, '28. (60.)
GILMAN, G. LA SELLE.
Temples of Learning. Pr. S. Oct., '28. (2:189.)
GILPATRIC, GUY.
Infant Turrible. Col. Dec. 22, '28. (8.)
Scotch and Water. Red Bk. Feb., '29. (38.)
"Take Carrier Pigeons." Red Bk. Jan., '29. (58.)
Westward, How! Cos. Apr., '29 (78.)
GIVENS, COLONEL.
Bricks. S. E. P. Nov. 17, '28. (14.)
Cry-Baby. S. E. P. Jan. 19, '29. (14.)
Flop. S. E. P. Oct. 27 '28. (10.)
Jig Time. S. E. P. May 25, '29. (26.)
Pelican. S. E. P. Feb. 9, '29. (12.)
GLASS, MONTAGUE.
*Mr. and Mrs. Dainin Request. Cos. Apr., '29. (64.)
*One Acrobat Too Many. Cos. Mar., '29. (80.)
*They Cared Nothing for Money. Cos. Sept., '28. (82.)
*You've Got to Keep After 'Em. Cos. Jan., '29. (36.)
GLOVER, JAMES WEBBER.
***First Oboe. For. Jan., '29. (81:43.)
GOLD, MICHAEL.
Love on a Garbage Dump. N. Mass. Dec., '28. (6.)
**Man in a Trap. N. Mass. Apr., '29. (9.)
GOLDBERG, RUBE.
Bridges of Destiny. Cos. Mar., '29. (36.)
Ether for Husbands, Too. Cos. Dec., '28. (58.)
GOODRICH, VIRGINIA.
Red Ink. Sun. Aug., '28. (20.)
GORDON, EDYTHE MAE.
If Wishes Were Horses. S. E. Q., 1929. (52.)
GORDON, EUGENE.
**Buzzards. (*R.*) Opp. Nov., '28. (6:338.)
*Sarcophagus. S. E. Q., 1929. (36.)
GRAEVE, OSCAR.
Barber Shop Blues. Col. Dec. 8, '28. (14.)

GRAEVE, OSCAR. (*Cont.*)
One Summer Long Ago. Harp. B. Aug., '28. (96.)
Pay As You Enter. Pict. R. Oct., '28. (28.)

GRAHAM, DOROTHY.
Youth. Cath. W. Nov., '28. (128:140.)

GRAY, ALTHA.
**"—And He Shall Have Abundance." For. Dec.,'28. (80:934.)

GREEN, WALTON.
Hotsy-Totsy. Ly. Mar. 30, '29. (28.)
Little Solly Dies. Ly. Dec. 15, '28. (68.)
Little Solly Learns. Ly. Nov. 17, '28. (7.)
Little Solly Lives. Ly. Dec. 1, '28. (27.)

GREENWALD, TUPPER.
*Pig and the Canary. Men. J. Apr., '29. (16:367.)
*Uncle Perez. Ref. Oct., '28. (46.)

GREY, CLIFFORD.
Norman and the Green-Eyed Monster. Del. Feb., '29. (36.)

GREY, ZANE.
Camp Robber. McCall. Nov., '28. (22.)

GROMER, BELLE BURNS.
Guarded Mask. Del. Oct., '28. (23.)

GROSS, MILT.
Keep Him Deluded. Red Bk. Apr., '29. (64.)
Our Economy Budget. Red Bk. May, '29. (72.)
"Well, Wot Is It?" Red Bk. Feb., '29. (70.)

GURNEE, ODGERS T.
*Rameses' Ghost! Am. B. May, '29. (7.)
13 Smokes and 80 Cents. Col. May 4, '29. (22.)

H

HAINES, MERLE.
**Potatoes. Frontier. May, '29. (9:273.)
*Turn-Down Man. Frontier. Jan., '29. (9:101.)

HALBERT, BERNICE.
**Last Move. Pr. S. Fall, '28. (2:291.)

HALL, HOLWORTHY.
Love on a Farm. S. E. P. Apr. 6, '29. (12.)
Song of the Silver Coast. Cos. Apr., '29. (58.)

HALL, JAMES NORMAN.
***Fame for Mr. Beatty. Tan. May, '29. (4:137.)

HALL, LEONARD.
Bishop Is Tired. A. Merc. Dec., '28. (15:395.)

HALL, NORMAN S.
Daisy Chain. Ly. May 11, '29. (34.)
Just Passing Through. Ly. Jul. 14, '28. (26.)
Souvenir. Ly. Nov. 24, '28. (21.)
Women Understand These Things. Ly. Dec. 29, '28. (28.)

HALLET, RICHARD MATTHEWS.
*Gambler's Gold. S. E. P. Nov. 10, '28. (10.)
Local Time. S. E. P. Sept. 15, '28. (12.)
March Hill. S. E. P. Dec. 8, '28. (12.)
*Tiger's Mouth. S. E. P. May 25, '29. (16.)
*Traders' Risks. S. E. P. Mar. 16, '29. (16.)

HALPER, ALBERT.
***Brothers Over a Grave. Men. J. Apr., '29. (16:365.)
*On the Shore. Dial. Mar., '29. (86:225.)

HANCOCK, ALICE PASSANO.
**Mendel's Miracle. Frontier. Jan., '29. (9:110.)

HANLON, BROOKE.
*Conviction of Sin. S. E. P. Mar. 23, '29. (18.)
*Emma Zinsmeister: Anno 1782. S. E. P. Apr. 20, '29. (12.)
*May. S. E. P. Nov. 3, '28. (42.)

HANSHEW, HAZEL PHILLIPS.
Mating. G. H. (N. Y.) Feb., '29. (74.)

HARBINSON, A. MARSHALL.
*Clinging Vines. Sun. Dec., '28. (12.)
Seumas Stands Up! Sun. Jul., '28. (24.)

HARE, AMORY.
***Poor Devil. Harp. B. Mar. '29. (94.)
Sung in the Street. Harp. B. Feb., '29. (74.)

HARLAND, HENRY.
**Merely Players. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '28. (8:747.)

HARMER, WALTER JONES.
*Old Lonely. For. Aug., '28. (80:172.)

HARMON, BEATRICE.
Illusion. Ly. Sept. 29, '28. (61.)
Saga of the Westlands. Ly. Oct. 27, '28. (44.)
HARMON, FLORENCE MARION.
Attic Romance. S. E. Q., 1929. (32.)
HARNER, VIRGINIA PAXTON.
Doll Face. Red Bk. Feb., '29. (77.)
HARRIS, KENNETT.
Eileen Aroon. S. E. P. Feb. 16, '29. (28.)
In the Sweat of His Brow. S. E. P. Jan. 5, '29. (20.)
Often Woman Varies. S. E. P. May 4, '29. (14.)
Red Skies at Night. S. E. P. Dec. 8, '28. (18.)
HARRIS, ROBERT J.
***Anna. Mid. Jan.–Feb., '29. (15:3.)
*Brahms. Mid. Nov.–Dec., '28. (14:302.)
HARRISON, CHARLES YALE.
Sniped! N. Mass. Dec., '28. (16.)
HARTE, FRANCIS BRET.
***Mliss. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '28. (8:597.)
HARTLEY, ROLAND ENGLISH.
**Greer's Road. Frontier. May, '29. (9:285.)
HARTWICK, HARRY.
***Inquiry After Health. Mid. May–Jun., '29. (15:117.)
HARTWICK, MARY HESSE.
*Homesteaders' Trail. Frontier. Mar., '29. (9:173.)
HATCH, ERIC.
Nickelodeon. Col. May 18, '29. (25.)
HAWORTH, KATHRYN WILCOX.
Hi, Asylum! G. H. (N. Y.) Aug., '28. (84.)
HAYES, HOWARD.
***Finale. Dial. Sept., '28. (85:234.)
HAYS, H. R.
***Necessary Dismissal. Tambour. No. 3. (42.)
HAZZARD, ALVIRA.
Blind Alley. S. E. Q., 1929. (73.)
HEALY, THOMAS.
*Herself, the Mule. Colum. Aug., '28. (18.)
HECHT, BEN.
Nagged to Death. Cos. May, '29. (96.)
*Rival Dummy. Ly. Aug. 18, '28. (40.)
HELLER, PHYLLIS B.
One Way of Love. Outs. May, '29. (2:107.)
HELLMAN, SAM.
Admirable Oswald. S. E. P. Apr. 20, '29. (20.)
Breaking the Will of Allah. Red Bk. Oct., '28. (50.)
Bull Is the Bunk. Red Bk. Aug., '28. (44.)
Heavy Sugar. S. E. P. Jan. 19, '29. (16.)
Hour Has Struck. Red Bk. Jul., '28. (54.)
How Long Has He Been Married? Red Bk. Dec., '28. (38.)
How's Your Form? S. E. P. Jul. 28, '28. (16.)
"I Never Miss." Red Bk. Feb., '29. (52.)
It Looks Easy. Red Bk. Apr., '29. (46.)
Mulligan Mixture. S. E. P. Sept. 15, '28. (20.)
Offside. S. E. P. Nov. 10, '28. (22.)
She Had No Luck, Either. Red Bk. Nov., '28. (54.)
We Can't Lose. Red Bk. Jan., '29. (42.)
You Can't Play It Peacefully. Red Bk. May, '29. (46.)
HEMENWAY, COURTENAY.
Past Reason Hated. H. H. Jan., '29. (2:143.)
HENNIGAN, MARY E. L.
*On a Little Business of His Own. Atl. Apr., '29. (143:508.)
"HENRY, O."
***Double-Dyed Deceiver. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '28. (8:831.)
**Dougherty's Eye-Opener. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '29. (101.)
HERALD, LEON SRABIAN.
***Power of Horizon. Dial. Apr., '29. (86:304.)
HERBST, JOSEPHINE, *and* HERRMANN, JOHN.
**Pennsylvania Idyl. A. Merc. Jan., '29. (16:52.)
HERGESHEIMER, JOSEPH.
Air Is Not Thin. S. E. P. May 25, '29. (30.)
HERRICK, MAUDE ZELLA.
Lily Pays the Gas Bill. Red Bk. Sept., '28. (71.)
HERRMANN, JOHN. *See* HERBST, JOSEPHINE, *and* HERRMANN, JOHN.

HILDER, JOHN CHAPMAN.
***Affair of the Heart. Elks. May, '29. (18.)
HILL, DREW.
They Never Talk About It. Col. Oct. 6, '28. (15.)
HILL, WESTON.
Paths of Glory. Red Bk. Apr., '29. (50.)
HINDS, ROY W.
Other Way Around. Col. Jan. 19, '29. (26.)
HINMAN, GEORGE WHEELER, JR.
*Return. N. A. Rev. Jan., '29. (227:72.)
HOLDING, ELISABETH YORK.
Too Late. Ly. Jul. 21, '28. (9.)
HOLDING, ELIZABETH SANXAY.
Dinner Date. Am. Jan., '29. (28.)
Flow and Ebb. Ly. Jan. 26, '29. (14.)
Hard as Nails. Ly. Oct. 20, '28. (7.)
Important Things. Ly. Nov. 17, '28. (45.)
Proud and Pig-Headed. Pict. R. Jul., '28. (26.)
Saving Up. Ly. Jan. 5, '29. (21.)
Sin of Angels. Am. Apr., '29. (61.)
Vera's Superior Smile. Pict. R. Jan., '29. (26.)
HOLLIS, BARBARA.
*Crumbs Strat. Nov., '28. (5.)
HOLMQUIST, AGNES.
**Once in the Ozarks. P. T. Nov., '28. (3:599.)
HOLT, FRANKLIN.
***On the Dark Trail. Scr. Jul., '28. (84:75.)
**Wuthless Dog. Scr. Feb., '29. (85:178.)
HOLT, GEORGE E.
What Wall Street Missed. Col. May 25, '29. (28.)
HOOK, JOSEPH F.
Eastern Capital West. Sun. Jan., '29. (20.)
HOPE, EDWARD.
Adventure on a Water-Wagon. Ly. Sept. 8, '28. (13.)
Requiescat. Ly. Jan. 5, '29. (31.)
HOPPER, JAMES.
**Bench in the Sun. W. H. C. May, '29. (35.)
Beyond the Garden. Del. Aug., '28. (26.)
*Divided Balcony. Del. Dec., '28. (19.)
Fathers Are Funny. Ly. Aug. 11, '28. (27.)
HOUSTON, MARGARET BELLE.
*Patio of the Red Rose. Pict. R. Apr., '29. (10.)
HOWARD, SIDNEY.
***Homesick Ladies. Scr. Apr., '29. (85:379.)
HOYT, NANCY.
*Congressional Limited. Book. (N. Y.) Aug., '28. (67:652.)
Undiplomatic List. Harp. B. Aug., '28. (62.)
HUBBARD, MARGARET CARSON.
Cattle, Mealies, and Niggers. Ly. Dec. 22, '28. (22.)
HUGHES, LLEWELLYN.
*Battery. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '28. (8:307.)
*Chap Called Bardell. Ly. Feb. 23, '29. (7.)
*Fool Spy. MacL. Dec. 15, '28. (6.)
*Golden Spoons. Col. Oct. 6, '28. (14.)
Hamm and Elephant. MacL. Jul. 1, '28. (18.)
*One of the Princess Pats. Col. Nov. 24, '28. (5.)
*Seven Days' Leave. Col. Sept. 29, '28. (10.)
***Was a Major. Cen. Feb., '29. (117:450.)
HUGHES, RUPERT.
Going for a Ride. Cos. Aug., '28. (72.)
Naked Truth. Cos. Feb., '29. (72.) [(36.)
Rented Body. Cos. Nov., '28.
Shop! Cos. Jul., '28. (38.)
Too Proud to Fight. McCall. Jul., '28. (27.)
HULME, KATHERINE.
*Portagee Sheik. Outs. May, '29. (2:122.)
HUME, CYRIL.
*Progress in Arcadia. Book. (N. Y.) Mar., '29. (69:29.)
HUMPHRIES, ADELAIDE.
Sophisticated Stuff. Cos. Oct., '28. (64.)
HUNEKER, JAMES GIBBONS.
**Cardinal's Fiddle. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '28. (8:801.)
HURLBUT, WILLIAM.
***Blue Gentian. Cen. May, '29. (118:61.)
Importance. Cen. Sept., '28. (116:525.)

HURST, FANNIE.
*Hossie Frossie. Cos. Sept., '28. (38.)
*Sissy. Cos. Oct., '28. (32.)
**Third Husband. Cos. Dec., '28. (44.)
***Vertical City. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '29. (66.)
HUSE, HARRY G.
**One Big Union. Frontier. May, '29. (9:321.)
HUSTON, JOHN.
Fool. A. Merc. Mar., '29. (16:347.)
HUSTON, MCCREADY.
**Dower Chest. Scr. Sept., '28. (84:289.)
Orphans' Oranges. McCall. Jul., '28. (13.)
Pair of Shoes. Harp. B. Oct., '28. (100.)
**Tenth Sunday After Christmas. Harp. M. Aug., '28. (157:324.)
HUYSMAN, STEVE J.
***Absalom. Pict. R. May, '29. (14.)
HYLAND, DICK.
Crossed Signals. Chic. Trib. Nov. 4, '28.

I

IRVING, WASHINGTON.
***Bold Dragoon. (*R.*) Strat. Mar. '29. (33.)
IRWIN, INEZ HAYNES.
*Announcement. Cen. Apr., '29. (117:708.)
Masks. W. H. C. Sept., '28. (32.)
*Ride. Cen. Dec., '28. (117:165.)
Royal Blood Chic. Trib. Sept. 23, '28.
Street Episode. Ly. Apr. 20, '29. (63.)
Three Jinxes. Col. Nov. 3, '28. (26.)
IRWIN, WALLACE.
Mr. Fennig's Wardrobe. W. H. C. May, '29. (7.)
ITTNER, ANNA BELLE ROOD.
Husband by Candle. Cath. W. Aug., '28. (127:521.)

J

JACKS, LEO V.
One Hundred Per Cent. Scr. Nov., '28. (84:569.)
JACKSON, MARGARET WEYMOUTH.
Clean Cut. W. H. C. Oct., '28. (15.)
Little Lobster. Pict. R. Feb., 29. (22.)
Monkeyshines. S. E. P. Jul. 28, '28. (14.)
Red-Headed Country Girl. S. E. P. Mar. 23, '29. (12.)
JAMESON, BOOTH.
Guests from Mrs. West's. S. E. P. Jan. 26, '29. (12.)
Hitch-Hiking Reformer. S. E. P. Sept. 22, '28. (22.)
Just Students. S. E. P. Oct. 13, '28. (14.)
*Professional Santa Claus. Scr. Dec., '28. (84:688.)
JANIS, ELSIE.
Nothing Changes. Ly. Aug. 18, '28. (33.)
Pipe Down! Red Bk. Nov., '28. (44.)
"Very Good, Madam." Red Bk. Mar., '29. (78.)
JANIS, ELSIE, *and* MARKEY, GENE.
Business Is Pleasure. Red Bk. Oct., '28. (56.)
Close Harmony. Red Bk. Sept., '28. (60.)
Gold Derby. Red Bk. Feb., '29. (44.) [(40.)
In Person. Red Bk. Aug., '28.
JAVITZ, ALEXANDER.
**Singing, I Shall Barter My Stars. Mid. Nov.–Dec., '28. (14:296.)
JENKINS, MACGREGOR.
***Alcantara. Atl. Feb., '29. (143:230.)
JENKS, ALMET.
One of the Family. S. E. P. Apr. 20, '29. (24.)
Question of Taste. S. E. P. May 11, '29. (6.)
JERARD, ELISE JEAN.
*Second Egg. For. Oct., '28. (80:505.)
JOHN, WILLIAM M.
*Concernin' Names. Cen. Sept., '28. (116:616.)
*Miss Pansy's Pansies. Cen. Jul., '28. (116:364.)
*That Passeth Understandin'. Cen. Feb., '29. (117:402.)
*Vieve's Man. Cen. Apr., '29. (117:659.)
JOHNSON, NUNNALLY.
Good Old Uncle Homer. McCall. Nov., '28. (24.)
New York—My Mammy! S. E. P. Sept. 8, '28. (6.)
Not If You Gave It to Me! S. E. P. May 11, '29. (42.)

JOHNSON, NUNNALLY. (*Cont.*)
Pain in the Neck. S. E. P. Apr. 20, '29. (18.)
Simple Honors. S. E. P. Dec. 22, '28. (14.)
World's Shortest Love Affair. S. E. P. Oct. 27, '28. (16.)

JOHNSON, OAKLEY.
At Thirty-five. Sal. Dec., '28. (5.)
Eat Shop. Sal. Jan., '29. (29.)

JOHNSTON, CALVIN.
*Day of the Black Dog. Pop. Sept. 20, '28. (118.)

JOHNSTON, MARY.
*Angel. L. H. J. Jan., '29. (10.)
*Baptizing. L. H. J. Apr., '29. (16.)
**Black Lace. L. H. J. Aug., '28. (16.)
***Elephants Through the Country. Va. Jan., '29. (5:59.)
***Mockingbird. L. H. J. Nov., '28. (10.)
*Two Business Men. Harp. M. Sept., '28. (157:445.)

JORDAN, ELIZABETH.
*Ally Takes a Stand. Col. Dec. 29, '28. (10.)
Benson's Christmas Reform. Chic. Trib. Dec. 16, '28.
Making a Picture of Mary. Chic. Trib. Jul. 29, '28.

K

KAHLER, HUGH MACNAIR.
*Bad News. Col. Feb. 9, '29. (18.)
Contrast. L. H. J. Nov., '28. (18.)
Covered Bridge. S. E. P. Nov. 10, '28. (24.)
Emeritus. S. E. P. Apr. 6, '29. (16.)
Ingratitude. L. H. J. Feb., '29. (5.)
Jumbo. S. E. P. Sept. 8, '28. (24.)
Last Laugh. Col. Sept. 15, '28. (15.)
Lulu. S. E. P. Dec. 22, '28. (12.)
Muffled. S. E. P. Sept. 29, '28. (43.)
Right of Way. S. E. P. Jul. 7, '28. (36.)
Rose Magic. L. H. J. Oct., '28. (8.)
Sanctuary. C. G. Oct., '28. (9.)
Signs. C. G. Aug., '28. (6.)
Snob. L. H. J. Apr., '29. (19.)
Sugar Boy. S. E. P. Jan. 12, '29. (10.)
There's Nothing They Want. L. H. J. Dec., '28. (14.)
Unto the Hills. Am. Feb., '29. (44.)
Young Barbarians. L. H. J. Aug., '28. (3.)

KALLENBACH, MARIE SCHULTE.
Unconditional Surrender. Cath. W. Apr., '29. (129:7.)

KANTOR, MACKINLAY.
Great Houston. Tan. Jan., '29. (4:73.)

KEARNEY, PATRICK.
*Author. Book. (N. Y.) Sept., '28. (68:41.)

KEENE, FARADAY.
Latch-Key. V. F. Dec., '28. (77.)
Mortimer Mirror. V. F. Jul., '28. (58.)
Seven Letters from China. V. F. Nov., '28. (66.)
*Stripping the Beds. V. F. Sept., '28. (52.)

KELLAND, CLARENCE BUDINGTON.
Badge of Office. C. G. Sept., '28. (6.)
Bait of Falsehood. S. E. P. Apr. 13, '29. (37.)
Beyond the Threshold. C. G. Feb., '29. (10.)
Comedy. Col. Sept. 15, '28. (10.)
Corpus Delicti. S. E. P. Feb. 2, '29. (10.)
"Every Silver Mine Has Got Its Cloudy Linin'." Am. Mar., '29. (50.)
Mary Jane—Lawyer. L. H. J. May, '29. (7.)
Matter of Grammar. S. E. P. Dec. 8, '28. (26.)
Plenty of Putts. S. E. P. Oct. 6, '28. (20.)
Preventive Medicine. S. E. P. Feb. 16, '29. (18.)
Rhapsody in Greens. S. E. P. Aug. 4, '28. (14.)
Scattergood and the Square Peg. Am. Sept., '28. (48.)
Scattergood Compounds a Felony. Am. Oct., '28. (36.)
Scattergood Encounters Broadway. Am. May, '29. (30.)
Strawberries Don't Grow on Poison Ivy Vines. Am. Aug., '28. (26.)

KELLAND, CLARENCE BUDINGTON. (*Cont.*)
Taut String. S. E. P. Mar. 23, '29. (20.)
Till the Vote's Counted. S. E. P. May 4, '29. (42.)
Two Minutes to Play. Col. Dec. 1, '28. (10.)
Unabridged. Col. Nov. 10, '28. (5.)
Underhanded Business. Col. Oct. 6, '28. (10.)
Will and a Way. S. E. P. Mar. 2, '29. (37.)
KELLY, MYRA.
*Christmas Present for a Lady. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '28. (8:743.)
KEMMERER, JOHN.
Along the River. Mid. Jan.–Feb., '29. (15:31.)
Anna. Sal. Feb., '29. (29.)
Cousins. Sal. Dec., '28. (14.)
Evil Tale. Sal. Jan., '29. (12.)
Love of God. Sal. Jan., '29. (11.)
KENNEDY, J. ORDE.
Beauty-Proof. Harp. B. Oct., '28. (97.)
KENNEDY, JOHN B.
Last Trick. Col. Feb. 2, '29. (11.)
"On Earth, Good Will." Col. Dec. 29, '28. (18.)
Third Slip. Col. Nov. 17, '28. (12.)
Written in Mauve. Col. Nov. 24, '28. (24.)
KENNEY, WILLIAM A.
Sol y Sombra. Colum. Oct., '28. (6.)
KERNAN, PLOWDEN.
*Lighted Threshold. P. T. Jan., '29. (4:14.)
KERR, GEOFFREY.
Six Dinner Parties. Harp. B. Dec., '28. (112.)
KERR, SOPHIE.
All You Need Is a Cookbook. L. H. J. Dec., '28. (3.)
Cedars Must Have the Wind. L. H. J. Mar., '29. (32.)
Celebrated Bowowkus Diet. S. E. P. Mar. 2, '29. (8.)
Fifty Pieces of Silver. W. H. C. Sept., '28. (28.)
One Way to Choose a Dog. W. H. C. Aug., '28. (25.)
Slave. W. H. C. May, '29. (11.)
Slaves and Serfs. S. E. P. Aug. 25, '28. (33.)
***"Yes, Sir; Thank You, Sir." S. E. P. Jan. 5, '29. (3.)
KIDD, W. E. C.
**Windy Fire. Frontier. Jan., '29. (9:83.)
KILBOURNE, FANNIE.
Aren't You Wonderful? Cos. May, '29. (52.)
Dot Rushes in Where Wisdom Fears to Tread. Am. Oct., '28. (31.)
Everything Has Its Price. Am. Apr., '29. (20.)
Fantasy End. L. H. J. Sept., '28. (27.)
Flaw in the Product. L. H. J. Jul., '28. (3.)
Flurry in Wall Street. McCall. Sept., '28. (25.)
"I Just Love Americans." Am. Jul., '28. (34.)
One Out of Every Seven. Am. Jan., '29. (46.)
Pretend He's the Plumber. L. H. J. Jan., '29. (20.)
Walled Garden. L. H. J. Apr., '29. (10.)
KING, ETHEL.
Turncoat. Cath. W. Dec., '28. (128:291.)
KING, RUFUS.
Without a Clue. Red Bk. Aug., '28. (48.)
KINGERY, HELEN.
*Backwater Dreams. Tan. Nov., '28. (4:43.)
Butterfly's Span. Tan. Mar., '29. (4:104.)
KIRK, BETTY.
Ace Up Her Sleeve. Cos. Aug., '28. (80.)
KIRK, R. G.
Lady Bess. S. E. P. Oct. 13, '28. (22.)
Valor. S. E. P. Aug. 18, '28. (10.)
KIRKHAM, STANTON DAVIS.
Crime Wave. (*R.*) Strat. Sept., '28. (25.)
KLAHR, EVELYN GILL.
Fate and the Goldfish. Harp. M. Jan., '29. (158:177.)
KNIGHT, CLIFFORD.
*Banty Looks On. C. G. Apr., '29. (7.)
KNIGHT, GLADYS.
Rendezvous. Colum. Feb., '29. (28.)
KNOWLTON, DON.
*Murder. Scr. Apr., '29. (85:439.)

KOLB, ROSLYN.
Shadows of Wall Street. Sal. May, '29. (22.)
KREBS, ROLAND.
Mercy and the Moron. Ly. Jul. 28, '28. (64.)
KUTNER, NANETTE.
*Change of a Dollar. G. H. Nov., '28. (88.)
On the Dotted Line. Cos. Dec., '28. (79.)
KYNE, PETER B.
Blacklisted. Cos. Jul., '28. (72.)
Chivalry. Col. Sept. 1, '28. (5.)
Getaway Day. Cos. Nov., '28. (60.)
Good Dog. Cos. Sept., '28. (100.)
Mud-Lark. Cos. Dec., '28. (90.)
Old Sniff. Col. Jan. 5, '29. (12.)
Ringer. Cos. Jan., '29. (70.)
Song of the Bee. Cos. Oct., '28. (50.)

L

LA MOTTE, ELLEN N.
*Hidden Treasure. Atl. Aug., '28. (142:234.)
LAMBERT, REITA.
Past Hunters. McCall. Feb., '29. (16.)
Useless. McCall. Oct., '28. (22.)
LAMBERTSON, LOUISE.
***Woman Who Never Was. Cen. May, '29. (118:18.)
LANE, ROSE WILDER.
Good Roads. C. G. Oct., '28. (6.)
*Gypsy Trail. L. H. J. Feb., '29. (14.)
**Harvest. Harp. M. Jan., '29. (158:226.)
*One Thing in Common. L. H. J. Sept., '28. (5.)
*Ruction in Eden. C. G. Mar., '29. (13.)
LARDNER, RING W.
Absent-minded Beggar. Cos. Mar., '29. (70.)
*Contract. Harp. B. Mar., '29. (100.)
**Dinner. Harp. B. Sept., '28. (70.)
Ex-Parte. Cos. Nov., '28. (44.)
Maysville Minstrel. Cos. Sept., '28. (64.)
Old Folks' Christmas. Cos. Jan., '29. (82.)
*Wedding Day. Cos. Jul., '28. (66.)
LARKE, ALFRED.
String Games and Spindles. Sal. Apr., '29. (21.)
LATIMER, MARGERY.
**Death of Mrs. Vanderwood. Sal. May, '29. (26.)
LE CLERCQ, JACQUES.
**Jordan Revolver. Blues. Feb., '29. (1:1.)
LE MAY, ALAN.
Loan of a Gun. Col. Feb. 23, '29. (12.)
Wolf Hunter. Col. May 18, '29. (28.)
LEA, FANNY HEASLIP.
Beside the Shalimar. S. E. P. Nov. 3, '28. (8.)
Half a Moon. Red Bk. Apr., '29. (52.)
Hokum and Roses. S. E. P. Aug. 4, '28. (8.)
Moth. S. E. P. May 18, '29. (8.)
Until That Day. S. E. P. May 4, '29. (22.)
LEAMY, EDMUND.
Law of the Land. P. T. Apr., '29. (4:471.)
LEDDY, VIRGINIA, *and* SOMERVILLE, A. W.
Hoodlum. S. E. P. Nov. 3, '28. (18.)
LEE, B. VIRGINIA.
*There's Women in Portland. A. Merc. Feb., '29. (16:180.)
LEE, BORGHILD.
Lilac. Frontier. May, '29. (9:307.)
LEECH, MARGARET.
***Manicure. Harp. M. Oct., '28. (157:575.)
"LEONARD, LOUISE." *See* CHAPIN, EUNICE SPALDING.
LEVENSON, LEW.
He Loved Flowers. Cos. Dec., '28. (70.)
LEVIN, MEYER.
Maurie Finds His Medium. Men. J. Aug., '28. (15:175.)
LEWIS, ELIZABETH FOREMAN.
*His Excellency Kuh Yuen Rests in Honor. St. Nich. May, '29. (56:525.)
*Precious Jade Changes Her Mind. St. Nich. Oct., '28. (55:959.)

LEWIS, ELIZABETH FOREMAN. (*Cont.*)
*Terror That Walked in the Heat. St. Nich. Aug., '28. (55:771.)
LEWIS, JANET.
**Sunday Dinner. Book. (N. Y.) Dec., '28. (68:386.)
LEWIS, SINCLAIR.
He Had a Brother. Cos. May, '29. (34.)
LINCOLN, FREEMAN.
Cheap at the Price. C. G. Oct., '28. (15.)
Outer Beach. G. H. (N. Y.) Aug., '28. (36.)
Postscript. L. H. J. Oct., '28. (32.)
LINCOLN, JOSEPH C.
*Cure. L. H. J. Dec., '28. (12.)
*Limits. S. E. P. Nov. 24, '28. (12.)
LINDLEY, DENVER.
Sold! Col. Dec. 1, '28. (24.)
LINDSEY, ARTHUR.
Cheat. P. T. Apr., '29. (4:427.)
LING, PRINCESS DER.
*White Fox. McCall. Apr., '29. (19.)
LLOYD, BEATRIX DEMAREST.
De Rougemont's Yankee. S. E. P. Oct. 6, '28. (44.)
LLOYD, NELSON.
Broadcasted Author. Scr. Nov., '28. (84:530.)
LOGAN, JAMES T.
*Nothin'—F.O.B. Opp. May, '29. (7:154.)
LONGSTRETH, T. MORRIS.
Belief. C. G. Dec., '28. (15.)
Santa Claus' Address. Chic. Trib. Dec. 23, '28.
LOVECRAFT, H. P.
***Dunwich Horror. W. T. Apr., '29. (13:481.)
*Silver Key. W. T. Jan., '29. (13:41.)
LOVELACE, DELOS W.
*Good Provider. C. G. May, '29. (20.)
*Stubborn Stebbins. C. G. Nov., '28. (22.)
LOWELL, JOAN.
Flyin' Gull. Cos. May, '29. (40.)
LUBITZ, BEATRICE.
*Whose Career? Ly. Nov. 24, '28. (47.)
LUTHER, MARK LEE.
French Hats. Ly. Sept. 22, '28. (27.)

M

MABIE, LOUISE KENNEDY.
Almost Cozy. S. E. P. Dec. 29, '28. (8.)
Catnip Mouse. S. E. P. Mar. 2, '29. (12.)
Madam Venus. S. E. P. Oct. 6, '28. (12.)
Straight Line Is the Shortest Line. L. H. J. Jul., '28. (20.)
MACALARNEY, ROBERT EMMET.
Blue Roadster. McCall. Apr., '29. (24.)
Wings of the Morning. McCall. Dec., '28. (16.)
MCALLISTER, FRANCIS.
*Walk With the Hangman. H. H. Apr., '29. (2:252.)
MCALMON, ROBERT.
***Jack Rabbit Drive. Transit. Feb., '29. (93.)
***Potato Picking. Transit. Feb., '29. (84.)
MCBRIEN, EDNA.
**Let's Wait Till Spring. Frontier. Nov., '28. (9:13.)
MCBROOM, JANET.
*Dissertation on Roast Pork. Husk. Mar., '29. (11.)
MCCALLUM, MELLA RUSSELL.
Daughter of the Arts. L. H. J. Mar., '29. (14.)
White Flame. W. H. C. Jul., '28. (29.)
MCCARTY, WILSON.
***His Friend the Pig. Dial. Jan., '29. (86:31.)
MCCONNELL, BURT M.
First Law of Life. Red Bk. Aug., '28. (70.)
MCCORD, RAPHAEL.
*Pope's Blessing. Outs. May, '29. (2:118.)
MCCUTCHEON, GEORGE BARR.
Stolen Fortnight. Cos. Mar., '29. (76.)
MCFADDEN, FRANCES.
Party in a Penthouse. Pict. R. May, '29. (23.)
MACHARG, WILLIAM.
Lady-Killer. L. H. J. Apr., '29. (8.)
Wife of the Conqueror. L. H. J. Nov., '28. (26.)
MCINTOSH, MAVIS.
Pushing Up the Daisies. Sal. Feb., '29. (14.) [(13.)
*Story of Etu. Sal. Apr., '29.
MCISAAC, FRED.
She Knew What She Wanted. Ly. Nov. 3, '28. (39.)

McIsaac, Fred. (*Cont.*)
Sole Survivor. Ly. Apr. 27, '29. (30.)
McKenna, Edward L.
Dusk of the Gods. Ly. Dec. 15, '28. (27.)
**Emergency Call. Col. Apr. 6, '29. (17.)
*Hawkshaw's Day Off. Mun. Mar., '29. (96:224.)
***I Have Letters for Marjorie. McC. Jun., '28. (48.)
*Ivory Virgin. Col. Mar. 23, '29. (35.)
*Sandpipers. World M. Nov. 18, '28.
*Yours Truly McC. Jan., '29. (48.)
MacKenzie, A. Lawrence.
Hunt of Fione O'Neil. Colum. Oct., '28. (20.)
McKenzie, Elizabeth.
*In Connaught. Frontier. May, '29. (9:298.)
McLean, Margharite Fisher.
*Letters of a Ranch Woman. Scr. May, '29. (85:513.)
McLellan, Howard.
Bait. Col. Aug. 25, '28. (25.)
Bamberg Saga. Col. Sept. 15, '28. (7.)
Fancy Brains. Col. Jul. 14, '28. (19.)
Piano-Playin' Fool. Col. Jul. 7, '28. (11.)
Twelve-Dollar Front. Col. Sept. 8, '28. (13.)
McMorrow, Thomas.
For Good Old Towle. S. E. P. Oct. 13, '28. (20.)
Good Old Graft. S. E. P. May 18, '29. (41.)
Insufficient Funds. S. E. P. Dec. 22, '28. (3.)
Pardon My Gloves. S. E. P. Aug. 11, '28. (14.)
Passenger from Pacific. S. E. P. Dec. 1, '28. (27.)
Unreal Property. S. E. P. Feb. 23, '29. (22.)
We Visit Foreign Parts. S. E. P. Mar. 30, '29. (30.)
McNutt, William Slavens.
Added Starter. S. E. P. Mar. 23, '29. (42.)
Airedale Blood. S. E. P. Apr. 13, '29. (18.)
All Messed Up. S. E. P. Dec. 1, '28. (20.)
Bank Roll for Belmont. S. E. P. Feb. 9, '29. (33.)
Big Time. S. E. P. May 25, '29. (20.)
Couple o' Fried Eggs. S. E. P. Aug. 25, '28. (16.)
"Difference." Ly. Dec. 1, '28. (55.)
Half a Stick. Col. Mar. 23, '29. (10.)
Hot Dogs. S. E. P. Nov. 17, '28. (24.)
It's a Tough World! S. E. P. Aug. 4, '28. (18.)
Leander Clicks. Red Bk. Aug., '28. (75.)
Luck. Col. Jul. 21, '28. (11.)
Racketeer. Red Bk. May, '29. (37.)
Ride 'im, Cowboy! Cos. May, '29. (86.)
Smiling Jimmy Touts. Red Bk. Mar., '29. (80.)
Whining Kid Blooms. Ly. Aug. 4, '28. (23.)
Macumber, Marie.
**Dumb Cattle. Pr. S. Winter, '29. (3:38.)
Mahoney, James.
Nerve. Pict. R. Sept., '28. (17.)
Slave. Pict. R. Nov., '28. (14.)
Markey, Gene. *See also* Janis, Elsie, *and* Markey, Gene.
Amabel from Clarice, Ltd. W. H. C. Dec., '28. (7.)
Frankie and Johnny. Harp. B. Nov., '28. (86.)
Marmur, Jacland.
*Blood or Steam. Sh. St. May 25, '29. (124.)
*Pilots of Umber. Sun. Nov., '28. (18.)
Marquand, John P.
*And Another Redskin—. S. E. P. May 18, '29. (16.)
**Aye, in the Catalogue. S. E. P. Aug. 11, '28. (6.)
Darkest Horse. S. E. P. May 25, '29. (10.)
*Do Tell Me, Doctor Johnson. S. E. P. Jul. 14, '28. (8.)
End of the Story. Col. Apr. 6, '29. (39.)
*Good Black Sheep. S. E. P. Aug. 25, '28. (8.)
Mr. Goof. S. E. P. May 4, '29. (10.)
*Oh, Major, Major. S. E. P. Apr. 27, '29. (8.)

MARQUAND, JOHN P. (*Cont.*)
**Rain of Right. S. E. P. May 11, '29. (18.)
*Three Rousing Cheers. Cos. Aug., '28. (102.)
MARQUIS, DON.
*Entirely Logical. S. E. P. Sept. 1, '28. (16.)
***Exit the King. S. E. P. Jan. 5, '29. (14.)
*In the Twilight. Col. Jul. 14, '28. (24.)
King's Job. Col. Jul. 7, '28. (13.)
*Making of a Liar. Scr. Aug., '28. (84:169.)
*Old Charge. Col. Aug. 4, '28. (15.)
Right Knife. Ly. Feb. 16, '29. (41.)
*Strong Woman. S. E. P. Sept. 15, '28. (5.)
*Two Red-Haired Women. S. E. P. Dec. 8, '28. (3.)
*Very Respectable Man. Cos. Nov., '28. (68.)
MARTIN, W. THORNTON.
Great System. S. E. P. May 18, '29. (24.)
MASON, ARTHUR.
Crack On! Cen. Aug., '28. (116:421.)
MATHEUS, JOHN F.
Anthropoi. Opp. Aug., '28. (6:229.)
MATTHEWS, T. S.
**Dream of Death. N. Rep. Aug. 1, '28. (55:280.)
MAUCK, HILDA.
Elopement Preferred. Red Bk. Apr., '29. (76.)
Mutiny of a Hero. G. H. (N. Y.) Oct., '28. (80.)
MAXWELL, CLIFF.
Red. Scr. Jan., '29. (85:79.)
Slim. Scr. Feb., '29. (85:168.)
MAY, MARGERY LAND.
Pard. Am. Feb., '29. (50.)
MEANS, E. K.
*Author, Author! Mun. May, '29. (96:544.)
*Faith Healer. Mun. Sept., '28. (94:558.)
*Grave Clothes. Mun. Aug., '28. (94:400.)
*Gunman of Tickfall. Mun. Jan., '29. (95:559.)
*His Secret Sorrow. Mun. Apr., '29. (96:406.)
*Last Act. Mun. Jul., '28. (94:218.)
*Music Money. Mun. Nov., '28. (95:226.)
*One Kind Deed. Mun. Dec., '28. (95:382.)
*Saving Sinners. Mun. Oct., '28. (95:44.)
*Uplift of Sugar. Mun. Feb., '29. (96:34.)
*Widow Inconsolable. Mun. Mar., '29. (96:214.)
MEEKER, ARTHUR, JR.
Third Generation. Harp. B. Aug., '28. (69.)
MELLETT, BERTHE K.
Punishment. Ly. Mar. 30, '29. (72.)
MERCEIN, ELEANOR.
Etcheonda. S. E. P. Feb. 2, '29. (5.)
In Heaven a Little Window. S. E. P. Apr. 6, '29. (6.)
Mimosa Glances. S. E. P. Jul. 7, '28. (5.)
Road Away. S. E. P. Mar. 9, '29. (8.)
MERRILL, KENNETH GRIGGS.
*Adeste, Fideles. Scr. Dec., '28. (84:729.)
MERRYMAN, MILDRED PLEW.
***Old Lady. Mid. Jan.–Feb., '29. (15:16.)
MERWIN, SAMUEL.
And So to Bedlam. Col. Jul. 28, '28. (5.)
Life Isn't Like That. L. H. J. Mar., '29. (8.)
Listen, Lester! Col. Jan. 5, '29. (10.)
Mister Sam. Col. Mar. 30, '29. (16.)
Monkey Wrench. Col. Sept. 15, '28. (16.)
No Mother to Guide Her. Col. Jan. 19, '29. (16.)
Trick Stuff. Col. Feb. 23, '29. (5.)
West Is East. Cen. Dec., '28. (117:209.)
"What a Woman Wants." Col. Mar. 9, '29. (5.)
You Never Know. Col. Feb. 16, '29. (10.)
MEYERS, ALFRED LOUIS.
Courtship of Laura Calendor. Cath. W. Jan., '29. (128:397.)
MILLAR, RONALD.
Sweet and Lowdown. Ly. Sept. 15, '28. (51.)
MILLER, ALICE DUER.
Corinna Does a Kind Deed. W. H. C. Jan., '29. (18.)

MILLER, ALICE DUER. (*Cont.*)
Corinna Finds Employment. W. H. C. Oct., '28. (18.)
Corinna Tries Again. W. H. C. Nov., '28. (18.)
Gift of the Groom. W. H. C. Mar., '29. (15.)
Plum Pudding and Mince Pie. W. H. C. Dec., '28. (25.)

MILLER, HELEN TOPPING.
Barber, Barber, Shave a Pig. S. E. P. Sept. 29, '28. (8.)

MILNE, RICHARD.
Interest in the Business. Colum. Apr., '29. (16.)
Plain Clothes. Colum. Sept., '28. (11.)
Rag-Time Cowboy. Colum. Oct., '28. (13.)
When Daffodils Sing. Colum. Feb., '29. (16.)

MINNIGERODE, MEADE.
Racing Luck. Cos. Sept., '28. (79.)

MITCHELL, ELEANOR BLACK.
*Ambassador of Rivington Street. Cos. Aug., '28. (54.)

MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT.
Happy Dust. W. H. C. Mar., '29. (7.)
Island of Peace. W. H. C. Dec., '28. (13.)
Make-Up Tree. L. H. J. Oct., '28. (26.)

MONTAGUE, MARGARET PRESCOTT.
***Pretty Gal. Pict. R. Feb., '29. (28.)

MONTROSS, LOIS SEYSTER.
Fools About Love. S. E. P. Feb. 2, '29. (12.)
Judith and the Empress. C. G. Feb., '29. (7.)
Silent Minstrel. Am. Dec., '28. (14.)
Swat Complex. Col. Oct. 13, '28. (15.)

MOORE, JOHN TROTWOOD.
Those Walker Hounds of Mine. C. G. Nov., '28. (18.)

MOORE, MURIEL.
*Anne to Gwendolyn. A. Merc. Feb., '29. (16:189.)
**Three-Bottle Story. Scr. Jul., '28. (84:75.)

MOORE, OLGA.
Lonesome for My Shoes Blue. Chic. Trib. Jul. 15, '28.

MORAN, HELEN.
***Elsie's Boy. S. W. Jan., '29. (14:168.)

MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER.
*Goldfish Under the Ice. McCall. Dec., '28. (24.)

MORRIS, GOUVERNEUR.
Bully Missionary. Ly. Oct. 13, '28. (21.)
*He Learned About Women from *Him*. Cos. Oct., '28. (36.)
P. D. F. Ly. Nov. 10, '28. (21.)
Shoes. Ly. Mar. 16, '29. (24.)

MUILENBERG, CORNELIUS MARION.
***Sadie. Pr. S. Spring, '29. (3:132.)

MULHERN, ALICE WADE.
***Bird's Nest. Scr. May, '29. (85:520.)

MULLEN, ROBERT.
***Light Without Heat. Dial. May, '29. (86:371.)

MUMFORD, ETHEL WATTS.
Off-Color Whitemail. Pict. R. Oct., '28. (11.) [(55.)
Two Letters. Ly. May 11, '29.

MUNSTERBERG, MARGARET.
**Three Wishes. Atl. Oct., '28. (142:462.)

MUNYAN, ARTHUR T.
Ailsa. Ly. Sept. 29, '28. (9.)
Lion Named Herbert. L. H. J. May, '29. (24.)
Valley of the Shadow. L. H. J. Feb., '29. (8.)
Valor. L. H. J. Sept., '28. (22.)

MYERS, ELAINE A.
*Marise Parlant. Cath. W. Mar., '29. (128:662.)

MYGATT, GERALD.
Ear for Music. Ly. May 25, '29 (26.)
Enchanting One. L. H. J. Mar., '29. (15.)
Park Avenue. S. E. P. Mar. 30, '29. (53.)
When Gertie Squared Him. Ly. May 18, '29. (62.)

MYGATT, TRACY D.
***In Exchange for a Son. C. Her. Mar. 16, '29. (13.)

N

NASON, LEONARD H.
Double-Header. S. E. P. Nov. 17, '28. (18.)
Last U. S. E. P. Aug. 18, '28. (18.)
Men from Chicago. S. E. P. Mar. 16, '29. (12.)
Mines Aft. S. E. P. May 11, '29. (12.)

NASON, LEONARD H. (*Cont.*)
Old Soldier. S. E. P. Oct. 6, '28. (18.)
Thanksgiving Eve. S. E. P. Sept. 22, '28. (16.)
NEAGOE, PETER.
Fact. Transit. Feb., '29. (38.)
NEBEL, FREDERICK L.
Secret Vanity. Colum. Apr., '29. (11.)
NEIDIG, WILLIAM J.
Cactus Eaters. S. E. P. Dec. 1, '28. (14.)
Greased Pig. S. E. P. Oct. 20, '28. (41.)
Tied Down by a Woman. Col. Mar. 30, '29. (26.)
NORRIS, KATHLEEN.
Man Who Was Shy. Cos. Jan., '29. (46.)
Monkey House. Cos. Oct., '28. (54.)
NOVICK, ADELE BLACKMAN.
**Window-Cleaner. Outs. May, '28. (2:65.)

O

O'BRIEN, FITZJAMES.
***Diamond Lens. (*R.*) W. T. Apr., '29. (13:547.)
O'BRIEN, HOWARD VINCENT.
Little Lie or Two. Col. Dec. 8, '28. (26.)
OLDS, N. S.
*Letter to Mr. Epstein. Scr. Apr., '29. (85:467.)
OLIVER, JENNIE HARRIS.
Blue Flax. G. H. (N. Y.) May, '29. (66.)
It Is Morning. G. H. (N. Y.) Jul., '28. (40.)
Long Bow. G. H. (N. Y.) Nov., '28. (44.)
OLMSTED, STANLEY.
**Yellow Clawhammer. Mun. Dec., '28. (95:427.)
OLSEN, MARIE.
*Christmas Night. Scan. Dec., '28. (16:748.)
O'NEIL, GEORGE.
Wistful Weather. Pict. R. Aug., '28. (6.)
O'NEILL, KATHERINE.
Old Homestead—Betrayed. Cath. W. Feb., '29. (128:524.)
ORCHARD, ISABEL.
*Kristina. Frontier. May, '29. (9:293.)
OSTENSO, MARTHA.
**White Tryst. N. A. Rev. Dec., '28. (226:758.)
O'SULLIVAN, VINCENT.
***Next Room. Dub. M. Oct.–Dec., '28. (12.)
OTIS, RAYMOND.
**Penitente. Dial. Nov., '28. (85:406.)
OUTERSON, WILLIAM.
**Flipper. Atl. Jan., '29. (143:41.)
***Sea Boy. Atl. Oct., '28. (142:500.)
OVERTON, CLARA WALLACE.
Girl Who Forgot About Heaven. Del. Dec., '28. (13.)

P

PARADISE, VIOLA.
Alien. Col. Jul. 28, '28. (22.)
Revolt in the Zodiac. Col. Jan. 26, '29. (22.)
*Twenty-Five Cent Doll. Chil. Jul., '28. (12.)
PARKER, AUSTIN.
Cynical Mr. Tyne. Chic. Trib. Jan. 13, '29.
Discord. Ly. Oct. 27, '28. (11.)
He Got Annoyed. S. E. P. Feb. 2, '29. (59.)
Once a Sap. Ly. May 4, '29. (15.)
Untamed. S. E. P. Sept. 8, '28. (16.)
PARKER, DOROTHY.
***Big Blonde. Book. (N. Y.) Feb., '29. (58:639.)
**Long Distance. V. F. Oct., '28. (61.)
PARKER, MAUDE.
Crime Passionel. Ly. Apr. 27, '29. (7.)
Forty. S. E. P. Nov. 17, '28. (36.)
PARKS, EDD WINFIELD.
*Atrocities. P. T. Sept., '28. (3:289.)
PARMENTER, CHRISTINE WHITING.
Depths Unsounded. Cath. W. May, '29. (129:180.)
Out of the Air. Scr. Dec., '28. (84:720.)
PATTERSON, NORMA.
Flight. G. H. (N. Y.) Nov., '28. (50.)
*Ghosts. G. H. (N. Y.) Sept., '28. (78.)
Kings. Chat. May, '28. (10.)
Lost Legion. G. H. (N. Y.) Jan., '29. (74.)
Soldat. G. H. (N. Y.) Feb., '29. (44.)
*Street-Keeper. Rot. Sept., '28. (20.)

PATTERSON, NORMA. (*Cont.*)
Voice Calling. G. H. (N. Y.) Dec., '28. (40.)
West. G. H. (N. Y.) May, '29. (46.)
**Whoffing Gods. Chic. Trib. May 26, '29.

PATTERSON, PERNET.
**Buttin' Blood. Atl. Sept., '28. (142:361.)
***"Cunjur." Atl. Dec., '28. (142:741.) Jan., '29. (143:95.)

PATTULLO, GEORGE.
Dimwits. S. E. P. Nov. 24, '28. (20.)

PAUL, ELLIOT.
*Life and Death of Isaac Momblo. Transit. Fall, '28. (89.)

PAUL, NINA HOWARD.
*Run-In on Freedom. Hol. Mar., '29. (10.)

PAYNE, ELIZABETH STANCY.
Mother Comes Home for Christmas. C. G. Dec., '28. (9.)

PAYNE, WILL.
Cashier's Secret. Col. Mar. 2, '29. (10.)

PEATTIE, DONALD, *and* LOUISE.
Resistant Strain. N. A. Rev. Feb., '29. (227:236.)
*Return of Coodle. Am. B. Jul., '28. (19.)
*Salamanca Comes Home. Sun. Sept., '28. (24.)

PEATTIE, LOUISE REDFIELD.
East Injy. L. H. J. Feb., '29. (12.)

PELLEY, WILLIAM DUDLEY.
Higher Summons. Am. May, '29. (14.)
*Man Who Believed in God. Am. Nov., '28. (58.)
*Man Who Lived in Eternity Now! Am. Nov., '28. (36.)
*Only a Barber. Chic. Trib. Nov. 18, '28.
Woman Across the Street. Am. Apr., '29. (40.)

PERKINS, DOROTHY.
Ugly Stepper. Col. Jan. 26, '29. (17.)

PETERSEN, ELIZABETH BENNECHE.
**Bridal Chest. G. H. (N. Y.) Feb., '29. (32.)
Silver Bracelet. G. H. (N. Y.) May, '29. (36.)

PHELPS, CARRINGTON.
For Observation and Treatment. Col. Oct. 20, '28. (22.)
Showdown. Ly. Sept. 1, '28. (45.)
Too Well Remembered. Col. Jul. 28, '28. (10.)

PHELPS, ELIZABETH STUART.
***Madonna of the Tubs. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '28. (8:784.)

PHILLIPS, ETHEL CALVERT.
Brownies' Christmas Eve. L. H. J. Dec., '28. (163.)

PHILLIPS, H. I.
Eat Hearty! Col. Aug. 4, '28. (26.)

PHILLIPS, HENRY WALLACE.
*Bad Lands. Ly. Jan. 19, '29. (66.)
**Devouring Demon and the Don. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '28. (8:215.)

PICKERING, JAMES SAYRE.
"—and Saw the Stars Again." W. H. C. Dec., '28. (11.)

PITNEY, A. DE FORD.
Boost. Red Bk. Dec., '28. (84.)
Call This Marriage? Red Bk. Nov., '28. (72.)

POLK, WILLIAM.
*Lower Than Beasts and Prouder Than Gods. Strat. Dec., '28. (5.)

POOLE, ERNEST.
Car of Crœsus. L. H. J. Nov., '28. (20.)
Car of Crœsus. L. H. J. Apr., '29. (26.)
Car of Crœsus: A Santa Claus from Texas. L. H. J. Dec., '28. (18.)
**One of Us. Red Bk. Jul., '28. (58.)
***Two Young Colonial Dames.
**Was It a Sapphire? Cos. Aug., Cen. Jul., '28. (116:277.) '28. (84.)
**Within the Safe. Ly. Oct. 6, '28. (35.)

PORTER, KATHERINE ANNE.
***Jilting of Granny Weatherall. Transit. Feb., '29. (139.)

PORTOR, LAURA SPENCER.
***Conspiracy. Harp. M. Apr., '29. (158:580.)
*Mouse. Harp. M. Nov., '28. (157:672.)
Pearl of Pearls. W. H. C. Apr., '29. (16.)

POST, CHARLES JOHNSON.
*Slow-Poke. Elks. May, '29. (8.)

POST, MELVILLE DAVISSON.
*Colonel Braxton Hears the Silent Voices. Am. Sept., '28. (16.)
*Mark on the Window. Am. Apr., '29. (50.)

POST, MELVILLE DAVISSON. (*Cont.*)
***Straw Man. (*R.*) Gol. Jul., '28. (8:99.)
*Vanished Man. Am. Feb., '29. (10.)
PRESCOTT, R. T.
**Bachelor Lars. Pr. S. Summer, '28. (2:165.)
PURDY, NINA.
*Mandrake. A. Merc. May, '29. (17:104.)
PUTNAM, NINA WILCOX.
Hoot for Social Position. L. H. J. Mar., '29. (20.)
*Love Cannot Die. Harp. B. May, '29. (76.)
Oh, Aunty, Please! S. E. P. Nov. 10, '28. (18.)
Real Good Girl. Cos. Apr., '29. (44.)
"What a Whoopee!" S. E. P. Jan. 26, '29. (10.)

R

RAMMEL, HAL.
Conscience Drives. Col. Oct. 27, '28. (19.)
RANCK, CARTY.
**Fame. Strat. Sept., '28. (3.)
RAUCH, BASIL.
*Evening of Nibs. Mid. May–Jun., '29. (15:135.)
REDMAN, BEN RAY.
*Perfect Crime. Harp. M. Aug., '28. (157:350.)
REESE, LOWELL OTUS.
Shrimp. S. E. P. Nov. 17, '28. (20.)
RHODES, EUGENE MANLOVE.
Aforesaid Bates. Cos. Aug., '28. (34.)
Trail's End. Cos. Feb., '29. (30.)
RICE, JENNINGS.
*Monkey Business. Mid. Mar.–Apr., '29. (15:69.)
RICHARDSON, NORVAL.
**Moment of Clear Vision. Chic. Trib. Aug. 19, '28.
RICHBERG, DONALD.
*Abuse of Liberty. P. T. Sept., '28. (3:279.)
RIDEAUX, CHARLES.
*Paid in Error. Col. Nov. 17, '28. (24.)
RIDLEY, FLORIDA RUFFIN.
*Maria Peters. S. E. Q., 1929. (12.)
RINEHART, MARY ROBERTS.
Dipper. S. E. P. Apr. 13, '29. (5.)
RIORDAN, JOHN.
Born to Suffer. Sal. Dec., '28. (32.)
Speak Easy. Sal. Jan., '29. (25.)
RIPLEY, CLEMENTS.
*Americanization of Sven Yoder. P. T. Dec., '28. (3:734.)
RISLEY, ELEANOR.
Alabama, Here We Rest. Atl. Jul., '28. (142:60.)
Mountaineers and Mill Folks. Atl. Nov., '28. (142:611.)
River Road. Atl. Apr., '29. (143:452.)
Snake Night up Posey Holler. Atl. Sept., '28. (142:309.)
*Valley Folks. Atl. May, '29. (143:646.)
RITCHIE, ROBERT WELLES.
Kisses. Red Bk. Sept., '28. (74.)
ROBBIN, EDWARD.
**Malka. Men. J. Feb., '29. (16:145.)
ROBBINS, LEONARD H.
Mr. Downey Sits Down. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '29. (9:43.)
ROBERTS, ELIZABETH MADOX.
***Children of the Earth. Harp. M. Nov., '28. (157:753.)
ROBERTSON, STEWART.
Last Reel. Col. Aug. 18, '28. (25.)
ROBIN, MAX.
**Life of a Bathwoman. Men. J. Sept., '28. (15:271.)
ROBINSON, HENRY MORTON.
**Charley Boyle. Cen. Mar., '29. (117:578.)
ROCHE, ARTHUR SOMERS.
Happy Ending. Ly. Feb. 23, '29. (26.)
Nomination. Col. Aug. 18, '28. (5.)
Third Degree. Col. Dec. 8, '28. (5.)
Unbearable Touch. Col. Sept. 22, '28. (16.)
ROE, VINGIE E.
Chained Eagles. McCall. Jul., '28. (22.)
Johnny Jones and Modernism. Ly. Jan. 12, '29. (19.)
Love of "Little Feet." McCall. May, '29. (18.)
ROGERS, LILLIAN.
Gift of the Gods. W. H. C. Feb., '29. (31.)
ROGERS, SAMUEL.
***Count. Tam. No. 2. (30.)

ROPER, MURRAY J.
Brothers. Pr. S. Summer, '28. (2:214.)
ROSS, LEONORA.
Short Circuited. McCall. May, '29. (26.)
ROSS, LYMAN L.
Hail. Pr. S. Oct., '28. (2:205.)
ROSS, MARY LOWREY.
Naïve. S. E. P. Mar. 16, '29. (6.)
Ring. L. H. J. Aug., '28. (24.)
RUSHFELDT, ELISE M.
**Coffin for Anna. Frontier. Mar., '29. (9:185.)
RUSSELL, HELEN B.
*Clean Dirt. Mid. Jul.–Aug., '28. (16:162.)
RUSSELL, JOHN.
Powers of Darkness. Col. Mar. 30, '29. (29.)
*Winning Hand (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '28. (8:587.)
RYAN, STELLA.
*Lovers Can Sail Home Again. G. H. (N. Y.) Mar., '29. (48.)
***Now That It's Spring. Pict. R. Apr., '29. (16.)
*Palm for Victory. G. H. (N. Y.) Apr., '29. (34.)
*Wine-Dark Sea. Pict. R. Sept., '28. (20.)
RYERSON, FLORENCE, *and* CLEMENTS, COLIN.
**Red. Strat. Nov., '28. (19.)

S

SALAMANCA, LUCY.
Five O'Clock Look. W. H. C. Apr., '29. (14.)
SALEMSON, HAROLD J.
Eat, Drink and Be Merry. . . . Tam. No. 2. (44.)
SALPETER, BETTY.
**Excommunication. J. T. Mar. 22, '29. (6.)
SAMALMAN, ALEXANDER.
***When Mendel Sings. C. M. Jul., '28. (1:407.)
SAMPSON, CHARLES.
Half Cocked. A. Merc. Aug., '28. (14:469.)
SAMSON, ERIN.
Dear Jester. Cath. W. Sept., '28. (127:686.)
SANBORN, RUTH BURR.
Being a Sister to Bill. Col. May 4, '29. (18.)
Facts About Lipsticks. Col. Aug. 18, '28. (28.)
Henry Was a Cave Man. Col. Oct. 27, '28. (22.)
I Can't Explain It. Col. Sept. 29, '28. (14.)
Professional Pride. L. H. J. Feb., '29. (16.)
SANGSTER, MARGARET E.
Back to Paris. Del. Jan., '29. (18.)
Hem of His Garment. G. H. (N. Y.) Apr., '29. (28.)
Little Boy Blue. G. H. (N. Y.) Mar., '29. (36.)
Lost Fifty Minutes. McCall. Feb., '29. (26.)
SANTEE, ROSS.
*Nester Kid. McCall. Jan., '29. (16.)
SAPIN, RUTH.
Début. W. H. C. Feb., '29. (12.)
Subscription to the Symphony. W. H. C. Oct., '28. (29.)
SAR, H. STEWART.
Trail Tang. Ly. Dec. 29, '28. (13.)
SASS, HERBERT RAVENEL.
Dragonhead. S. E. P. Sept. 8, '28. (12.)
Red Tobal. S. E. P. Mar. 23, '29. (24.)
Winged Wolf. S. E. P. May 4, '29. (26.)
SAUNDERS, JOHN MONK.
Girl with the Dancing Fingers. V. F. Jan., '29. (48.)
SAUNDERS, LOUISE.
Difference in Ceremony. Scr. Dec., '28. (84:704.)
SAXBY, CHARLES.
Prince of Escape. Col. Jul. 21, '28. (20.)
SAXON, LYLE.
**Lizzie Balize. Dial. Oct., '28. (85:303.)
SCARRY, JOHN.
Deep Water. Colum. Jan., '29. (15.)
Dumb But Durable. Colum. May, '29. (13.)
*Red Ticket O'Rourke. Colum. Dec., '28. (19.)
SCHAFFNER, HALLE.
*On the Heels of Fate. Pict. R. Sept., '28. (28.)
SCHALK, GERTRUDE.
**Red Cape. S. E. Q., 1929. (46.)
SCHISGALL, OSCAR.
Storm Scene. Chic. Trib. Sept. 2, '28.

SCHNEIDER, ISIDORE.
**Marriage of Venus. Transit. Fall, '28. (65.)
**Seven Pictures from the Life of a Martyr. Men. J. Apr., '29. (16:307.)
SCHUBERT, PAUL.
**Quartermaster. Ly. Jul. 21, '28. (33.)
SCOGGINS, C. E.
Jungle. S. E. P. Nov. 10, '28. (3.)
SCOTT, EVELYN.
***Adversary. Men. J. Jan., '29. (15:32.)
SEAVER, EDWIN.
***Desk. Book. (N. Y.) Apr., '29. (69:140.)
***Miss Grimm. Sal. May, '29. (17.)
SEIFERT, SHIRLEY.
Hero of Twin Pines. W. H. C. Oct., '28. (22.)
Honeybunch. Ly. Feb. 23, '29. (47.)
Sweet Villainy. Chic. Trib. Apr. 14, '29.
SELLERIER, BOBETTE.
Jade Earrings. Pr. S. Winter, '29. (3:33.)
SELLERIER, DON C.
Scaly-Swimmer. Pr. S. Fall, '28. (2:258.)
SHANE, NEVIS.
Enchanted Kingdom. Red Bk. Apr., '29. (66.)
Slightly Shopworn. Ly. Jul. 7, '28. (10.)
Taste for Red. Col. May 18, '29. (18.)
Three Darlings. Cos. Mar., '29. (66.)
SHEA, GRACE LEWIS.
Vice of the Virtuous. Cath. W. Apr., '29. (129:63.)
SHEEAN, VINCENT.
*Florentine Diana. Harp. M. Feb., '29. (158:301.)
SHENTON, EDWARD.
*Infantry Wanted a Bridge. Scr. Feb., '29. (85:131.)
Plenty of Seconds. Col. Jul. 7, '28. (20.)
*Seasons End. Scr. Nov., '28. (84:586.)
SHUMWAY, HARRY IRVING.
*Christmas on Billy Goat Island. Y. C. Dec., '28. (102:634.)
*Four Hundred Years Too Late. Y. C. May, '29. (103:250.)
*Great Dachshund of Wapi Dhu. Y. C. Apr., '29. (103:192.)
*Rescue of Donna Isabella. Y. C. Oct., '28. (102:502.)
*Robinson C. Rousseau. Y. C. Feb., '29. (103:76.)
*Tall Oaks from Little Acorns. Y. C. Jan., '29. (103:18.)
*Very Audacity of Him. Pop. Sept. 7, '28. (116.)
*Voyage of the Good Ship Luna. Y. C. Sept., '28. (102:440.)
SHUTE, HENRY A.
*Beany Escapes a Felon's Cell and Is Punished by an Outraged Parent. S. E. P. Aug. 25, '28. (31.)
*Grab Bag Grabs Everything in Sight. S. E. P. Sept. 8, '28. (41.)
SIGMUND, JAY G.
**Balm. O. A. Nov., '28. (22.)
***Bitter Herbs. Hyg. Nov., '28.
*Gaff Maker. Mid. Jul.–Aug., '28. (16:196.)
*Ivory Dart. Tan. Jul., '28. (15.)
*Placard. Mid. Jan.–Feb., '29. (15:36.)
*Two Errands. Frontier. Mar. '29. (9:195.)
*Way Out. Mid. Mar.–Apr., '29. (15:86.)
SIKES, C. E.
*Way Out. Pr. S. Fall, '28. (2:272.)
SIMPSON, CLINTON.
Along the Docks. Sal. Jan., '29. (3.)
SINGER, MARY.
Men Can Be So Blind! G. H. (N. Y.) Oct., '28. (30.)
One Little Kick. G. H. (N. Y.) Mar., '29. (30.)
*Side-Tracked. Am. Mar., '29. (18.)
SINGMASTER, ELSIE.
*Bathing Beauty. Col. Dec. 22, '28. (32.)
*Christmas in Virginia. Pict. R. Dec., '28. (14.)
*Day of Miracles. Col. Sept. 22, '28. (11.)
Escapade. S. E. P. Dec. 15, '28. (42.)
Friend. S. E. P. Oct. 13, '28. (50.)
*Golden Rug. W. H. C. Jan., '29. (15.)
**Good Witch. Col. Oct. 27, '28. (10.)
*Heat. Col. Aug. 25, '28. (18.)

SINGMASTER, ELSIE. (*Cont.*)
Special Providence. Col. Apr. 13, '29. (30.)
*Virginia's Bandit. Y. C. Aug., '28. (102:371.)
*Wings. Pict. R. Feb., '29. (8.)

SKERRY, FREDERICK.
Carelessness. Col. Oct. 13, '28. (22.)
Competition. Col. Apr. 27, '29. (33.)
Very Local Color. Col. Sept. 29, '28. (17.)

SLADE, CAROLINE.
*Meddler. P. T. Sept., '28. (3:356.)

SMALL, SIDNEY HERSCHEL.
Matched Sable. S. E. P. Sept. 29, '28. (16.)

SMITH, ARTHUR COSSLETT.
***Eye of the Harem. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '29. (9:17.)
***Turquoise Cup. (*R.*) Gol. Oct. '28. (8:467.)

SMITH, GORDON ARTHUR.
*Emerald. Harp. M. Jul., '28. (157:142.)

SMITH, MAXWELL.
*Short. Col. Jan. 5, '29. (17.)

SMITH, WALLACE.
Strictly Business. Cos. Apr., '29. (74.)
Trigger Fred! Cos. Jan., '29. (63.)

SNYDER, HOWARD.
*Ten Drops of Water. P. T. Aug., '28. (3:172.)

SOLOMON, LOUIS.
*End. Men. J. Mar., '29. (16:270.)

SOMERVILLE, A. W. *See also* LEDDY, VIRGINIA, *and* SOMERVILLE, A. W.
High Water. S. E. P. Jul. 14, '28. (12.)
Highball! S. E. P. Sept. 22, '28. (14.)
No Brakes. S. E. P. Dec. 8, '28. (20.)
That Big Rock-Candy Mountain. S. E. P. Nov. 24, '28. (6.)
Valhalla. S. E. P. Jan. 12, '29. (42.)

SPEARE, DOROTHY.
Painted Shadows. Harp. B. Jul., '28. (70.)
Pig for an Hour. McCall. Aug., '28. (24.)

SPEARS, RAYMOND S.
*Empty Bottles. Adv. Jul. 1, '28. (130.)
*Old Mississip'. Rom. May, '29. (66.)
Perfectly Natural Woman. Red Bk. Jan., '29. (66.)
*Scienterific. Ev. Oct., '28. (42.)

SPRINGER, FLETA CAMPBELL.
Make a Note of This. Pict. R. Oct., '28. (32.)

SPRINGS, ELLIOTT WHITE.
Babes in the Woods. Ly. Feb. 9, '29. (42.)
Decade. Ly. Aug. 25, '28. (47.)
Delayed Fuse. Cos. Oct., '28. (86.)
Fastest Lap in Lapland. Ly. Aug. 11, '28. (12.)
Frame-Up. Ly. Mar. 9, '29. (38.)
1916. Ly. Dec. 22, '28. (32.)
Perils of Paris. Ly. Jan. 12, '29. (52.)
Remarkable Girl! Red Bk. Sept., '28. (54.)
Rubáiyát of an Address Book. Ly. Oct. 20, '28. (23.)
Scar of Battle. Ly. Apr. 27, '29. (65.)
Women Are Just Toys. Red Bk. Mar., '29. (50.)

SPRUNT, ALEXANDER, JR.
Jungle Master. Colum. May, '29. (20.)
Luck of Putor. Colum. Mar., '29. (24.)
Red Dawn. Colum. Sept., '28. (18.)
Sovereign of the Coast. Colum. Nov., '28. (14.)
White Wanderer. Colum. Jan., '29. (5.)

SQUIER, EMMA-LINDSAY.
Banana Bill. L. H. J. May, '29. (16.)
Caballo de Flores. G. H. (N. Y.) Mar., '29. (42.)
City of Golden Doom. G. H. (N. Y.) Jan., '29. (16.)
Little Lost Stars of Chapala. G. H. (N. Y.) Aug., '28. (98.)
Pride of Doña Beatriz. G. H. (N. Y.) May, '29. (24.)
Tampoco. L. H. J. Aug., '28. (18.)
Three on a Match. Col. Feb. 16, '29. (5.)
Tiger God Comes Home. C. G. Jul., '28. (9.)

STAIT, VIRGINIA.
*Back Water. Westmin. Mar., '29. (5.)

STAIT, VIRGINIA. (*Cont.*)
*"Currents." Westmin. Dec., '28. (5.)
***In India Ink. Archive. Nov., '28. (3.)
STALLINGS, LAURENCE.
Ginsberg and the Eighteenth-Century Manner. Scr. Mar., '29. (85:260.)
Lover's Leap. Ly. Apr. 6, '29. (68.)
Turn Out the Guard. S. E. P. Oct. 13, '28. (16.)
STANLEY, ELIZABETH.
*"Thing to Do." For. Sept., '28. (80:458.)
STANLEY, MAY.
**Home-Coming. Pict. R. Jan., '29. (24.)
STARRETT, VINCENT.
Ace of Clubs. Pict. R. Mar., '29. (28.)
*Statement of John Augustus Durand. Real. Oct., '28. (68.)
STEELE, WILBUR DANIEL.
*From One Generation to Another. Pict. R. Oct., '28. (20.)
***"Satan Am a Snake." Harp. M. Aug., '28. (157:304.)
***Silver Sword. Pict. R. Mar., '29. (18.)
*Survivor. Pict. R. May, '29. (17.)
**Winter Wheat. Pict. R. Sept., '28. (19.)
STERLING, P. M.
Whispers. Pr. S. Winter, '29. (3:3.)
STERNE, EMMA GELDERS.
**Walkin' Janey. P. T. Jul., '28. (3:36.)
STEVENS, JAMES.
***Grip of Life. Adv. Sept. 15, '28. (44.)
**Hellion. Col. Dec. 29, '28. (5.)
*Oleman Hattie. Adv. Jul. 15, '28. (122.)
*Runt and the Roan. Adv. Dec. 15, '28. (141.)
*Slivers. Adv. Jan. 1, '29. (86.)
*Stunt Night. Adv. Feb. 15, '29. (58.)
***Why Poker Was Invented. A. Merc. Oct., '28. (15:129.)
STEVENSON, PHILIP.
***Joker. S. W. Autumn, '28. (14:38.)
***Prelude to Murder. S. W. Spring, '29. (14:293.)
STINSON, HUNTER.
Malice in Blunderland. Harp. B. Nov., '28. (100.)
STOCKTON, FRANK R.
***Discourager of Hesitancy. (*R.*) Col. Feb., '29. (57.)
STOKES, HORACE WINSTON.
Let's Get Out of This. W. H. C. Jul., '28. (9.)
Magic Carpet. W. H. C. Dec., '28. (30.)
STONE, ELINORE COWAN.
*Heir for the Ortegas. Hol. Apr., '29. (10.)
*Making of a Journalist. W. H. C. Mar., '29. (29.)
White Lilacs. G. H. (N. Y.) May, '29. (42.)
STRAHAN, KAY CLEAVER.
Footprints. Del. Oct., '28. (10.)
STRAKOSCH, AVERY.
*Pearl to Pawn. Cen. May, '29. (118:107.)
STRUCKMAN, ROBERT TOD.
Good Shepherd. Frontier. Mar., '29. (9:211.)
SUCKOW, RUTH.
*Big Kids and the Little Kids. G. H. (N. Y.) Jan., '29. (50.)
***Mrs. Kemper. A. Merc. Apr., '29. (16:405.)
***Strong as a Man. Harp. M. Apr., '29. (158:540.)
**Valentine Box. G. H. (N. Y.) Feb., '29. (26.)
SURDEZ, GEORGES.
***Turnstile. Ev. Mar., '29. (84.)
SUTHERLAND, H. M.
*Madstone. Colum. Jul., '28. (7.)
SUTTON, ANNE.
Socrates, Paranhi and Quinces. Cath. W. Feb., '29. (128:571.)
SUTTON, GERTRUDE MACAULEY.
Theft from the Devil. Del. Jul., '28. (26.)
SWEET, FRED.
"In Loving Memory." Col. Dec. 15, '28. (13.)
SWIFT, ROBERT.
Timber Justice. Tan. Sept., '28. (11.)
SYNON, MARY.
Carolan Comes Home. L. H. J. Jan., '29. (14.)
Cuckoo's Nest. McCall. Mar., '29. (26.)
Good Trouper. L. H. J. Sept., '28. (12.)
Little House of Her Own. G. H. (N. Y.) Apr., '29. (78.)

SYNON, MARY. (*Cont.*)
Our Very Best People. L. H. J. Jul., '28. (6.)
Strike Up the Band. G. H. (N. Y.) Mar., '29. (78.)

T

TABER, ELIZABETH STEAD.
*News from Sandy. W. H. C. Feb., '29. (15.)
TARKINGTON, BOOTH.
Importance at the Neck. S. E. P. Mar. 9, '29. (14.)
Logansville and Mary's Neck. S. E. P. Feb. 23, '29. (14.)
Mr. Massey and Modernism. S. E. P. Apr. 13, '29. (22.)
**Muskickadee. S. E. P. Jan. 12, '29. (3.)
Neck, and Bush Thring. S. E. P. Mar. 23, '29. (8.)
TARLETON, FISWOODE.
Curtains. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '28. (8:613.)
**Domain. Adv. May 1, '29. (124.)
*Meddlesome. P. T. Jan., '29. (4:103.)
*Miracles. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '28. (8:293.)
TAYLOR, EMERSON.
*More Than She Bargained For. Cen. Apr., '29. (117:744.)
TAYLOR, KATHARINE HAVILAND.
"Loved I Not Honor More." C. G. Sept., '28. (15.)
TERHUNE, ALBERT PAYSON.
Changelings. Red Bk. Dec., '28. (42.)
Cowards Both! C. G. Apr., '29. (10.)
Galahad. Am. Mar., '29. (10.)
Hater of Dogs. Red Bk. Nov., '28. (58.)
Hero. Del. Oct., '28. (19.)
"How's Zat?" Red Bk. Feb., '29. (72.)
Lad of Sunnybank. Red Bk. Jul., '28. (92.)
Varmint. Red Bk. Mar., '29. (46.) [(46.)
Whisperer. Red Bk. Oct., '28.
TERHUNE, ANICE.
*Revolt. G. H. (N. Y.) Feb., '29. (60.)
TERRELL, JOHN UPTON.
*Break. Mid. May–Jun., '29. (15:109.)
TERRILL, LUCY STONE.
Clothes. S. E. P. Aug. 25, '28. (3.)
TEST, H. C.
Comical Fade-Out. S. E. P. Feb. 23, '29. (33.)
TETLOW, HENRY.
***Light That Never Was. For. Nov., '28. (80:783.)
THIBAULT, DAVID.
Awfully Marvelous. Col. Nov. 3, '28. (10.)
Clay Versus Transportation. L. H. J. May, '29. (30.)
New Wings. Col. Jul. 7, '28. (14.)
THOMAS, CHAUNCEY.
*Manitou. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '28. (8:341.)
*Six Pounds Short. (*R.*) Gol. Jul., '28. (8:16.)
THOMAS, DOROTHY.
**Beast Room. Pr. S. Fall, '28. (2:243.)
THOMAS, HENRY.
*Circe and Her Swine. Strat. Mar., '29. (5.)
THOMASON, JOHN W., JR.
Greater Than Hate. Cos. Feb., '29. (75.)
Marriage of a Marine. Cos. May, '29. (84.)
*Soldier of Lincoln's. Cos. Oct., '28. (98.)
TIERNAN, JOHN L.
*Bump Off. P. T. Mar., '29. (4:336.)
TILDEN, FREEMAN.
Something That Goes Around. S. E. P. Aug. 11, '28. (8.)
TILLMAN, FRANCES.
*Petite Maudesse. Hol. Mar., '29. (20.)
TINEE, MAE.
Front Page Fanny. Ly. Mar. 23, '29. (30.)
Libel. Ly. Feb. 2, '29. (49.)
TIPTON, STANLEY.
Just a Little Careless. Col. May 25, '29. (33.)
Somebody's Manna. Col. May 11, '29. (30.)
TITUS, HAROLD.
Bell on Hag's Teeth. C. G. Feb., '29. (13.)
Boomerang. Col. Mar. 16, '29. (12.)
Faith in a Day. C. G. Nov., '28. (15.)
Neighbors. C. G. Apr., '29. (13.)
Running Free. C. G. Aug., '28. (15.)

TITZELL, JOSIAH.
**Guinea-Hen. Cen. Feb., '29. (117:496.)
TOKSVIG, SIGNE.
***Violet Crown. New S. Dec. 15, '28. (32:323.)
TOMLINSON, NED.
Genius Wins. Col. Dec. 22, '28. (25.)
TOMPKINS, JULIET WILBOR.
Alley Cat. Chic. Trib. Jul. 1, '28.
Modern Stuff. L. H. J. May, '29. (32.)
Young Lovers. G. H. Nov., '28. (56.)
TOOMER, JEAN.
***Mr. Costyve Duditch. Dial. Dec., '28. (85:460.)
TORGERSON, EDWIN DIAL.
Early Burden. McCall. Oct., '28. (26.)
Young Lady with a Temper. Harp. B. Sept., '28. (92.)
TORREY, GRACE.
Exit. L. H. J. Nov., '28. (14.)
Peter and Pan. McCall. Jan., '29. (22.)
TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON.
Much Adieu About Nothing. Harp. B. Apr., '29. (112.)
TRAIN, ARTHUR.
Mr. Tutt's Revenge. S. E. P. Sept. 1, '28. (8.)
Monsieur Donaque. (R.) Gol. Apr., '29. (92.)
Yaller Dog. S. E. P. Feb. 9, '29. (8.)
TRILLING, LIONEL.
***Note on a Departure. Men. J. May, '29. (16:421.)
TRIMBLE, LAURENCE.
*Invisible Birth-Mark. Cen. Mar., '29. (117:624.)
TULLY, JIM.
Advice to the Lovelorn. V. F. Oct., '28. (86.)
***Sapping Day. A. Merc. Apr., '29. (16:399.)
TURNBULL, AGNES SLIGH.
Best Things. Am. May, '29. (36.)
In the Garden. McCall. Apr., '29. (13.)
TURNER, GEORGE KIBBE.
Cop Trap. Chic. Trib. Apr. 28, '29.
TUTTLE, MARGARETTA.
Before I Wake. S. E. P. Feb. 9, '29. (20.)

U

UELAND, BRENDA.
Even Barons Must Live. Del. Nov., '28. (15.)
UPSON, WILLIAM HAZLETT.
Always Polite. S. E. P. Mar. 30, '29. (10.)
Big Business. S. E. P. Oct. 13, '28. (12.)
Big Endurance Test. S. E. P. Sept. 22, '28. (8.)
Gretchen. S. E. P. May 25, '29. (5.)
Old Home Town. S. E. P. Mar. 9, '29. (10.)
Rest and Recreation. S. E. P. Feb. 23, '29. (8.)
Sandy Inlet. S. E. P. Dec. 15, '28. (10.)
Secondhand Stuff. S. E. P. Sept. 8, '28. (8.)

V

VAN DE WATER, FREDERIC.
Dawn. McCall. Nov., '28. (13.)
VAN DYKE, CATHERINE.
*Letter from Pontius Pilate's Wife. Pict. R. Apr., '29. (9.)
VAN SLYKE, LUCILLE.
Dowry. McCall. Aug., '28. (13.)
VANCE, JOHN FRAZIER.
**Beans for Two. Harp. M. Feb., '29. (158:352.)
***Business Trip. Harp. M. Jan., '29. (158:133.)
**Return. Harp. M. Apr., '29. (158:625.)
VANDERCOOK, JOHN W.
***No-Good Coaster. Harp. M. May, '29. (158:740.)
VEGTEL, MADDY.
*Charming Wife. V. F. Dec., '28. (91.)
Dear Fellow. V. F. Jan., '29. (56.)
**Nine O'Clock in the Morning. V. F. Apr., '29. (92.)
VOGEL, JOSEPH.
Milk Pitcher. Blues. Mar., '29. (1:33.)
VONTVER, MAY.
*Kiskis. Frontier. Mar., '29. (9:220.)
**Silence. Frontier. May, '29. (9:295.)
VORSE, MARY HEATON.
*Hole in the Wall. Chil. Jan., '29. (14.)

W

WAGNER, ROB.
Tame Story. S. E. P. Jul. 21, '28. (10.)

WALDO, SIDNEY.
Trapped. Col. Oct. 6, '28. (18.)

WALDRON, MARION, *and* WEBB.
Cousin Captain. Del. Mar., '29. (20.)

WALKER, EWING.
Silks of Oakmead. Red Bk. Dec., '28. (78.)

WALLACE, FRANCIS.
Alma Mayter. Red Bk. Sept., '28. (76.)
Fortunes of War. Ly. Jul. 7, '28. (23.)

WALSH, W. E.
Noblesse Oblige! Cath. W. Sept., '28. (127:703.)

WARD, LEO L.
**After Cornhusking. Mid. May–Jun., '29. (15:133.)
*Black-Purple in the Corn. Mid. Jul.–Aug., '28. (16:207.)
***Possession. Mid. Nov.–Dec., '28. (14:283.)

WARD, MILLARD.
*Chief Engineer's Door. S. E. P. Sept. 15, '28. (34.)
Clipper-Bow. S. E. P. Dec. 29, '28. (16.)
*Nine Winter, Three Fog. Ev. Mar., '29. (73.)

WARDE, SHIRLEY.
Girl Who Played Fair. Cos. Feb., '29. (86.)
Kiss Me Again! Cos. Jan., '29. (72.)
Limousine at the Door. Cos. Nov., '28. (92.)

WARE, EDMUND.
On the Road to Jericho's. Am. Jan., '29. (34.)
*Sleepy Jack's Last Deal. Sh. St. Aug. 10, '28. (68.)
***Stronger Voice. Am. Oct., '28. (14.)

WARREN, LELLA.
Little Girl Next Door. G. H. (N. Y.) Oct., '28. (46.)

WARREN, MAUDE RADFORD.
*Sea King's Luck. Col. Apr. 20, '29. (13.)

WATKINS, MARY F.
Background for Cleo. S. E. P. Jan. 26, '29. (16.)
Guest Performance. S. E. P. Feb. 16, '29. (16.)
Sapphic Ode. S. E. P. Apr. 20, '29. (16.)
Secondary Rôle. S. E. P. Apr. 6, '29. (18.)

WATKINS, MAURINE.
*Change. Cos. Sept., '28. (56.)
***Common Sense. Cos. Jan., '29. (42.)
***Doors. Cos. Jul., '28. (42.)
Luncheon for Two. Cos. Dec., '28. (88.)

WATKINS, RICHARD HOWELLS.
Crash or Credit. S. E. P. Feb. 16, '29. (37.)

WEAVER, JOHN V. A., *and* WOOD, PEGGY.
*Farsighted Cat. L. H. J. Sept., '28. (28.)

WEBER, WILLIAM C.
***Good Husband Remembers. Scr. Mar., '29. (85:333.)

WEEKS, RAYMOND.
*Two Hands. Mid. Sept.–Oct., '28. (14:258.)

WEIMAN, RITA.
Poor Sport. Cos. Apr., '29. (48.)
Voltage. Ly. May 4, '29. (60.)

WELLES, HARRIET.
*Chinese Night. Scr. Feb., '29. (85:208.)
*Her Majesty Commands. W. H. C. Nov., '28. (22.)

WERTENBAKER, CHARLES.
Sleepy-Eye. S. E. P. Sept. 8, '28. (20.)
Twelfth Gentleman. S. E. P. Dec. 15, '28. (37.)
Will You Walk a Little Faster? S. E. P. Oct. 20, '28. (16.)

WESCOTT, GLENWAY.
***Guilty Woman. Cen. Aug., '28. (116:467.)

WEST, DOROTHY.
***Prologue to a Life. S. E. Q., 1929. (5.)

WESTON, GEORGE.
Clock That Laughed. Col. May 25, '29. (5.)
Fare Enough! Col. Nov. 3, '28. (5.)
Juliet Was a Lady. Col. Sept. 29, '28. (5.)
Little Stowaway. L. H. J. Aug., '28. (10.)
Romance for Rent. S. E. P. Aug. 18, '28. (12.)
Spider and the Fly. S. E. P. Jul. 7, '28. (14.)

WHARTON, EDITH.
***Dieu d'Amour. L. H. J. Oct., '28. (6.)
WHITE, ARED.
Last Reserve. Col. Feb. 9, '29. (14.)
WHITE, NELIA GARDNER.
***Aunt Maria. Mid. May–Jun., '29. (15:97.)
Swooping Hawk and Weeping Willow. Am. Jul., '28. (27.)
**Wish. Mid. Sept.–Oct., '28. (14:241.)
WHITE, STEWART EDWARD.
Morale Artist. S. E. P. Oct. 20, '28. (30.)
WHITMAN, STEPHEN FRENCH.
**Last Room of All. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '29. (9:78.)
WILDE, PERCIVAL.
Mountain of Millions. McCall. Apr., '29. (20.)
Witness. Col. Aug. 11, '28. (16.)
WILEY, HUGH.
Bad Actors. S. E. P. Jan. 19, '29. (126.)
Black Sand. S. E. P. Mar. 30, '29. (44.)
Flight of Fancy. S. E. P. Nov. 10, '28. (43.)
Good Friend. S. E. P. Jan. 5, '29. (60.)
Rode Bird. S. E. P. May 25, '29. (53.) [(46.)
Seesaw. S. E. P. Mar. 2, '29.
WILLIAMS, BEN AMES.
Catchwords. S. E. P. Sept. 1, '28. (10.)
Cinderella by Request. S. E. P. Apr. 13, '29. (10.)
Eavesdrop. S. E. P. Apr. 27, '29. (140.)
*Luck Cat. C. G. May, '29. (6.)
*Matter of Business. S. E. P. May 18, '29. (14.)
Merrymeeting. S. E. P. Jan. 12, '29. (28.)
*Mystery of the Swaggering Man. Red Bk. Feb., '29. (40.)
*Perennial. S. E. P. Dec. 8, '28. (14.)
*Rich Man's City. S. E. P. Sept. 29, '28. (20.)
Tell It Not in Gath. S. E. P. May 25, '29. (14.)
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS.
***Venus. Dial. Jul., '28. (85:21.)
WILLSON, DIXIE.
From Here to Heaven. Del. Nov., '28. (12.)
Meet the Duchess. Ly. Aug. 4, '28. (7.)
Two I Love. Am. Nov., '28. (30.)
WILSON, FORREST.
**Domestic Discretions of M. Petitpas. Cos. Jul., '28. (47.)
**Eloquence of Papa Trentelivres. Cos. Dec., '28. (66.)
***Widow's Weeds. Cos. Feb., '29. (47.)
WILSON, MARY BADGER.
Jane Loses Her Umbrella. Am. May, '29. (61.)
WILSON, P. W.
Case of Speeding. N. A. Rev. May, '29. (227:581.)
WIMBERLY, LOWRY C.
***Tall and Straight. Pr. S. Winter, '29. (3:17.)
WIMBERLY, MERRITT.
*Preacher's Wife. A. Merc. Sept., '28. (15:24.)
WINCHESTER, ROBERT.
Bullets Are Obeyed. Red Bk. Nov., '28. (64.)
If You Didn't Love. Red Bk. Oct., '28. (42.)
When I Marry. Red Bk. Jan., '29. (68.)
"You Talk to Her!" Red Bk. Mar., '29. (74.)
WINSLOW, HORATIO.
Antic Oats. S. E. P. Jan. 12, '29. (16.)
Call of the Pack. S. E. P. Mar. 30, '29. (16.)
Harmony. S. E. P. Feb. 2, '29. (16.)
Pie for the Champ. S. E. P. Jul. 7, '28. (8.)
Right Is Right. S. E. P. Apr. 6, '29. (46.)
Roll Your Own. S. E. P. May 4, '29. (34.)
Sugar Baby; Full Particulars. S. E. P. Feb. 16, '29. (12.)
WINSLOW, THYRA SAMTER.
**My Daughter in the City. Book. (N. Y.) Nov., '28. (68:290.)
WINSMORE, ROBERT.
Concerning Mooney. S. E. P. Oct. 6, '28. (24.)
WISTER, OWEN.
**Philosophy 4. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '28. (8:525.)
***Spit-Cat Creek. (*R.*) Gol. May, '29. (95.)
WITWER, H. C.
Consider the Lily. Col. May 11, '29. (10.)

WITWER, H. C. (*Cont.*)
Divine Right of Jack King. Col. Sept. 22, '28. (14.)
King High. Col. Jan. 26, '29. (10.)
Long Live the Queenie! Col. Feb. 9, '29. (24.)
Sap's Fable. Col. Mar. 30, '29. (5.)
Sea Gullibles. Col. Aug. 25, '28. (14.)
Snaring of the Green. Col. Apr. 20, '29. (5.)
Tale of Hoffmann. Col. Feb. 23, '29. (10.)
Wife of Riley. Col. Aug. 4, '28 (17.)

WOLFF, WILLIAM ALMON.
Blow for Freedom. Col. Jul. 28, '28. (14.)
"I Got to Love One Man Till I Die." Ly. Feb. 2, '29. (28.)
Keep Your Eye on the Ball. Col. Nov. 24, '28. (10.)
Night Club. Col. Aug. 11, '28. (12.)

WOOD, FRANCES GILCHRIST.
Butterfly Dust. Del. Jan., '29. (35.)

WOOD, PEGGY. *See* WEAVER, JOHN V. A., *and* WOOD, PEGGY.

WORTS, GEORGE F.
Butter-Side Up. Col. Aug. 4, '28. (10.)
Class. Col. Nov. 10, '28. (20.)
Date With a Lady. S. E. P. Nov. 10, '28. (12.) [(34.)
Hammer. Col. Sept. 8, '28.
Hooked Rugs. Col. Aug. 25, '28. (11.)

WRIGHT, ROSCOE.
Washwoman. S. E. Q., 1929. (56.)

WRIGHT, WILLARD HUNTINGTON.
*Atonement. Chic. Trib. Mar. 10, '29.

Y

YOST, EDNA.
Orions. Cen. Aug., '28. (116:500.)
Soft for the Goose. Cen. Jan., '29. (117:275.)

YOUNG, JAMES N.
Wrong House. Col. May 4, '29. (30.)

YOUNG, STARK.
**Beatus Rex. Scr. Aug., '28. (84:216.)

YOUNG, URSULA.
*"Mannheim." Ave. Sept. 29, '28. (28:396.)

II. CANADIAN AUTHORS

A

ATLEE, BENGE.
Broken Circle. C. H. J. Feb., '29. (3.)
Naught Broken Save This Body. MacL. Nov. 15, '28. (6.)
Tea for Two. MacL. Aug. 1, '28. (15.)
Who Is Blackened? MacL. Mar. 1, '29. (6.)

B

BARNARD, LESLIE GORDON.
Camberley's Bride. C. H. J. Apr., '29. (16.)
*Dunswick Benefit. MacL. Aug. 1, '28. (23.)
***Killing Web. Det. Nov. 24, '28. (121.)
***Marching Feet. For. Nov., '28. (80:647.)
**Mudge Lake. Can. Mar., '29. (11.)
*Passion Flower. Can. Oct., '28. (8.)
*Thief of Time. Det. Oct. 6, '28. (127.)
*Where No Ships Pass. C. H. J. Oct., '28. (3.) Nov., '28. (13.)

BARNARD, MARGARET ELLIOTT.
In the Gate. C. H. J. May, '29. (3.)
Safe Side of Twenty. MacL. May 15, '29. (12.)

BEAMES, JOHN.
Milly Gets Married. Can. Sept., '28. (16.)

BEDARD, HELENE.
**Path of Freedom. MacL. Nov. 1, '28. (6.)

BIRD, WILL R.
Labrador Luck. MacL. Nov. 1, '28. (13.)
*Luck of the Irish. Tor. Jan. 26, '29. (6.)
*Private Elemental. MacL. May 1, '29. (12.)
*Red-Headed Courage. Tor. May 18, '29.

BOWMAN, LOUISE MOREY.
Bitter Berry. C. Merc. Jan., '29. (1:29.)
***Spinet. Mod. P. Mar., '29. (1.)
BREACH, R. E.
Cat's Pyjamas. MacL. Aug. 15, '28. (14.)
Far Away Fields Look Green. Chat. Apr., '28. (22.)
Local and Personal. MacL. Jan. 1, '29. (12.)
Richvale Dramatic Society Presents. MacL. May 15, '29. (16.) [(6.)
*Timid Woman. Chat. May, '29.
BURTON, JEAN.
*Chinese Accent. C. For. Jul., '28. (8:715.)
Holy Night. C. Merc. Dec., '28. (1:4.)
**Lena. C. Merc. Mar., '29. (1:83.)

C

CALLAGHAN, MORLEY.
***Predicament. Scr. Jul., '28. (84:43.)
***Regret for Youth. Scr. Jul., '28. (84:37.)
***Soldier Harmon. Scr. Aug., '28. (84:161.)
***Wedding Dress. (*R.*) C. Nat. Mar.–Apr., '29. (12.)
CARLETON, S.
*Clasp of Rank. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '29. (46.)
Tall Man. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '28. (8:450.)
*Woman of the Crows. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '28. (8:736.)
CARRUTHERS, HECTOR.
Matter of Nautical Pride. Can. Nov., '28. (6.)
CHISHOLM, A. M.
Tim of Bush Valley. (*R.*) Can. Dec., '29. (22.)
CHUTE, ARTHUR HUNT.
Bluenose Bucko. Can. Apr., '29. (6.)
CLARKE, NORMAN MELVILLE.
She Lika de Jazz. MacL. Oct. 15, '28. (12.)
CODY, H. A.
Lost Good. C. H. J. Oct., '28. (10.)
COLMAN, MARY ELIZABETH.
*Dower Farm. Chat. Feb., '29. (10.)
CRUICKSHANK, HAROLD F.
Crushing Horde. MacL. Oct. 15, '28. (6.)
CUNNINGHAM, LOUIS ARTHUR.
*Bride's House. Can. May, '29. (14.)
Captain of New France. C. H. J. Nov., '28. (10.)
*Finn. MacL. Nov. 15, '28. (20.)
*Landsman. Can. Feb., '29. (16.)
Love My Dog. MacL. Dec. 15, '28. (10.)
Militant Maggot. MacL. Apr. 15, '29. (14.)
**Torrens. MacL. Jul. 1, '28. (6.)

D

DE LA ROCHE, MAZO.
*Mrs. Meade Savors Life. Rom. Nov., '28. (32.)
DRUMMOND, MAY HARVEY.
*Flowers of Sacrifice. Cath. W. Oct., '28. (128:62.)

E

ELIOT, GILBERT.
Bluff. MacL. Jul. 15, '28. (3.)
ELTHAM, DEAN.
Geraniums. MacL. Mar. 15, '29. (6.)
ENGLAND, GORDON PHILIP.
Absolution of Le Bon Dieu. Can. Feb., '29. (20.)
EPPES, DOUGLAS.
When Dreams Come True. MacL. Aug. 1, '28. (8.)
EVANS, HUBERT.
Gurl's Garters. MacL. Feb. 15, '29. (14.)
Ruff of Spruce Knoll. MacL. Oct. 1, '28. (18.)
Tyee the Valiant. MacL. Sept. 15, '28. (13.)
Vandal. MacL. Apr. 1, '29. (18.)
EVERSON, RONALD.
Actual Santa. Can. Dec., '28. (16.)
Battle of the Other Room. Can. May, '29. (26.)
Last Joust. Can. Oct., '28. (5.)
Little Brown Woman. Can. Jan., '29. (16.)
*Shining Watch. Chat. Mar., '29. (7.)

F

FARMER, BERNARD J.
Down Three Steps. MacL. Oct. 15, '28. (10.)

FARMER, BERNARD J. (*Cont.*)
*Glass Houses. Tor. Jan. 26, '29. (4.)
Romeo of the Rails. Can. Jul., '28. (20.)
FORSYTH, R. B.
*Silver Heels. Tor. Mar. 2, '29. (2.)

G

GOTTO, ELIZABETH.
Pink Car. MacL. Aug. 1, '28. (13.)
GRAY, BERYL.
*Nomads of the Sea. C. H. J. Apr., '29. (6.)
GRIGG, EMILY ELIZABETH.
Penance. MacL. Jul. 15, '28. (21.)

H

HALE, KATHERINE.
Other People's Shoes. Can. Dec., '28. (11.)
HANLON, JOHN.
Boston. MacL. Oct. 1, '28. (10.)
Elephant. Chat. Sept., '28. (5.)
Pansy and Peter. Can. May, '29. (20.)
*Prodigal's Gift. Chat. Jan., '29. (10.)
HARRIS, FRANK MANN.
Big Hick. MacL. Mar. 1, '29. (10.)
HEMING, ARTHUR.
Buffalo Spirit. (*R.*) Can. Oct., '28. (22.)
HEWELCKE, GEOFFREY.
By Especial Correspondent. MacL. Dec. 1, '28. (21.)
Let the Cop Beware. MacL. Mar. 15, '29. (20.)
HINDS, JEAN L.
Lib'ry Lady. Chat. Apr., '28. (19.)
"To One I Love." Chat. Feb., '29. (3.)
HOLWAY, RUTH.
Dig Up the Hatchet. C. H. J. Sept., '28. (12.)
My Sainted Aunt! Chat. Nov., '28. (10.)
Off-Side. Chat. Mar., '29. (20.)
HUBLEY, RUTH.
Flat Error. MacL. Sept. 1, '28. (10.)

I

INGERSOLL, WILL E.
***Centenarian. (*R.*) Can. Nov., '28. (20.)
**Nostalgia of Goliath. MacL. Apr. 1, '29. (6.)
INNIS, MARY QUAYLE.
*Guide to the Sea. C. For. Jan., '29. (9:126.) [(8:752.)
*Trader. C. For. Jul., '28.
INSKIPP, MAURICE.
*Vanderdassen. MacL. May 1, '29. (9.)

J

JACOB, FRED.
Centenarian. MacL. May 1, '29. (14.)
*Ghost of a Lonely Dog. MacL. Mar. 15, '29. (14.)
*Man Who Named Petersville. MacL. Feb. 1, '29. (6.)

K

KENNEDY, LEO.
*Preoccupation of a Puppet. C. Merc. Dec., '28. (1:13.)
KENNEDY, RODERICK STUART.
*Mr. Campbell Sleeps. Colum. Jan., '29. (12.) Also in Can. Feb., '29. (8.) Under title, "Ravell'd Sleave."
Mr. Stegger Takes a Rest. MacL. Jan. 1, '29. (22.)
KILLINGWORTH, A. WARREN.
Winking Satyr. MacL. Oct. 15, '28. (16.)
KIRBY, OLIVE BURNS.
Cerise Pyjamas. C. H. J. Aug., '28. (8.)
KIRK, LAWRENCE.
Acquittal. Can. Jul., '28. (27.)
KNIGHT, VIRGINIA COYNE.
For Auld Lang Syne. Chat. Mar., '28. (10.)
Jane Stands By. Chat. Jan., '29. (20.)
Politeness Pays. C. H. J. Oct., '28. (6.)
KNISTER, RAYMOND.
**Loading. (*R.*) Can. Jul., '28. (24.)
Try and Reform the Women. Chat. Aug., '28. (10.)
KUHRING, M. S.
*Silk Extra. Can. Apr., '29. (14.)

L

L'AMI, C. E.
Peter the Commonplace. Can. Oct., '28. (12.)
LAMBERT, MARY.
Good Provider. C. H. J. May, '29. (10.)

LAURISTON, VICTOR.
Devil Guards His Own. MacL. Dec. 1, '28. (23.)
Gamblers. MacL. Feb. 15, '29. (10.)
LE ROSSIGNOL, J. E.
**Chasse-Galerie. C. H. J. Apr., '29. (3.)
**Loup-Garou. Pr. S. Summer, '28. (2:151.)
*Petite Rivière. O. A. Nov., '28. (14.)
**Vaurien. Pr. S. Spring, '29. (3:88.)
LINTON, AIMEE D.
One Hundred Thousand Dollars for Amber Beads. C. H. J. Mar., '29. (16.)
LITTLEJOHN, JOSEPHINE KEIZER.
Blackbirds. Chat. Jul., '28. (4.)
LIVESAY, DOROTHY.
*Heat. C. Merc. Jan., '29. (1:36.)
LLOYD, C. F.
*Call. C. For. Sept., '28. (8:780.)
LOOMIS, J. PAUL.
Coyote Joe. MacL. Nov. 15, '28. (10.)
*Kinterdyne's Vow. MacL. Jul. 1, '28. (12.)
Salvation of Slats. MacL. Mar. 15, '29. (10.)
LUCE, PHILLIP WINTER.
*Sauce. MacL. Nov. 1, '28. (17.)

M

MACBETH, MADGE.
Off Duty. Can. Feb., '29. (5.)
Sprained Ankles. Chat. Jun., '28. (10.)
MACCALLUM, RUSSELL.
*Aunt May Cinnamon. C. Merc. Apr.–May, '29. (1:104.)
MCDOUGALL, JOSEPH EASTON.
Double Room. C. Merc. Feb., '29. (1:63.)
MACFARLANE, LESLIE.
*Breed of Pioneers. MacL. Apr. 15, '29. (8.)
*Uncle Absalom's Friend Fred. Tor. Apr. 13, '29. (2.)
Wrong Wrist. MacL. Sept. 1, '28. (6.)
MCINNES, EDGAR.
Fixing It for Sally. MacL. Feb. 1, '29. (14.)
MACKAY, ISABEL ECCLESTONE.
Conversation in a Club. MacL. Oct. 1, '28. (12.)
Last Cache. C. H. J. Mar., '29. (3.)
MCKISHNIE, ARCHIE P.
Kindred. MacL. May 1, '29. (20.)
Tiger Fish of the Water Jungle. C. H. J. Nov., '28. (18.)
MCPHEE, DOUGLAS.
*Old Man Upstairs. C. Merc. Apr.–May, '29. (1:112.)
MASON, JOHN E.
Conquest. C. H. J. Jan., '29. (16.)
MIDDLETON, J. E.
*Hey, Nonino. MacL. Nov. 15, '28. (23.)
Matrimony If Suited. Can. Apr., '29. (10.)
MONTGOMERY, L. M.
Dinner of Herbs. Chat. Oct., '28. (10.)
"It." Chat. Apr., '29. (21.)
Punishment of Billy. C. H. J. Feb., '29. (16.)
MORRISON, JANE.
Yellow. MacL. Jan. 1, '29. (19.)
MUIR, NORMA PHILLIPS.
House of Heritage. C. H. J. Jan., '29. (10.)
Mists of Armageddon. Chat. Apr., '28. (10.)
MURRAY, W. W.
Lordly Vagabond. MacL. Nov. 15, '28. (14.)
MURTHA, THOMAS.
***Little Jew Card-Player. Mid. Nov.–Dec., '28. (14:307.)
***Story from a Mill-Yard. Mid. Mar.–Apr., '29. (15:59.)

N

NORWOOD, GILBERT.
Covering His Traces. C. For. Sept., '28. (8:785.)

O

O'HIGGINS, HARVEY.
Fogull Murder. W. H. C. Aug., '28. (7.)
Gold Frames. W. H. C. Oct., '28. (11.)
Love Charm. W. H. C. Mar., '29. (22.)
***Murder at Moosetail. Harp. M. Jul., '28. (157:175.)
***Owen Carey. (*R.*) Gol. May, '29. (59.)
"ONYMOUS, ANNE."
Witchery of an Unusual Experiment. C. H. J. May, '29. (27.)

P

PARKER, SIR GILBERT.
*Scarlet Hunter. (*R.*) Can. Aug., '28. (14.)

"PAUL, L."
***Texts. (*R.*) Can. Apr., '29. (18.)

PEARSON, GEORGE.
Friends of Blacks. MacL. Aug. 15, '28. (10.)

PRIOR, HUGH.
Lao Tai Dragon. MacL. Jan. 15, '29. (10.)

R

RAINE, NORMAN REILLY.
Deep Water Mate. MacL. Oct. 1, '28. (6.)
Home for Christmas. C. H. J. Dec., '28. (4.)
Simple Man. Ly. Jul. 28, '28. (30.)
Valor-Ruined Man. MacL. Apr. 15, '29. (22.)

RAVER, IRMA CLOW.
You're You! Chat. Aug., '28. (4.)

REDPATH, BEATRICE.
Galleons of Spain. Chat. Mar., '28. (20.)
God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen. C. H. J. Dec., '28. (17.)
Happy Go Lucky. Can. Mar., '29. (16.)
Lagging Feet. Can. Nov., '28. (14.)
Marry Me, Please. MacL. Jul. 1, '28. (8.)
Russian Violets. Can. Jul., '28. (16.)
Silver Feet. MacL. Jan. 15. '29. (14.)
Six Scarlet Umbrellas. MacL. Jul. 15, '28. (8.) [(3.)
So Easy. C. H. J. Aug., '28.

REDPATH, WILLIAM.
*Hard Shelled. Can. Jan., '29. (12.)
Lena Travers. Can. May, '29. (7.)

REDPATH, WILLIAM, *and* BEATRICE.
Day with Banners. MacL. Mar. 1, '29. (14.)

ROBERTS, LESLIE.
Tides of Hymen. MacL. Feb. 15, '29. (6.)
Uncommon Honesty. Can. Mar., '29. (5.)

ROBERTS, LLOYD.
Go in the Wilderness. MacL. Sept. 15, '28. (14.)
Wolf Love. C. H. J. Jul., '28. (3.)

ROBERTSON, E. ARNOT.
Sea Change. MacL. Nov. 1, '28. (10.)

ROBINS, J. D.
*David, Son of Thalia. C. For. Dec., '28. (9:88.)

ROSS, HERBERT.
For This My Son. Can. Nov., '28. (10.)

ROSS, S. H.
*Sign of the Cross. MacL. Aug. 15, '28. (18.)

ROUSE, WILLIAM MERRIAM.
Enemy. MacL. Feb. 1, '29. (10.)
Storm. MacL. May 15, '29. (21.)

RUDGE, THELMA.
Brummagem Love. MacL. Dec. 1, '28. (6.)

RUTLEDGE, JOSEPH LISTER.
Romantic Forties. MacL. Sept. 15, '28. (8.)

S

SCOTT, E. M.
Affair of Monsieur Petitpas. Can. Jan., '29. (7.)
*Littlest Sister. Can. Aug., '28. (8.)

SHANNON, MARY.
Lady of Winchford. Can. Mar., '29. (6.)
*Leader of the Twilight Band. (*R.*) Can. Jan., '29. (20.)
*Ruth and Naomi. Chat. Oct., '28. (20.)

SHAW, CHARLES LUGRIN.
Good of the Road. Can. Sept., '28. (8.)
Story They'll Believe. Can. Oct., '28. (16.)

SLOMAN, FRED.
Man's Country. MacL. Jul. 1, '28. (15.)

STEAD, ROBERT.
Fed Up. C. H. J. Jul., '28. (12.)
Holy Night. C. H. J. Dec., '28. (10.)

STEEL, PAUL.
This Is Power. Can. Dec., '28. (14.)

STEVENS, G. R.
*Gift of a Lady. MacL. Dec. 15, '28. (3.)
Parts Pigs Play. MacL. Feb. 15, '29. (3.)

STEVENSON, LIONEL.
Second Sight First. Chat. Mar., '29. (10.)
STOVEL, W. D.
Say, I Coulda Wept. MacL. Jan. 15, '29. (18.)
STRUAN, BEV.
Bonnie Twilight. Can. Dec., '28. (5.)
**Enduring Things. Can. Aug., '28. (5.)
Set Free. Can. Apr., '29. (3.)
STUART, MABEL L.
Guest With a Past. C. H. J. Dec., '28. (14.)
SULLIVAN, ALAN.
*What She Never Told. Pict. R. Dec., '28. (17.)

T

TAYLOR, FRANCIS BEATRICE.
All on a Christmas Morning. Chat. Dec., '28. (6.)
Rose Is Red. Can. Feb., '29. (12.)
*Ships. Can. Dec., '28. (7.)
TENCH, C. V.
Constable Keron Obeys Orders. Can. Aug., '28. (24.)
THOMAS, LILIAN BEYNON.
Lights in the Window. MacL. Dec. 1, '28. (16.)
Rubber Heels. MacL. Aug. 1, '28. (10.)
THOMAS, MARTHA BANNING.
Red Sport Cabriolet. MacL. May 1, '29. (6.)
THOMPSON, C.
Carrina. Chat. Nov., '28. (5.)
THOMPSON, DORA OLIVE.
Prize Winner. C. H. J. May, '29. (20.)
THORNTON, MARIAN.
Wind on Spirit Mountain. MacL. Oct. 1, '28. (14.)
TRIMBLE, ALBERTA C.
*Foreground. MacL. Mar. 1, '29. (3.)
Outposts of Faith. MacL. May 15, '29. (8.)
Wistaria. Apr. 15, '29. (12.)
TUCKWELL, RONALD W.
Trimmed by House of Ham. MacL. Sept. 1, '28. (14.)

W

WATES, CYRIL G.
Pass to Paradise. Can. Aug., '28. (17.)
WATSON, MURIEL F.
Cotton Stockings. Chat. May, '28. (21.)
WATSON, ROBERT.
Jim Dragg's Gethsemane. C. H. J. Sept., '28. (3.)
WATT, FREDERICK B.
Friday Night. MacL. Feb. 1, '29. (19.)
Good Risk. Can. Jan., '29. (10.)
Honest Hypocrite. Can. Mar., '29. (21.)
If Age But Knew. Can. May, '29. (10.)
O'Higgins' Bier. Can. Jul., '28. (7.)
Sword of Fury. MacL. Sept. 1, '28. (18.)
*Two Men and a Boy. Can. Sept., '28. (12.)
WEISBROD, IVAN M.
Silk on Time. MacL. Jul. 15, '29. (12.)
WHITMAN, WILLIAM.
Feet and Inches. Chat. Apr., '29. (12.)
WILLIAMS, FRANCES FENWICK.
Dreams in Flower. Chat. Sept., '28. (20.)
Dumbelle. Can. Nov., '28. (18.)
Love and the Cat. Chat. Mar., '28. (19.)
WILSON, ANNE ELIZABETH.
Lost Reindeer. MacL. Dec. 15, '28. (20.)

Y

YOUNG, FRANK.
"C'est la Guerre, Cheval." Can. Jul., '28. (12.)

III. BRITISH AND IRISH AUTHORS

A

"ARLEN, MICHAEL."
Amiable Young Lady. Cos. May, '29. (62.)
***Broken Nose. (*R.*) Gol. May, '29. (29.)
*First Love. Ly. Apr. 20, '29. (13.)
AUMONIER, STACY.
***Miss Bracegirdle Does Her Duty. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '29. (59.)

AUSTIN, F. BRITTEN.
*At Trafalgar. S. E. P. Sept. 8, '28. (26.)
*"Blow the Man Down!" S. E. P. Sept. 15, '28. (50.)
*Buddha Walks. S. E. P. Feb. 9, '29. (18.)
*Charlemagne Reviews His Road. S. E. P. May 18, '29. (20.)
*Glory That Was Greece. S. E. P. Mar. 9, '29. (28.)
*Isis of the Stone Age. S. E. P. Dec. 8, '28. (10.)
*King in Babylon. S. E. P. Jan. 5, '29. (22.)
*Mynheer Goes East. S. E. P. Jul. 28, '28. (12.)
*New Era Begins. S. E. P. Oct. 13, '28. (39.)
*Rome Falls. S. E. P. May 4, '29. (28.)
*Through the Eyes of Columbus. S. E. P. Jul. 14, '28. (20.)

AYRES, RUBY M.
Man from the Mines. McCall. Mar., '29. (22.)

B

BAILEY, H. C.
German Song. Del. Mar., '29. (17.)
Little Milliner. Del. May, '29. (11.)
Picnic. Del. Feb., '29. (8.)

BAILY, F. E.
Your Sons and Your Daughters Shall Prophesy. Chic. Trib. Dec. 9, '28.

BATTEN, H. MORTIMER.
Fleet-Winged Messenger. C. H. J. Mar., '29. (6.)

BEERBOHM, MAX.
***Happy Hypocrite. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '28. (8:809.)

BENNETT, ARNOLD.
***Mary With the High Hand. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '29. (71.)
*Seven Policemen. Col. Aug. 25, '28. (5.)
*Under the Hammer. Chic. Trib. Oct. 28, '28.

BENSON, STELLA.
***Man Who Missed the 'Bus. Harp. M. Mar., '29. (158:490.)

BERESFORD, J. D.
Air of Paris. Pict. R. Jul., '28. (20.)
*Love Is Blind. Mun. Feb., '29. (96:84.)
*Ways of Escape. Elks. Feb., '29. (6.)

BINGLEY, BARBARA.
**It Was Written in the Sand. Cos. Nov., '28. (56.)

"BIRMINGHAM, GEORGE A."
***Raid. For. Sept., '28. (80:333.)

BLACK, DOROTHY.
Admiral's Ice-Box. L. H. J. Jul., '28. (12.)
Desert's Dusty Face. S. E. P. Jul. 21, '28. (20.)
His Wonders to Perform. S. E. P. Mar. 9, '29. (5.)
In the House of Wa Lee. S. E. P. Oct. 6, '28. (8.)
In the House of Wa Lee. S. E. P. Oct. 20, '28. (24.)
In the House of Wa Lee—Mad Dog. S. E. P. Oct. 13, '28. (26.)
In the House of Wa Lee—Vital Das, Failed B. A. S. E. P. Oct. 27, '28. (18.)
Little They Knew. Pict. R. May, '29. (24.)
Lo, All Our Pomp. MacL. Aug. 1, '28. (19.)
Love Never Faileth. Chat. Dec., '28. (10.)
No Caste. Ly. Sept. 1, '28. (29.)
She Liked Tall Men. Del. Mar., '29. (13.)
Some Bright Young People. L. H. J. Dec., '28. (6.)
Story of Captain Thistle. L. H. J. Nov., '28. (6.)
Way of Peace. Ly. Jan. 12, '29. (67.)

BLACKWOOD, ALGERNON.
***Wings of Horus. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '28. (8:725.)

BOTTOME, PHYLLIS.
*Miracle. Hol. Oct., '28. (8.)
*Relief Party. Harp. B. Aug., '28. (51.)

C

"CAILLOUX, POUSSE."
*Silver Hand of Alexander. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '28. (8:310.)

CALLAGHAN, STELLA.
Furnished Room. Ly. May 18, '29. (28.)

CAMPBELL, REGINALD.
*Justice of Suan Hli. Cen. Jan., '29. (117:356.)
Private Account Book. MacL. Jan. 1, '29. (8.)

COLLINS, WILKIE.
***Terribly Strange Bed. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '29. (78.)

COLUM, MARY M.
**House of Her Fathers. Scr. Mar., '29. (85:315.)
CONRAD, JOSEPH.
***Youth. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '28. (8:652.)

D

DAWSON, CONINGSBY.
Christmas Legend of Hamelin Town. G. H. (N. Y.) Dec., '28. (48.)
Dreams for Sale. Red Bk. Oct., '28. (76.)
Gone Native. Red Bk. Sept., '28. (42.)
***Life Everlasting. Del. May, '29. (8.)
Unknown Soldier. Del. Nov., '28. (11.)
Very Modern Marriage. Red Bk. Jul., '28. (62.)
When Father Christmas Was Late. Del. Dec., '28. (10.)
DE LA MARE, WALTER.
***Mr. Kempe. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '28. (8:437.)
DEARDEN, HAROLD.
*Confessor of Women. Cos. Jul., '28. (50.)
Miracle of Mayfair. Cos. Aug., '28. (60.)
***Strange Case of Mrs. Arkwright. Cos. Sept., '28. (86.)
DEEPING, WARWICK.
*Paternity. For. Aug., '28. (80:204.)
Red Van. Col. Apr. 13, '29. (17.)
DEVEREUX, ROY.
What Is White? Cos. Feb., '29. (66.)
DICKENS, CHARLES.
***Signal-Man. (*R.*) Gol. May, '29. (35.)
DINGLE, A. E.
*Cargoes. Adv. May 1, '29. (29.)
*Coolie. Sh. St. Dec. 25, '28, (96.)
Shipmates. Am. Aug., '28. (59.)
**Storm. Rom. Nov., '28. (43.)
*Tin Eve. Tor. Feb. 9, '29. (9.)
DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN.
*Man Who Would Wreck the World. Cos. Feb., '29. (36.)
DUFFY, P. J. O'CONOR.
*Music in the Glen. Cath. W. Mar., '29. (128:690.)

E

EDGINTON, MAY.
*Father. Harp. B. Apr., '29. (108.)
ERSKINE, JOHN STEUART.
***Witch. Mun. May, '29. (96:667.)
ERTZ, SUSAN.
*Girl Who Tried Everything. Harp. M. Dec., '28. (158:57.)
*Prisoner. V. F. Dec., '28. (64.)
EUSTACE, C. J.
Lavender for Old Loves. Chat. May, '28. (13.)
***Obsession. C. For. Oct., '28. (9:12.)
*Sweetened Stone. C. Merc. Feb., '29. (1:55.)

F

FARNOL, JEFFERY.
Cat Luck. Col. Jan. 12, '29. (12.)
*Footprints. Col. May 11, '29. (14.)
*Upon a Day. House. Jan., '29. (5.)
FLETCHER, GUY.
Shipwrecked Mariners. Pict. R. Apr., '29. (19.)
FORD, FORD MADOX.
**Miracle. Yale. Jan., '29. (18:320.)

G

GALSWORTHY, JOHN.
***Bargain. Chic. Trib. Dec. 2, '28.
***Dog at Timothy's. Del. Jan., '29. (10.)
*June's First Lame Duck. Del. Apr., '29. (10.)
***Sad Affair. Chic. Trib. Feb. 3, '29.
***Silence. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '29. (35.)
GIBBS, ANTHONY.
*Can This Be Love? Harp. M. Mar., '29. (158:419.)
*Debt of Honor. Cos. Jan., '29. (32.)
GIBBS, SIR PHILIP.
*Dragoman of Cairo. Cos. Aug., '28. (50.)
*Garret in Paris. Cos. Dec., '28. (54.)
*Lover of Her Dreams. Cos. Feb., '29. (54.)
*Prisoner in War. Cos. May, '29. (54.)

GIBBS, SIR PHILIP. (*Cont.*)
*Provençal Dancers. Cos. Jan., '29. (28.)
*Sergeant of Chasseurs. Cos. Apr., '29. (34.)
Sudden Money. Harp. B. Nov., '28. (67.) Dec., '28. (84.)
**Wings of Adventure. Cos. Sept., '28. (48.)

GILBERT, STUART.
**Man from Cheduba. Transit. Fall, '28. (220.)
Whispering Pagoda. Tamb. No. 1. (39.)

GLYN, ELINOR.
Such Men Are Dangerous. Cos. Mar., '29. (38.)

GOITEIN, E. D.
**Poposcoulos of Cairo. Am. H. Apr. 19, '29. (129:842.)

GOLDING, LOUIS.
*Chimneys for Orchards. J. T. Jul. 6, '28. (2.)
*Pompeii in Massachusetts. V. F. Oct., '28. (90.)

GORDON, JANET L.
Hugo, the Fool. Cath. W. Nov., '28. (128:181.)

GRIMSHAW, BEATRICE.
Billy-All-Alone. Ly. Dec. 1, '28. (12.)
Blanket Fiend. Ly. Mar. 9, '29. (19.)
Carry Me Out to Sea. Ly. Apr. 20, '29. (49.)
House of the Hatter. Ly. Nov. 3, '28. (7.)
Vagabond Tune. Ly. May 25, '29. (7.)
When the Bush Came Back. Ly. Aug. 18, '28. (9.)

H

HAMILTON, COSMO.
Frangipani Girl. Ly. Oct. 27, '28. (21.)
Jane's Young Man. Ly. Aug. 25, '28. (21.)
Nippy and Nell. Ly. Mar. 2, '29. (56.)
Once to Every Man. Chic. Trib. Aug. 26, '28.
Peter Piper's Pickle. Ly. Nov. 17, '28. (20.)
She Was a Woman. Ly. Jan. 26, '29. (69.)
Silent Witness. C. H. J. May, '29. (6.)

HARDY, THOMAS.
***Old Mrs. Chundle. L. H. J. Feb., '29. (3.)

HARNETT, CYNTHIA.
*Playmate. Cath. W. Dec., '28. (128:270.)

HICHENS, ROBERT.
Gates of Paradise. Harp. B. Jul., '28. (65.)
His Last Night on Earth. Cos. Apr., '29. (96.)
Saturday Night. Ly. Apr. 13, '29. (7.)

HOGAN, DAVID.
Call. Colum. Mar., '29. (18.)
*Watcher on Carrantuohill. Colum. Apr., '29. (6.)

HOPE, ANTHONY.
*House Opposite. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '29. (89.)

HUGHES, RICHARD.
***High Wind in Jamaica. For. Dec., '28. (80:831.)

HUTCHINSON, A. S. M.
*Disciplinarian. Cos. Nov., '28. (86.)
*Golden Pound. L. H. J. Mar., '29. (16.)

HUXLEY, ALDOUS.
***Portrait. (*R.*) Gol. May, '29. (41.)

J

JACOT, B. L.
Half a Brick for Henry. Ly. Feb. 16, '29. (24.)

JOPE-SLADE, CHRISTINE.
Armistice. Red Bk. Dec., '28. (50.)
Bridesmaids to a Thousand Brides. Chat. Jun., '28. (19.)
Folly-Dolly. Red Bk. May, '29. (88.)
Marriage on Approval. Red Bk. Sept., '28. (51.)
Tin-Tin-Twopenny. Chat. May, '29. (3.)
Very Great Lady. W. H. C. May, '29. (14.)

K

KAYE, LOUIS.
*Grand Opportunity. N. A. Rev. Mar., '29. (227:325.)
*Sun. MacL. Jan. 15, '29. (6.)

KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA.
***Trimmer's Painted Gate. L. H. J. May, '29. (10.)

KINROSS, ALBERT.
*Art of Fiction. W. H. C. Jul., '28. (23.)
Best Thing in the World. Harp. B. Nov., '28. (83.)

KIPLING, RUDYARD.
***Woman in His Life. McCall. Sept., '28. (18.)
KNITTEL, JOHN.
*Devil Medicine. Cos. Dec., '28. (84.)
*Two Blues. Cos. Jul., '28. (54.)
*Two Pairs of Silk Stockings. Cos. Aug., '28. (44.)

L

LAWRENCE, D. H.
***Blue Mocassins. P. T. Feb., '29. (4:138.)
***Things. Book. (N. Y.) Aug., '28. (67:632.)
LAWRENCE, MARGERY.
Mystery of the Crystal Snuff-Box. Cos. Mar., '29. (56.)
LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD.
Smile That Meant Paradise. Harp. B. Sept., '28. (88.)
LOWNDES, MRS. BELLOC.
Key. Harp. B. Dec., '28. (68.)

M

MACGILL, PATRICK.
*On the Run. Mun. Mar., '29. (96:274.)
MACHEN, ARTHUR.
***Bowmen. (*R.*) W. T. Jul., '28. (12:134.)
MCKENNA, STEPHEN.
Seventh Year. Chic. Trib. Jan. 20, '29.
MACKENZIE, FAITH COMPTON.
**Angle of Error. Book. (N. Y.) May, '29. (69:261.)
MALLOCH, G. R.
Big Bird. MacL. Apr. 1, '29. (10.)
MANSFIELD, KATHERINE.
***Life of Ma Parker. (*R.*) Gol. Jul., '28. (8:85.)
***Mary. Harp. M. Aug., '28. (157:274.)
***Stranger. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '29. (9:22.)
MAUGHAM, W. SOMERSET.
***Derelict. Cos. Feb., '29. (84.)
*Extraordinary Sex. Cos. Mar., '29. (42.)
***Four Dutchmen. Cos. Dec., '28. (48.)
**In Hiding. Cos. Jan., '29. (86.)
**Straight Flush. Cos. Apr., '29. (68.)
MERRICK, LEONARD.
***Opportunity of Petitpas. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '28. (8:399.)
***Suicides in the Rue Sombre. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '29. (66.)
MILLIN, SARAH GERTRUDE.
*Forty-five. Harp. B. Sept., '28. (85.)
MILLS, ARTHUR.
Green Grenade. Col. Sept. 8, '28. (15.)
MONTAGUE, C. E.
***In the Ways of His Heart. Harp. M. Oct., '28. (157:622.)
***Judith. Red Bk. Sept., '28. (80.)
***Wisdom of Mrs. Trevanna. Book. (N. Y.) Oct., '28. (68:171.)
MOORE, GEORGE.
***Aphrodite in Aulis. V. F. Feb., '29. (42.) Mar., '29. (48.)
MORDAUNT, ELINOR.
*Mannequin. Ly. Dec. 22, '28. (47.)
MOTTRAM, R. H.
***Old Man's Chair. Cen. Dec., '28. (117:138.)
MUNRO, H. H. *See* "SAKI."

N

NEWTON, DOUGLAS.
Honeymoon Thief. Chic. Trib. Feb. 10, '29.
Savaran Moonbeam of Pearl. Chic. Trib. Apr. 21, '29.
*Something Calling. Chic. Trib. Jul. 22, '28.
NIVEN, FREDERICK.
*Coal Oil—Beverage! Pop. Sept. 20, '28. (89.)
*"Face It, M'Son!" Pop. Sept. 7, '28. (106.) [(7.)
*Fortitude. MacL. Aug. 1, '28.
*"I Think So Too." MacL. Apr. 1, '29. (14.)
*Lo, the Poor Indian. Ev. Oct., '28. (123.)
*Yellow? Pop. Aug. 7, '28. (120.)
NORMAN, SIR HENRY.
*Jade. Scr. Oct., '28. (84:381.)

O

O'BRIEN, KATE.
*Cherry-Colored Jacket. G. H. (N. Y.) Jul., '28. (82.)
Jenny Kissed Me. Pict. R. Jan., '29. (4.)
Sleeping Lady. Chic. Trib. Dec. 30, '28.
O'BYRNE, CATHAL.
***Two Mothers. Colum. Feb., '29. (10.)

O'Faolain, Sean.
***Fugue. H. H. Sept., '28. (2:7.)
O'Leary, Margaret.
***Mated. Dial. Apr., '29. (86:287.)
Oppenheim, E. Phillips.
Big Winner. Cos. Apr., '29. (100.)
Fool and His Money. Cos. Jan., '29. (76.)
Gambler's Choice. Cos. Dec., '28. (32.)
Gambler's Road. Cos. May, '29. (100.)
"Great Bear." C. G. Mar., '29. (26.)
Little Marquis. Col. May 25, '29. (20.)
Man With the Two Bags. C. G. Jan., '29. (7.)
Master Cheat of Monte Carlo. Cos. Feb., '29. (94.)
One Night in Nice. Cos. Mar., '29. (92.)
Tawsitter's Millions. C. G. Oct., '28. (18.)
Who Killed Montague Brest? Col. Apr. 27, '29. (5.)
O'Riordan, Conal.
*Wedding-Ring. Scr. Oct., '28. (84:465.)

P

Pain, Barry.
*Where Does Charity Begin and End? C. H. J. Feb., '29. (6.)
Pertwee, Roland.
River God. S. E. P. Jul. 7, '28. (12.)
That State of Life. C. G. Jul., '28. (15.)
Trespassers. Chic. Trib. Oct. 14, '28.
Phillpotts, Eden.
***Devil and the Deep Sea. Chic. Trib. Apr. 7, '29.

Q

Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur T.
***Pipes in Arcady. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '28. (8:581.)
Quirk, Violet.
Her Baby. McCall. Aug., '28. (31.)
When Mother Was Mary. McCall. Feb., '29. (25.)

R

"Rohmer, Sax."
Cardinal's Garden. Col. Aug. 18, '28. (10.)
Manhattan Caverns. Col. Jul. 21, '28. (13.)
Ruck, Berta.
Fan Dancer. Cos. Aug., '28. (90.)

S

Sabatini, Rafael.
*His Last Chance. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '29. (84.)
*Insolence of Buckingham. (*R.*) Gol. Jul., '28. (8:25.)
"Saki" (H. H. Munro.)
***Mrs. Packletide's Tiger. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '29. (109.)
Saville, Jane.
Atropos. Cos. Jul., '28. (92.)
*Blake's Wild Lass. Col. Aug. 11, '28. (10.)
Scott-Boody, Winifred.
Return. Cath. W. Dec., '28. (128:329.)
Simpson, T. B.
"You'd Be Surprised." Scr. Jan., '29. (85:88.)
Smith, A. W.
*Between Gentlemen. Atl. Mar., '29. (143:367.)
Stacpoole, H. De Vere.
*Postmaster General. Col. Nov. 3, '28. (13.)
Stephens, James.
***Etched in Moonlight. (*R.*) Gol. Aug., '28. (8:178.)
Stern, G. B.
Slower Judas. Chic. Trib. Sept. 30, '28.
Strong, L. A. G.
**Seal. Dial. Aug., '28. (85:126.)
***Sick Man. Dial. Feb., '29. (86:118.)
Sutcliffe, Halliwell.
*Double Tryst. MacL. Sept. 15, '28. (4.)
Swinnerton, Frank.
Better Than Fame. Col. Mar. 16, '29. (28.)
*Enchantress. Del. Oct., '28. (12.)
Swinton, Allan.
Slight Error of Judgment. Cos. Sept., '28. (52.)

T

Terrill, G. Appleby.
*Within Touch. Hol. Nov., '28. (16.)
Thompson, Sylvia.
*Ketchbury. G. H. (N. Y.) Sept., '28. (92.)

THORN-DRURY, SYLVIA.
And the Next Thing Please? Chat. Jul., '28. (19.)
Every Monday Morning. Chat. Apr., '29. (15.)
THORNTON, D. M.
**Stale Cake. (*R.*) Liv. A. Oct., '28. (335:95.)
TOWNEND, W.
**Derelict. Adv. Nov. 1, '28. (96.)

V

VENNER, NORMAN.
Crasher. MacL. Aug. 15, '28. (6.)

W

WALPOLE, HUGH.
***Ecstasy. Harp. B. Oct., '28. (104.)
WAUGH, ALEC.
Exiled. Harp. B. Feb., '29. (82.)
WELLS, H. G.
***Deal in Ostriches. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '29. (9:29.)
***Little Mother Up the Mörderberg. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '29. (53.)
***Lord of the Dynamos. (*R.*) Am. St. Feb., '29. (3:975.)
WEST, REBECCA.
Sideways. S. E. P. Oct. 20, '28. (10.)
**There Is No Conversation. S. E. P. Dec. 8, '28. (6.) Dec. 15, '28. (22.)
WETJEN, ALBERT RICHARD.
**Chief of the Loch McCree. Col. Feb. 16, '29. (15.)
*Education of Captain Sutherland. Adv. Mar. 1, '29. (36.)
**Goodbye Sailor. Rom. Mar., '29. (112.)
**Lucky Man. Adv. Jan. 1, '29. (39.)
***Off Finisterre. Adv. Feb. 15, '29. (43.)
**Sovereign of the Sea. Col. Sept. 1, '28. (14.)
WHARTON, ANTHONY.
***Man Who Stood Still. Pict. R. Sept., 28. (24.)
WILDE, OSCAR.
***Happy Prince. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '29. (94.)
WILLIAMSON, ALICE M.
It's Your Birthday. Chic. Trib. Mar. 31, '29.
WILLIAMSON, HENRY.
***Bill Brock's Farewell. Outs. May, '29. (2:72.)
***Bill Brock's Good Turn. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '28. (8:672.)
***Chakchek's Raid on London. (*R.*) Gol. Sept., '28. (8:335.)
***Drama of the Needles. Outs. May, '29. (2:131.)
WITHEROW, J. M.
*Golden Spring. Atl. Dec., '28. (142:797.)
WODEHOUSE, P. G.
Company for Gertrude. Cos. Oct., '28. (40.)
Fixing It for Freddie. C. H. J. Sept., '28. (6.)
Lord Emsworth and the Girl Friend. Ly. Oct. 6, '28. (7.)
Man Who Gave Up Smoking. Ly. Mar. 23, '29. (7.)
Ordeal of Osbert Mulliner. Ly. Nov. 24, '28. (11.)
Passing of Ambrose. Cos. Aug., '28. (30.)
Reverent Wooing of Archibald. Cos. Sept., '28. (44.)
Story of Cedric. Ly. May 11, '29. (17.)
Unpleasantness at Bludleigh Court. Ly. Feb. 2, '29. (7.)
WREN, PERCIVAL CHRISTOPHER.
Geisha Girl. Cos. Feb., '29. (64.)
If Wishes Were Horses. Cos. Sept., '28. (58.)
What's in a Name? Cos. Jul., '28. (88.)
WYLIE, I. A. R.
***Last Honour. Chic. Trib. Sept. 9, '28.
*Letters of a Princess. Hol. Mar., '29. (14.)
**Road Goes By. C. G. Dec., '28. (3.)
*Some Other Beauty. S. E. P. Feb. 16, '29. (8.)

Y

YATES, DORNFORD.
Maiden Stakes. Chic. Trib. Feb. 24, '29.
YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT.
***Shellis' Reef. S. E. P. Mar. 2, '29. (20.)

IV. Translations

A

Aanrud, Hans (*Norwegian*).
***Winter Night. Scan. Aug., '28. (16:483.)

Alarcon, Pedro Antonio De (*Spanish*).
***Tall Woman. (*R.*) W. T. Feb., '29. (13:266.)

Anet, Claude (*French*).
Variation in a Minor Key. V. F. Apr., '29. (76.)

Averchenko, Arkadyi (*Russian*).
**Legend of the Old Lake (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '29. (107.)

B

Babel, Isaak (*Russian*).
**Gedali. Men. J. Nov., '28. (15:411.)
**Zudechkis Makes Himself Useful. Men. J. Jan., '29. (15:70.)

Balzac, Honore De (*French*).
***In the Time of the Terror. (*R.*) Gol. Feb., '29. (102.)

Bang, Herman (*Danish*).
***Last Evening. Scan. Mar., '29. (17:168.)

Blasco Ibanez, Vicente (*Spanish*).
**Four Sons of Eve. (*R.*) Gol. May, '29. (84.)
*Hiss. Harp. B. Jul., '28. (57.)
**Whitebait and the Tunny. St. Nich. Aug., '28. (55:791.)

Bloch, Jean-Richard (*French*).
**Heresy of the Water Taps. Men. J. Jul., '28. (15:51.)

Bourdet, Edouard (*French*).
*Great Beginning. For. May, '29. (81:270.)

Boutet, Frederic (*French*).
Frankness. V. F. Feb., '29. (60.)
Jealousies. V. F. May, '29. (76.)
Two Sapphires. V. F. Jan., '29. (45.)

C

Capuana, Luigi (*Italian*).
***Deposition. (*R.*) Strat. Jan., '29. (33.)

Chekhov, Anton (*Russian*).
***Test. (*R.*) Strat. Feb., '29. (36.)
***Vengeance. (*R.*) Strat. Apr., '29. (20.)
***Who Was She? (*R.*) Strat. Apr., '29. (12.)
***Work of Art. (*R.*) Strat. Apr., '29. (5.)

Corday, Michel (*French*).
Atrocity. V. F. Apr., '29. (61.)
Indomitable Carteron. V. F. Oct., '28. (81.)
Love Nest. V. F. Sept., '28. (62.)
Necktie. V. F. Mar., '29. (59.)

Curzon, H., *and* A. De (*French*).
***Life and Death of a Station Agent. (*R.*) Liv. A. Aug., '28. (334:1212.)

D

Daudet, Alphonse (*French*).
***How Jarjaille Went to Heaven. (*R.*) Gol. Dec., '28. (8:837.)

Duvernois, Henri (*French*).
At the Café. V. F. Mar., '29. (83.)
*Old Maid. P. T. May, '29. (4:554.)
**Plate. Harp. M. May, '29. (158:687.)
Refuge. V. F. Jan., '29. (61.)
Rose Petals. V. F. Dec., '28. (75.)
Stone Walls Do Not a Prison Make. V. F. Jul., '28. (45.)
Well-Trained Poodle. P. T. Feb., '29. (4:199.)

E

Edschmid, Kasimir (*German*).
***Humiliating Room. Transit. Fall, '28. (241.)

Egge, Peter (*Norwegian*).
***Time Did Not Hang Heavy. Scan. Nov., '28. (16:683.)

Elgstrom, Anna Lenah (*Swedish*).
***Outward Bound. Scan. Feb., '29. (17:101.)

F

Falkberget, Johan (*Norwegian*).
***Mountain-Martha. (*R.*) Strat. Jul., '28. (3.)

Fehse, Willi R. (*German*).
**René and Leonid. Transit. Fall, '28. (254.)

Fogazzaro, Antonio (*Italian*).
***Imp in the Mirror. (*R.*) Strat. Oct., '28. (39.)

France, Anatole (*French*).
***Crainquebille. (*R.*) Gol. Mar., '29. (47.)

FRANK, BRUNO (*German*).
**Music Hath Charms. V. F. Aug., '28. (44.)

G

GAUTIER, THEOPHILE (*French*).
***Mummy's Foot. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '29. (9 :51.)
GORKY, MAXIM (*Russian*).
***Man Who Could Not Die. (*R.*) Strat. May, '29. (33.)
GOURMONT, REMY DE (*French*).
***Pilgrim of Silence. (*R.*) Strat. Dec., '28. (23.)
GUSSIEV-ORENBURGSKY, SERGEY (*Russian*).
***Law of the Border. (*R.*) Gol. Jul., '28. (8 :5.)

I

IBANEZ, VICENTE BLASCO (*Spanish*).
See BLASCO IBANEZ, VICENTE.

K

KIDDE, ASTRID EHRENCRON (*Danish*).
***Kolaryd Farm. Scan. Aug., '28. (16 :492.) Sept., '28. (16 :561.)
KUPRIN, A. I. (*Russian*).
***Delirium. (*R.*) Strat. Feb., '29. (5.)
*Education of an Emigré. (*R.*) Liv. A. Sept., '28. (335 :12.)

L

LEBLANC, MAURICE (*French*).
Fatal Miracle. Cos. Jul., '28. (106.)
Twelve African Boys. Cos. Aug., '28. (108.)
LERMONTOV, MICHAIL YURYEVITCH (*Russian*).
***Fatalist. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '28. (8 :491.)

M

MAUPASSANT, GUY DE (*French*).
***Corsican Bandit. (*R.*) Strat. Nov., '28. (41.)
***Father Milon. (*R.*) Strat. Dec., '28. (38.)
MERIMEE, PROSPER (*French*).
***Spanish Witches. (*R.*) Gol. Nov., '28. (8 :620.)

N

NAPOLEON I. (*French*).
On Gorgona. (*R.*) Gol. Oct., '28. (8 :540.)
NOVIKOV-PROBOI, A. (*Russian*).
***Beyond the City. Transit. Fall, '28. (261.)

O

OPATASHU, J. (*Yiddish*).
***Horse-Thief. Men. J. Dec., '28. (15 :515.)

P

PEREZ, ISAAC LOEB (*Yiddish*).
***Bontje the Silent. (*R.*) Gol. Jan., '29. (9 :63.)
POLGAR, ALFRED (*German*).
*Story of a Life. V. F. Aug., '28. (54.)
PRISHVIN, MICHAEL (*Russian*).
***Love on Air. Dial. Sept., '28. (85 :211.)

R

REYMONT, LADISLAS (*Polish*).
***In Spite of All. Pol. Nov., '28. (9 :680.)
***Mass in the Forest. Com. Jan. 23, '29. (9 :338.) Jan. 30, '29. (9 :367.) Feb. 6, '29. (9 :400.)
***Sacred Bell. Pol. Nov., '28. (9 :680.)

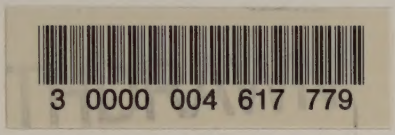
S

SALTEN, FELIX (*German*).
*Idiot Son. V. F. Oct., '28. (64.)
SCHLUETER, HERBERT (*German*).
*Commercial Councillor Consebius. Transit. Fall, '28. (237.)
SKJOLDBORG, JOHAN (*Danish*).
**Lymfiord Huckster and the Furbo Maid. Scan. Jan., '29. (17 :37.)
SPONG, BERIT (*Swedish*).
***Night-Piece. Scan. Aug., '28. (16 :461)
STRINDBERG, AUGUST (*Swedish.*)
***Married. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '29. (45.)
SVEVO, ITALO (*Italian*).
***Wine That Kindles. Transit. Feb., '29. (273.)

V

VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM (*French*).
***Torture by Hope. (*R.*) Strat. Oct., '28. (25.)

Z

ZAJAITSKY, SERG (*Russian*).
**Letter. Dial. Dec., '28. (85 :485.)
ZOLA, EMILE (*French*).
***Attack on the Mill. (*R.*) Gol. Apr., '29. (58.)

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